

HIGHER WHARFELAND: The DALE OF ROMANCE, From Ormscliffe to Cam Fell.

By Edmund Bogg.

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Higher Wharfeldale :

THE DALE OF ROMANCE,

FROM ORMSCLIFFE TO CAM FELL.

BEING A DESCRIPTION OF ITS PICTURESQUE FEATURES,
HISTORY, ANTIQUITIES, RARE ARCHITECTURE, TRADITION,
OLD WORLD STORY, AND ALSO ITS FLORA.

A COMPANION VOLUME TO "LOWER WHARFELAND," ETC.

BY

EDMUND BOGG,

AUTHOR OF

"A THOUSAND MILES IN WHARFEDALE,"
"EDENVALE," "THE BORDER COUNTRY," "LAKELAND,"
"LOWER WHARFELAND,"
"THE OLD KINGDOM OF ELMET,"
ETC., ETC.

NEARLY TWO HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

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PREFACE.

HIGHER WHARFELAND: THE DALE OF ROMANCE,

FROM ORMSCLIFFE TO CAM FELL.

A COMPANION VOLUME TO LOWER WHARFELAND.

IF any apology is needed for a preface to a companion volume, it will be found in the necessary continuity of the subject--the beauty of a river valley that includes in its story not only great natural beauties of feature, but the Washburn, the homeland of men such as Collyer, Fairfax, Frankland, Parkinson, Pulleyne, and others, whose patronymics will never be forgotten.

Its mid-reaches include Otley, Ilkley, and monastic Bolton, with all its unrivalled beauty of situation, story, romance, and legend. Anerdale, too, Wordsworth has rendered immortal in his *White Doe and Rydalton*.

The higher reaches, even, are not devoid of significance, when there is Hubberholme, with its rood-screen, and around and beyond that higher fell-land of Craven, which, in its wild sweeping moorland, over which the mist wreath, the spirit of the mountains, broods, everlastingly appealing to the minds and hearts of men.

EDMUND BOGG.

LEEDS,

October, 1904.

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THE FLOWER LAND OF HIGHER WHARFE

CHAPTER XI.

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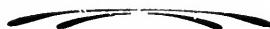
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WHARFEDALE.

CHAPTER I.

CASTLEY.

FROM Pool Bridge one can either take the road to Castley or follow by the banks of the river: both are interesting, the latter with the old corn-mill and the river in the immediate foreground, the village in the middle distance, and the bold background of the Chevin, form a scene of more than ordinary interest. Half a mile from Castley the lane is reached near to which a stream enters the Wharfe. This is the Riffa beck, which has its source at Stainburn. Further along the lane is Castley

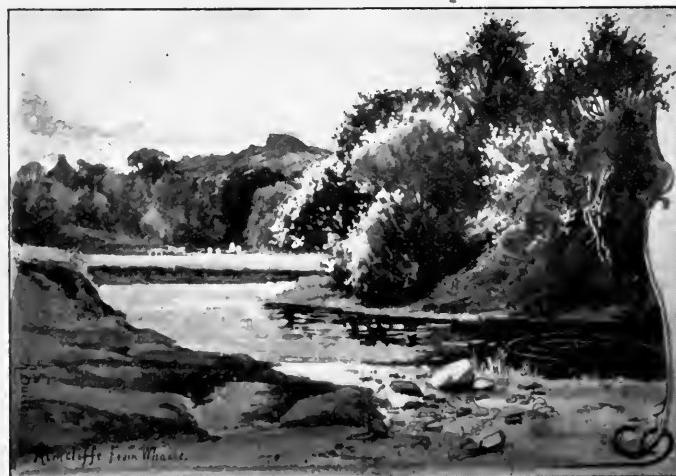
Crook, a ford over the Wharfe, a pleasant spot. This ford was formerly in great request. From hence to Weeton the course of the river forms half a circle. Centuries ago Castley was an island, the river here dividing in two channels; one course was between Castley and Wescoc hill, and even up to railway



CASTLEY FORD.

times (when the huge embankment to some extent altered the lay of the land) the water at flood-time found its way by the old course; at such times Castley again became an island cut off from the outer world. The old pack-horse track (a veritable Nature-lover's paradise) leading to this ford is still in existence—beautiful even in winter with its mass of dead vegetation, amongst which we see, here and there, a robin and blackbird seeking for sustenance, whilst the large stones thrown across the deep hollow way are shaped trough-like by the wear and tear of feet during countless generations, and water-worn by the overflow of the little brook.

In summer time the old lane is a maze of rank leafage, reaching higher than one's head. This track was one of the main connecting links between Leeds and Knaresborough two centuries ago. It was formerly the haunt of the badger, hence the natives call it "Badger Loine." After the new road from Otley to Harrogate was made, to which access from Brimhope could be obtained over Pool Bridge, the old people still persisted in using this trenched way, and, as an old man of the district informed us, Captain Burton, who dwelt at Newby House, and who, as the narrator said, "was what ye call a leading man eh this country side," for several years sent a cart down annually, so as to keep the road open. Our chat with the old native evidently sent his memory glancing backwards, for he spoke of old times and people quite cheerily: "There was me grandmother and grandfather, and owd Dan and Nancy Hight, and owd Dick Paiker, and owd Neddy of whom people were wont to inquire, 'How owd are ye, Neddy?' 'Ah'm fourscore and four.'—"Stay a bit, al'd forgotten, there was owd Bill



ORMSCLIFFE FROM THE RIVER AT CASTLEY.

Stevenson, noo eh war a droll un." Who the above were I never learnt more than they lived their time in the district, and probably had their full measure of the sorrows and trials to which all flesh is heir—for the old yeoman abruptly began to tell of one Anthony Collinson, who, on one occasion, was coming from Leeds to Ripley Fair on horseback by this pack-horse route which he had followed for years; for some reason never known, he fell from his horse in crossing the ford and was washed away by the force of the water. A fortnight later his body was discovered at Boston Spa, and in his pockets were found three hundred pounds in notes and gold.

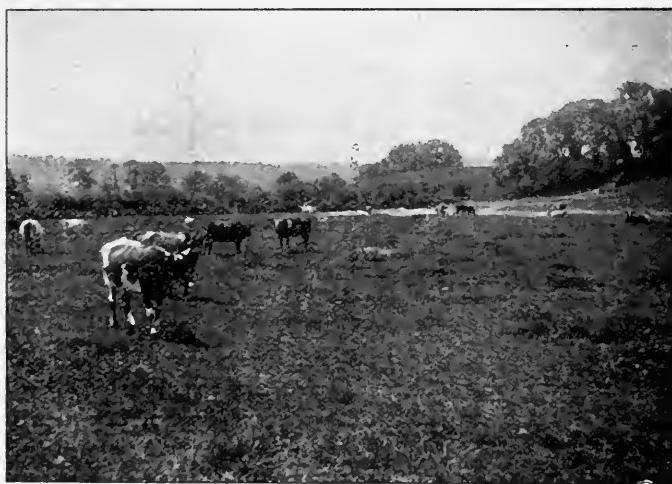
The curve of the river at Castley Crook, with the shingly banks, willow holt, and the large trees fringing the river on the north, is a charming scene, with the meadows on the opposite bank dotted with cattle. The approach to the village, under large trees and with the little strips of meadow crofts, gardens and orchards, and the late Jacobean Hall shut in on one side by stately elms, are all features of interest and grateful to the eye.

The word Castley seems to denote a camp or castle, but that ever it was a Roman castrum requires to be proved. The writer has carefully examined the ground without finding evidence to support this theory. That it was a military post during the Norse invasion we have no reason to doubt; what foundations there are seem to show that the fortress stood just to the south of the present Castley Hall. Probably it was a tower-like timber block-house on an embanked wall of earth, as was the early fashion of such places of defence.

Castley gave its name to, and became the seat of, a family of some consequence.* In 1389 there were variances between Richard Goldesburgh and Robert Arthington about a part of Casteley Mill, a claim taken up in the presence of sundry people. In 1333 the village was within the forest of Knaresborough, and its tenures were held of that fee. Elias de Casteley

* Robert, son of Nigel de Castelay, gave one and a half acres of land in Ferneridding (the bracken clearing), and one and a half acres more in Thivereiding (the ewes' clearing). William, son of Gilbert de Castelai, gave two oxgangs of land with his share of the mill and its pool, and the services of Henry de Westcoght for the said mill, reserving the right of having his corn 'grinded' there milture free; they, the monks, paying three shillings to the canons of Park. Roger, son of Henry de Castelay, gave a toft and a croft here, with one acre of land, and all his demesne in Easthead of Hungerholme, upon the bank of the water. Alexander, son of William of Castley, gave his land, with this piece which Hamer de Casteley had, with a toft and croft, and half of the Holm betwixt Cornhill and Werf, which did belong to John de Casteley, his brother.

was then in occupation. In 1338 the name of John de Castley appears, and in 1342 Lawrence de Castley was a tenant in this forest, and had to answer for cutting down two oaks in Rington Wode. Richard de Casteley was a forester in 1346. In 1347 Henry Moulhant was in trouble for taking a stool, for which misdeed his pledge was William de Slingesby: for an infringement of common rights in Rington, his pledge in this case being William de Casteley, junior. Robert Casteley was a tenant in 1459. The Lyndlays were settled at Castley, while they also remained in Fewston. John Lyndeley was of Castley in 1460. Thomas Smyth, of Lethesley, and John Lyndlay, of Castley, were indicted that year for taking wood out of Heyara. The foregoing is sufficient evidence as to the position of both Castley and its territorial owners in the brave days of old.



[E. Bogg.]

A PASTORAL SCENE, CASTLEY.

The field-names at Castley are not lacking in interest: Mill Field, adjoining the Wharfe, keeps green the memory of Castley Mill, already mentioned, of which neither the site nor a stone remains to mark the spot. Chapel Hill field is between the old manor-house and

the railway line; and 'Tinkers' Hill,' a resort of gipsies and tinkers in olden times, is nigh this spot. 'Nanny Wray's' and 'Dumb Lass' fields were left for the benefit of those whose name they bear. 'Chapel Hill' field marks the site of a chapel-of-ease, founded by some member of the Castleys; it stood on the highest bluff of land in the manor. The Castleys were benefactors to the canons of Drax, and the monks of Fountains. We have searched for some mark or vestige of the mill without success: apart from the name of Mill Field no tradition or memento of its site remains; however, it is several

times mentioned in ancient records. At one period in monastic days it was among the belongings of the canons of Bolton Priory.*

The river scenery on the south and east side of the peninsula is particularly charming: after leaving Castley Crook and emerging from under the viaduct, the river sweeps broadly in its onward course; the fine breadth of water, the foliage of the willow holt, and the quaint gabled mill of Arthington (half hidden in frondage), the shimmering onrush of water escaping from its intricate convergencies of the mill-race! Immediately below it abruptly turns its course under the lee of Arthington Wood, which is reflected in its shadowed bosom. The swallows are hawking on the water, and a water-ousel piping its curious note darts along the stream; apart from these all is quiet except, peradventure, the splash of a rising fish, and the drowsy *coo-coo* of a wood-pigeon.

Emerging from the shadow of the wood with the river, we pass into a delightful reach of pasture, above which is the old Castley manor, from its commanding situation looking far over the landscape. This restful spot, away from the wrack, bustle, and commercial hum, with its old fruit trees, twisted and leaning this way and that (a home of birds), and the large boled elms, their branches sweeping low far over the mead, makes an Eden of tranquillity and loveliness. The builders of the manor-house have had a keen eye for situation and prospect. On the terraced bank near the garden, 'neath an overhanging hawthorn, is a beautiful spring of clear sparkling water, which is locally known as Castley 'wishing-well.' More than once we have heard the women-folk declare how, in their maidenhood, they loitered down the bank to the 'well,' usually at eventide, when the birds were warbling their vesper song, and placed their offerings there in silence, yet breathing, as

* Snug and picturesque little Castley! in thy bygone career are many features worth restoring; here is one of them, forgotten to the world now for four long centuries; starting nearly seven centuries ago and marking events that are now faintest lines in the mists of time. When Hugh de Lelay, who flourished 1220-30, extended his patronage to the newly founded canons of Helaugh, he gave them in pure and perpetual alms, fish in Advent for finding, a yearly rent of six shillings in Casteley; viz.:—three shillings to be taken from the mill which William, the son of Gilbert, held, at the feast of the Apostles Peter and Paul; and three shillings from the culture called "Nordman Jude," from Roger the son of Gamel, at the same time. There was a mighty posse of the lords of the dale present when that charter was made; for the witnesses to it are Robert de Plumpton, Richard de Goldesburgh, Nigel le Botiller of North Deighton, Hugh de Wyton, William de Plumpton, William de Beaugrant of Little Ribston, Thomas de Waleton, Alfrid de Ardyngton, William de Lindesci, Hairemo de Castelai, Robert de Castellei, Robert, son of Nigel le Botiller, Robert de Wyton, and others. On the 28th January, 1298, William de Casteleye "of the County of York" obtained the King's pardon for the death of John Gryl of the County of Lincoln.

it were, the mute longing of their heart's desire. It is a natural grotto—fit habitation of fairies or the traditional elves. The bank, in which the well is situated, is known as "Snake Bank." These reptiles were formerly fairly numerous here; during our close acquaintance with this spot, extending over four years, we have only seen one specimen, which, from a rough guess, as we saw it glide under the roots of an old fruit tree, would be fully two feet long, and was very prettily striped.

On the bank top is a large, semi-wild, neglected orchard, where we love to ramble when—

“The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.”

It verily seems to us that this old deserted orchard is a place haunted with memories to be experienced rather than described. But come with us into the garden of the manor, and let us linger and muse awhile in this old-time spot

—in spring-time,
a picture of white
and pink blossom,
the boughs of the
large pear-tree
tap the bedroom
window over-
hanging the door-
way, where the
birds fly in and
out and pipe
many a merry lay.
In summer-time
the old garden is
a perfect laby-
rinth of bushes
and wild poppies,
and huge sun-
flowers, tall



[E. Bogg.]

A MEADOW SCENE, CASTLEY.

grasses intermingling, forming a blaze of oriental colour. From under the pear-tree, where the starlings are busy, we can watch the river: hurrying here smoothly, there in many a bubbling ripple, or anon battling its way over some obstruction in its path (even so it is with our life), shot with chequered patches of light, then shadow. To-day it is very pleasant, pack

clouds are sailing overhead, trailing long shadows over the sunlit fields. The sound of pealing bells from Arthington and Weeton, chiming their Sabbath music, is borne on the breeze to our ears, taking the memory backward to the sound of other bells in days gone by. The landscape has seldom appealed to us more strongly than to-day. Udder-deep in the cool river under the shadow of trees, the kine are standing; throughout the long stretch of pasture and woodland, the varying mood of the sky is reflected in patches of moving sunlight; the varying colour of the fields, the blue tone of Arthington wood, the contour of hills, the spire of Weeton rising from out the trees, the faint grey ruins of Harewood, with its dark background of wood, the sunlight glinting on the distant village of Kirkby, standing on the hill crest with Rougemont in the middle distance, and the river winding from one's feet, variously grouped with cattle, form a scene to which the mind constantly reverts with pleasure.

When the shadows deepen on a soft June night, syllabled by the ceaseless music of the river stealing slowly over the scene, ushering in a strange, mysterious enchantment and silence, the wood of Arthington is scarcely perceptible. The Wharfe, whose monotone we can hear, is dimly seen in the half light. The warning hoot of a wood owl startles the night air. Rabbits steal from their burrows and scamper fearlessly over the mead: curious sounds break the stillness, suggesting the awakening



THE WISHING-WELL, CASTLEY.

of night! A voice is borne upwards from the river, followed by the quack and flapping of a restless duck, and *crek* of a water-hen, or the unearthly wail of startled herons, often seen on this reach of river. The last streak of light disappears; a mist wraith creeps up from the water, and, brooding low over the meadows, curling and spreading as if imbued with life, a spirit, as it were, moves slowly, mysteriously, and silently, until the broad valley of Wharfe, enveloped, resembles a grey, silver sea, above which are dimly seen islets of trees and prominences like phantom ships sailing upon it. We have often sat musing in this old garden wilderness far into the night, when the shadows grew out of the dying away of golden light, watching the splendour and beauty of the scene, as the great orb fell slowly



OLD MANOR-HOUSE, CASTLEY.

behind a jagged bank of purple cloud, whose edges were crimson-tipped like burnished gold. The screen of silent trees in the foreground, weird in the illuminated light, standing forth definitely, etched leaf, branch, and twig into objects of beauty for the mind to reflect upon.

The old manor-house is only a wreck of its former self—evil days fell upon it when the N.E. line was in progress; it was then tinkered up into separate domiciles for navvies to live in; however, there still remain a few remnants of wainscotted walls, a huge old chimney, deeply splayed

mullions, and a well-studded oaken door ; and the mounds and foundations in the lands around it, with its large rambling orchard and curious hollow path and ancient wells, are all eloquent of its former prosperity.

Come with us now down to the river—in our path we pass under the branches of the old natural orchard and the wide-flying arms of the great wych elms ; it was in the big bend of the river here, that we, for several moments, one day, watched an otter disport ; the deep overhanging bank, the screen of bushes, and quiet of the spot, form a veritable haunt of these shy creatures. The north bank of the Wharfe, hereabouts, is a real elysium of beauty, and only at rare intervals is its harmony disturbed by the outside world. A little burn, which tumbles into the river here, comes wildering down the ravine separating Castley from Wescoe Hill, where the wild growth of furze and scrub lingers—a patch of the old forest. Pleasantly the footpath leads by the river bank, along which we idly wander. Here, opposite Weeton, whose church overlooks the scene, is an old fording-place ; and here in summer-time, when the river is low, the young people gain a short cut to Arthington. Further down, the Wharfe makes a sharp bend south. Down this line of river we look on to the site of the old nunnery. More to the west is a wide meadow indent, caused by the windings of the river. Arthington church among its ancestral trees, with the hills and woods of Braithope, and the long line of the chevin, form a fine vista.

And looking west, up the river with the overhanging trees, alders and willows, clouds reflected in nature's mirror, the valley of the Wharfe appears finely wooded.

Still following the river, by paths and old green lanes (one Croft Lane, a sweet retired

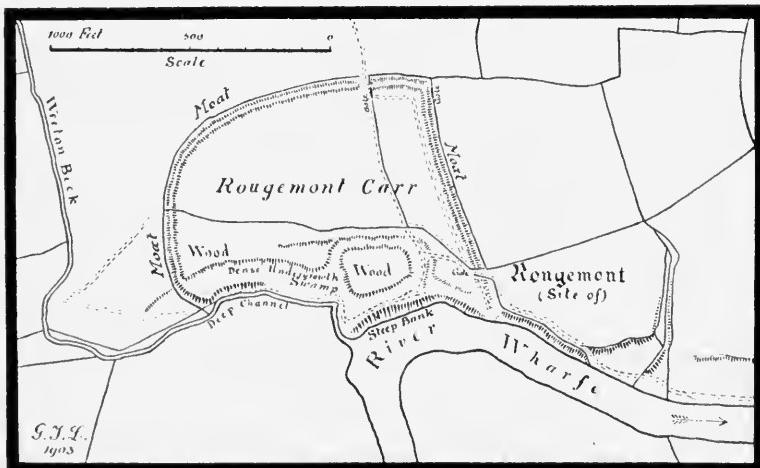


THE WHARFE AT WEETON.

[E. Begg.]

wild natural spot, teeming with rank vegetation, pointing the way to the Croft), we reach Rougemont : in the past, a strongly fortified position over-

looking a sharp angle of the Wharfe, on the opposite side of the river to Weardley, and rather more than half a mile west of Dunkeswick. The name of the station has come down to us as Rougemont, which may be only a disguise of Ricemund of the Anglo-Saxon, or the Reich-mont of the Norsemen—‘The hill of Government.’ It certainly dates (if not long before) to the restless days when the Norsemen were winning their way over the Rig-tun and Stainburn moors; when Ormscliffe was named after the celebrated chieftains from Thorparch; but, again, the name Rougemont may



PLAN OF ROUGEMONT.

be derived from the French, meaning the ‘red hill or cliff,’ from the red colour of the earth bank. To-day the spot is known as Ridgeman Scar.

Soon after the Conquest the family of “Insulas,” or De Lisle, were settled in this district; they were a family of great importance, cadets of the house of Redvers, Earls of Devon. In 1205 Brian-de-Insula was appointed, by King John, constable of the castle of Knaresborough, at which time the above baron seized Swindon, then held by Robert Baynard, which he held until 1227, when King Henry ordered the son of Baynard to be reinstated in Swindon; this Brian seems to have been a most trusted official under John, and he is supposed to have cut the moat round the castle of Knaresborough, in the form we now find it. However, in 1315, Brian’s descendant, Robert de Lisle, petitions Parliament, that Marjorie de Redvers, his ancestress, was first seized of Rougemont and Dunkeswick, as being her heritage, to which

the wood of Swindon is appurtenant. There was trouble again in 1328, as Robert de Lisle and his tenants (men of Wharfedale) showed by a petition presented at Westminster; when they explained how King John, then lord of the manor, and forest of Knaresborough, had treated the men of Wharfedale as belonging to the forest, which, although joined to the said forest, was never a part of it. From this time the men of the forest of Wharfedale were discharged from all local rule and custom of the forest; and that they should not be aggrieved against the form of the Charter, the Seneschal and all other officers were ordered to surcease the grievances.

Of the 'De Insulas,' the most notable was John, sometime lord of Rougemont. He attended the king in the French Wars and was made one of the Knights of the Garter on the first formation of that order. In 1352 he was appointed by the king Sheriff of the counties of Cambridge and Huntingdon, and held the custody of the castle of Cambridge for life. He attended the Black Prince during the campaign into Gascony and commanded the main body of the army; in this expedition he was wounded fatally. The figure of this warrior previous to the restoration of 1793 was to be seen in the east window of Harewood church.

After the marriage of Margaret, heiress of the De Lises of Rougemont, to Sir William de Alburgh, of Alburgh, the old fortress at Rougemont appears to have gone rapidly into decay; some of the material may have been used in the extension and rebuilding of Harewood Castle; anyhow, as a place of residence it was abandoned, the purpose for which it was intended no longer existed—probably it was only a stockaded stronghold of timber. In the early times of the forest it gave shelter to a chieftain whose might was right.

Although nearly six centuries have passed since the Insulas were resident here, the site, encompassed by deep moat and bank, can be easily traced. The extent of land encircled by the outside moat measures roughly about three hundred and sixty yards by two hundred and sixty. An inner moat, of less area, now overgrown with wood, encompassed the fortress which stood on the bold scarp on the high bank of the river; on all sides but the North the spot is naturally well adapted for defence. On the West, apart from the moat and bank, Weeton beck, in olden times a wide treacherous swamp, formed a difficult approach, whilst on the South and East the river along the edge of the scarp is broad and deep, making an impregnable front. In summer-time the area on the West, between the outer and the inner moat, is practically impenetrable, and reminds one of an Indian

jungle. The mass of tangled vegetation, broken branchery, and dense underwood—the reeds in many instances growing to the height of twelve feet—prove the quality of the soil, and the long neglect at the hand of man.

Weeton beck and the river at Rougemont is a favourite haunt of the kingfisher. On every visit to this spot I have been gratified by a sight of these beautiful birds sparkling in their swift flight like a ruby beam of sunlight.

About half-a-mile north of Rougemont is Helthwaite Hill, another duplication of place-names, and in its prefix revealing Celtic occupation;

'Hel' for hill, and the Norse 'Thwaite'—a clearing—to which has been appended the word Hill: simply the clearing on the hill. Lady Alice de Romelli gave to the nuns of Arthington land at this place. In the seventeenth century (Grainge says) it was the



COTTAGE, WEETON.

[S. W.]

residence of a family of some consequence named Maude; as in 1631 Robert Maude, Esq., son and heir of Robert Maude of Helthwaite, was one of the parties of the indenture of Anthony Sandries' charity.

The walk from Kirkby-Overblow, by way of Swindon Wood and Swindon Hall (of old the home of the Bethels, with remains of moat, gateway, and oak-tree avenue), teems with charm and interest; we saunter along by-paths, and climb the long uphill green bridle-road (where the gipsies still linger) to Helthwaite Hill, from whence far-reaching views of the middle Wharfe country can be obtained. Here, in the old lanes, wild flowers thrive luxuriantly, and the land without constant interference would

soon fall into its pristine condition of forest. Deep below, in the hollow of the basin-shaped valley, lies slumbering Wootton. The aspect of the land thereabouts tells its own story—the bed of a former lake, seen from the hill slope. On either side the village forms a sweet rural picture, though, like many other places, it is rapidly becoming modernised. In the Domesday Book the place is spelt Wideton, and there appear to have been seven carucates of land under cultivation, held by Chetel, Ulchil, and Gospatric. The place gave its name to a territorial family, which was several times in evidence during the witnessing of the Charters of Kirkstall and Arthington.



BEND OF THE WHARFE, FOOT OF WESCOE HILL.

The name may be derived from the ‘weets’ or willows which formerly grew abundantly in the locality, to which growth the wet soil is favourable: withes, widdies, hence Wideton, Witheton; but it may be derived directly from the Saxon word *Wæta*, which meant moisture, humidity.*

* A keenly-fought action at law, in 1212, reveals a bit of village romance:—Margery, who was the wife of Unifrid, sought against Hugh de Witheton and Amabil, his wife, dower in half a carucate of land in Witheton. Hugh and Amabil defended, alleging there could be no dower because, of a truth, Unifrid was the son of the priest Robert, his mother being

In summer-time the surroundings of Weeton are charming, by reason of its many field-paths and old green lanes, beautified by hawthorn hedges and their commingling of wild flowers. A few homesteads of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries still remain, and evidences of the site of a hall can be seen in a croft adjoining the street. Weeton, formerly in the parish of Harewood, is now the head of a parochial district bearing its own name.

The church was built and endowed by Henry, Earl of Harewood. The fabric is considered to be a beautiful specimen of Early English architecture, yet, to our thinking, it certainly lacks lightness, balance, and form.

Up the old winding lane, under the sheltering branches of trees, we climb to Wescoe Hill, a rounded eminence surrounded on all sides by valleys. The name is old: coe, coit or coed—a wood—is evidently British; although in its present form it is of Norse naming. Two farms are pleasantly situated on the hill; around both are indications of ancient foundations; each possess a very curious old draw-well; other antique features form themes for the mind to ponder on. The place gave its name to a family of whom the service of Henry-de-Westcoght was given, as we have seen, with the mill of Castley, by William de Castelia, to the monks of Fountains. In the old days the hill was a clearing in the forest, and evidently a desirable spot, for the canons of Bolton were also in evidence at Wescoe. Here one might linger all through a summer day, so beautiful and varied is the landscape. The footpath leads down broad grassy headlands, and through cornfields where poppies grow, and past hedgerows in which the foxglove and woodbine climb and wave; from hence the eye ranges over miles of distance, the river winding past Ilkley and Otley through the middle distance into the foreground of the scene.

Across the stile, and by footpath over the clover field, where the bees hum and grasshoppers chirp, we reach the Pool and Otley highway; thence over the road and up the steep-bank path to Huby, a place of pleasant

one Helewisia. During the time of the communication of Robert and Helewisia, she acquired twelve bovates of land held in fee, and afterwards took a husband, Peter, to whom she had a daughter, Scholastica, mother of Amabil, wife of Hugh. After the death of Helewisia Umfrid came and intruded himself out of this land. Scholastica impleaded him of all her land in the county of York, as the legitimate daughter of Helewisia; and afterwards Hugh, who had married Amatilsa, Scholastica's daughter, being moved by piety, granted Umfrid half a carucate of the same land, to hold for his life by the service of 2d. After Umfrid's decease the land should revert to Hugh and Amabil, and their heirs. Next year it transpired that while Scholastica was in possession of the land, she held it to Simon de Meschant; but the end of the wrangling was that Hugh and Amabil should hold in peace.

memories; but time and improvement has laid its unsparing hand on this old forest village, whose twisting street, fringed in the past with ancient homesteads, is to-day little less than a memory. With the disappearance of the antique cottages the old order of things is rapidly passing into oblivion. Weeton station platform is a good standpoint to view the surrounding district, and grasp the change which is coming over the scene. In the grounds of the terrace, to the west, we read the words Huby Park; surely this

must be a misnomer, for we look for the park in vain. The old crag of Ormscliffe, which time is changing slowlier, still holds sway over the scene. But the blot of new domestic architecture does not mingle kindly with the old features and phases of the past that still remain.



In the days of Norse invasion, one Hubba, a sea-king, settled at this spot. From Wetherby to Fewston, Norse names abound on the north bank of the Wharfe, and there is scarcely a mile where the footsteps of Norsemen are not still visible, indelibly fixed.

One of the characteristics of this district is the beauty and variety of its winding lanes; the green, rural lanes of old England, the home of wild flowers shedding their fragrance around.

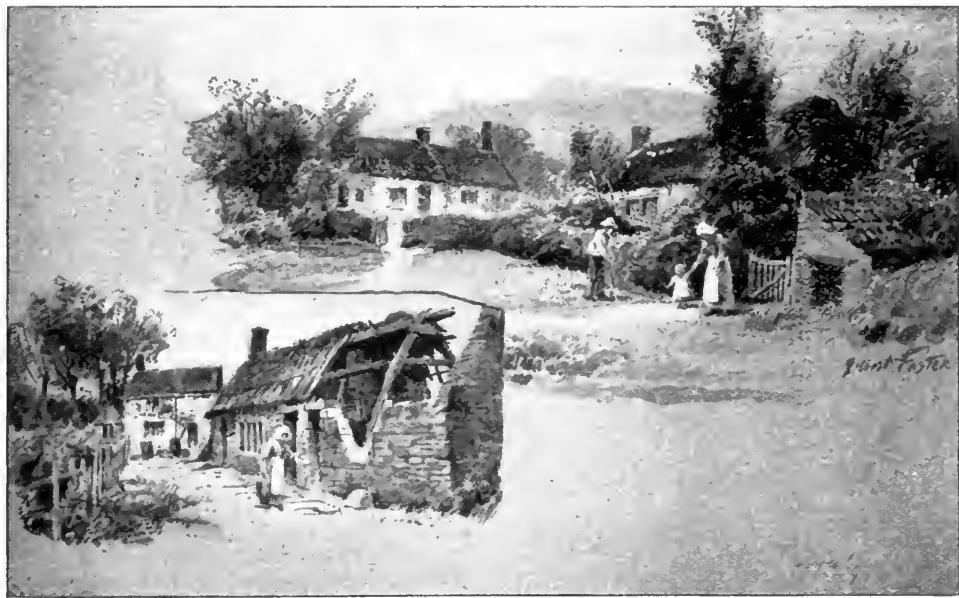
A quaint feature of Middle Wharfedale, little touched upon in guide-books, are the green lanes, which, in peregrinating from place to place, one comes across in many a township. The 'Rudgate' from St. Helen's Ford near Walton is one of them, bosky as beautiful; there are others about 'Wild Wyke,' and more in the district between Rougemont, Castley, and Stainburn. These grassy byways can rarely be closed, for 'road rights,' even when not made use of, die hard. And well it is so; for, alike to the naturalist and lover of the country for its own sweet, free self, these green

ways preserve to us unspoilt pages of that ‘merry England’ of the past, which we can study at leisure and under the open sky—ay, whatever the weather!—nowhere else. They were originally, doubtless, each a short cut from hamlet or farmstead to ford or well, made by custom for purposes no longer clear; or, maybe, that ‘nearest way home’ of courting-couples which is—as the song says—‘winding and shady, and the longest way round,’ although, to-day, they seem to lead nowhere, and exist but to tempt many things to loiter. Some of them, those on the limestone, are starry with glow-worm lamps in the warm dusk of midsummer. They are not so full of sorts of wild flowers as the richer, more disturbed soil on the borders of arable: being of great age, turf and thicket, the hardiest only have survived; but the vegetation they have in its bowery ubrance, one plant closing with and strangling another, is the preferred haunt of all shy wild things—velvety water-vole, shrew, dormouse, grasshopper warbler, goldfinch, both for the ‘cover’ and the insect spoil afforded. The curious cautious-footed snails, too, feelers a-whisk like a blind man’s stick, luxuriate in the damp jungly ‘runs’ and ‘smeuses’ that hare and rabbit and weasel make in the undergrowth of the green lane’s fairyland; and, with their zebra-striped shells in variety of contrasted colour, add yet one more to the charm of infinite detail.

Two or three old homesteads here require a passing notice. The one standing in the orchard croft by the old draw-well is now partly roofless, with its bleached skeleton framework, and huge low adze-dressed beams, is a fine example of timber, thatch, and plaster—a home of the yeomen in the forest-days. In the Middle Ages the yeomen of the forests were the backbone of England. They were celebrated bowmen, and their skill with the longbow won the victory at Falkirk and Halidon Hill, and gained them imperishable fame on the fields of Crecy and Poitiers. The antiquated house under survey, erected maybe not less than four hundred years, a strong oaken, axe-hewn framework, in the erection of which not a single nail was used, only wooden pegs, is now only a storm-riven skeleton; but our illustration will be a reminder of Huby in the past.

Sleights Lane, on the west of Huby, which ran over the common—land which had been kept open for centuries and where the poor man’s cattle had grazed—was formerly a fearsome, haunted spot. An old native of nigh fourscore told us he remembered hearing ‘the demon beast’ rattling its long chain ‘wi’ a pair o’ een like twa saucers, and flat padfeet (hence padfoot) ‘at clompt and elapt in its nightly waaks.’ “When ah were a lad me mother

used to mony a time say to ma—‘Noo thoo knaws, if thoo gans oot te neet, “barguest” eel ev tha.’” Apart from the “barguest,” there was the ghost of Captain Burton, which held its nightly vigil at Newby Lane-end to the terror of the villagers; and, by way of some apology, the narrator of the above quaintly added, “ye knew there was ne railways ner telegraphs e’ these days.” Of Captain Burton, who dwelt at Newby Cottage, “a leading man,” our informant added, “eh these parts,” and most eccentric, of whom many amusing stories are told, his home-coming to Newby after he had been fighting ‘wi’ aude Boneypart e’ foreign lands,’ is graphically related. The



[*Gilbert Foster.*

REMAINS OF THE OLD FOREST HOMES, HUBY.

captain arrived in a post-chaise after midnight, and the house was all in darkness, he being unexpected; but the old servant heard his voice as the chaise drew up to the house, and, leaping out of bed in great excitement, he aroused the household by his shouts—“Mistress Burton, ees’t maister coomed yam fra’ t’ wars!”

Standing at the lane end, leading to Castley and Wescoe Hill from the Otley highway, is an old stone finger-post, date 1743; it is a memorial of pre-

turnpike and steam-traffic time. A deep, well-defined valley cuts down from the moors between Stainburn and Ormscliffe, passes Newby House and divides Wescoe Hill from Castley; and its stream enters the Wharfe opposite to Arthington pastures.

Riffa Wood is an interesting spot, for through its centre ran the pack-horse route from Otley to Knaresborough. The old flagged way still remains; seventy years ago all the farmers, carriers, and packmen, from the forest towns, passed to and from Otley market through Riffa Wood, and by Huby Neuk. One Billy Lupton continued to come and go by this route long after the Harrogate and Otley highway was opened. The wood is a popular meet of fox-hounds, and, to judge by the great number of flesh-eating animals nailed to the trees (as a warning to their brethren), Reynard, the fox, is only one of a goodly company who find a covert in the wood. We counted fifty stoats and weasels gibbeted to the trees on the north side of Riffa; also magpies, and some of the stoats were very fine specimens.* The line of the ancient route can yet be traced over the ploughed fields in the direction of Huby Neuk and the Rington moors. The characteristic of this district is also its pleasant field-paths and green lanes—nature's garden, pure and unadulterated rural scenery.

On the extreme watershed of the vale is that immense rock of gritstone, perhaps miscalled Almiascliffe, for the crag denotes a point in the estate of Orm, and in the Norse days was known as Ormscliffe. The rocks were used as a worshipping-place by the Druidic priests. On the surface of the main group are several basins or depressions, doubtless formed principally by nature—we have seen many similar amongst the rocks of Upper Wharfedale. Some historians say these basins were formed by the Druids to receive water in its purest form, as it fell from the clouds; and were used by them

* For the derivation of Riffa—a rift—we have to go very far back to the Dano-Scandinavian irruption of races. It has been thought to be a corruption merely of Refractory—stony and rough, and hard to reclaim; but the much more probable source of the name is the Icelandic *hryfi*—a scab, scurfy (as in dandriff); or *rypta*—rift—in the same tongue, perpetuated. Either, as applied to this rough 'scrub,' with its flagged rift-way through it, would mean much the same thing—an uneven wooded place, overgrown with intractable 'stub' vegetation. To-day, many of the trees are of great age and large gnarled character. Another Icelandic term, akin in sound, is *riffa*—to rive or split—which may be held to furnish corroborative evidence, as the wood is riven by a gorge, and split by an old roadway. The fact, too, that this area was Hubba's own place before the mailed fist of the Norman descended on Yorkshire, and that Hubba the Dane's speech, and that of the Icelander (colonised by Denmark, not by Norway), were one, makes it very unlikely that the name came from any other source.

for lustration and purification, from which it is also supposed that the vessel for holy water, anciently used in our churches, was a relic of this Druidical rite. An old custom of the country people was the dropping of a pin into these basins, they believing that good luck would follow this action. One of the basins is known as the 'wart well.' Those troubled with warts came hither and pricked them until the blood flowed freely into the basin, and finished by dipping the hands into the water: then, if their faith was great enough, the warts were seen no more.

GREAT ALMSCLIFFE, OR ORMSCLIFFE.

During the last ten years this famous crag has received considerable attention from the members of the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club and their friends. The weather-worn landmark affords splendid practice for those anxious to be initiated into the mysteries and charms of rock-climbing, and, even to those more advanced, it is a first-rate training ground. Its pitches and ledges of rough millstone grit are of various grades, from easy to very difficult. Alpine rope is often necessary, and nailed boots have scratched its rugged face in thousands of frantic efforts to scale its heights. With the idiosyncrasy of the craft, the climbing fraternity of petrogymnasts have diligently examined it for the most arduous routes to the summit; and it must be acknowledged that, although nowhere more than about eighty feet high, the grim old fortress has amply rewarded their search. The pioneers in this task were E. Calvert, H. Ingle, A. Riley, T. S. Booth, and W. Parsons, and the credit for the most complete



ALMSCLIFFE CHIMNEY.

work is, without doubt, due to the last three, who, under the skilful leading of W. Parsons, have left very little undone.

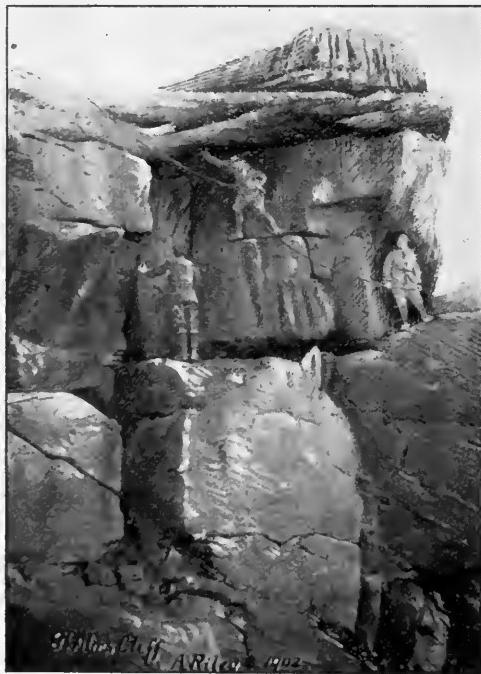
The main mass, or High Man, is divided into two unequal portions by a wide cleft or passage. Both parts are utilised; but, perhaps, the best climbs are on the north and west: the boldest piece of the sheer wall of rock. From these sides it shelves back gradually into the moorland towards the east, from which side it is an easy walk to the top.

The great chimney shown in the illustration is very sensational; but to the initiated very easy. On the Low Man, which lies at a considerably

lower level to the west, are several good 'traverses,' and one of the most difficult is given.

As this is not intended to be an exhaustive description from a climber's point of view, these bare references must suffice. A more detailed account is in preparation, in which the technical phrases and references will be more appropriately used, for, truth to tell, the jargon of mountaineers appeals only to the devotees of this 'elevating' sport!

In the year 1776 a young woman at Rигton, having been disappointed by her lover, attempted to commit suicide by leaping from the summit of the immense rocks, a distance of nearly fifty feet. A strong wind blowing from the west



TRAVERSE, ALMSCLIFFE.

parachuted her dress, so that, in her perilous descent, she received very little harm. She never repeated the experiment, and lived many years after.

The scene from the top of this rock is magnificent; the silver windings of the old Wharfe passing pasture, hamlet, and woodland; whilst far beyond the dale, the country, in many places, can be seen for forty miles. A sunset

scene viewed from here is of surpassing loveliness and grandeur. The fine reaches of river flash back the molten rays, the hills stand out more boldly, the valley bathed in sunset gold, richly and more varied, the hues of foliage clothing the hill slopes, appear more beautiful under the influence of the witching hour; and when the dim mystery of twilight deepens, and the beneficent little fairy folk appear, deep down from their underground parlour, to take possession of the rock—a right of ancient usage—it is time for us to bid the scene farewell, and descend into the valley.

RIGTON.

On the high ridge of moor about a mile from Ormscliffe stands Rington in the forest. During the great Scottish raid in 1318 Rington and Stainburn were destroyed, the villagers being cruelly treated by the invaders. On the 18th March, 1300, Isabella de Fortibus, sometime Countess of Albemarle and Devon, and lady of the Isle of Wight, granted to the monks of St. Mary's Fountains, the town of Stainburne, a moiety of the town of Rington, a toft and a bovate of land in Huby, and all the other lands and rents which they held of her fee of Harewode. Witnesses, John de Sancta Elena, Gilbert de

Knovil, Roland de Erle, Richard de Afferton, Robert de Plumpton, William de Rithre, Robert de Furmeaus, William de Stopham, William de Herthington, and Richard de Stokkelde, knights; Robert Dymmok, Thomas de Weston, Geoffry de Monte Alto of Lethelay, Henry de Schreugh, William son of Henry de Farnelay, William de Castelay, and others—a splendid assembly.

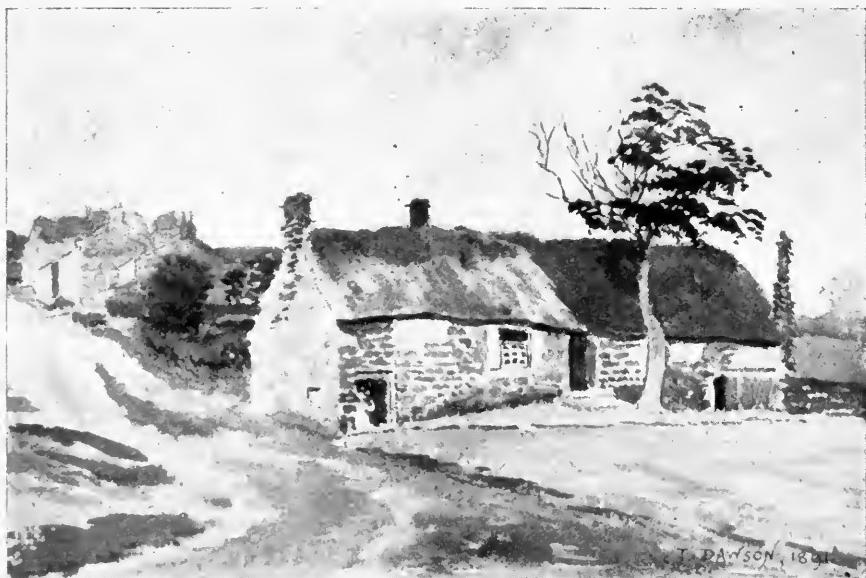


SMITH'S SHOP AND POST OFFICE, RIGTON.

[E. Bogg.]

Rington still contains many features that are distinct and rural; the old uphill street with its ancient houses in picturesque grouping; and the post office, and smith's shop, thatched timber and rude masonry structures, are

fragments of the forest architecture. Chapel Hill perpetuates the memory of the chapel which formerly existed here, dedicated to the Virgin Mary. On the south-east of the village (says Grainge) is the site of an ancient manor hall, still known as the moat; the area within the moat is fifty yards by thirty-three: he further says the moat was fifteen yards across and ten



[Dawson.]

THE OLD HOSTELRY, RIGTON IN THE FOREST.

feet deep. It is supposed that the building which stood within this protected inclosure has been of timber, for not a single stone has been found, whilst a large piece of the oak timber framework was discovered in the moat. The Franks, a branch of the family at Harewood and Aldwoodley, were settled in Rington in the early part of the fourteenth century; one Laurence Fraunke was indicted for 'taking a stob out of Rington wode.'

CHAPTER II.

A TRAMP THROUGH THE FOREST.

SUPPOSE we take a stroll round the south part of Knaresborough Forest: Nor beck, which drains the moor north-west of the Ormscliffe, is a tributary of the Crimble; and in the valley of these streams the most beautiful scenery in the forest can be found. Brackenthwaite, which gave its title to a forester of that name, stands on an eminence between the brooks, Crimble and Nor Beck. All the distance along the Crimble between Beckwithshaw and Pannal the scene is delightfully charming, and along this reach are several forest homesteads which are worthy of more than passing notice.

We obtain a few glimpses of ‘Panhale’ from the Harl. MS., 799, as follows:—

Charter 31st, Edward I., 1302-3, the king granted to Henry de Percy a market on Tuesday at his manor of Panelhale near Spofford, and one fair there for two days, viz., on the eve and day of St. Michael. (May we look to this charter for the origin of the market which is still held at Spacey Houses?)

The chantry of St. James within the parish of Pannell. Having no foundation other than the benevolence of the parochians, who have purchased land held of the lordship of Knaresburgh to the value of £4 10s. 3½d.; clear, £3 6s. 0½d.

Out of Greenfield’s register: The minister of the house of St. Robert of Knaresburgh presents to the church of Panhale, 5s. 1d., January (9th), 1311.

Out of the register of Zouche: The church of Panhale appropriated to the use of the minister and brethren of the house of St. Robert of Knaresburgh, of the order of the Holy Trinity, and the redemption of the captives of the Holy Land; the advowson whereof the said minister and brethren had long ago, of the gift of Edmund, Earl of Cornwall, in exchange for the manor of Roucliffe near Boroughbridge, date, 19th March, 1348.

Beckwithshaw, on the Harrogate road, gave its name to an old forest family, the Beckwiths, who were to be reckoned with in the forest for at least seven hundred years. That the family were a product of the forest their names distinctly endorse. The word is a combination of ‘beck,’ a stream of water, and ‘with,’ a wood; the terminal ‘shaw’ is only a duplication and means practically the same, a strip of moorland partly wooded.

Springing from a Danish parentage they took deep root in the forest before the Norman era, and the manors of Beckwith and Beckwithshaw, and the lordship of Clynt were theirs. All through the rebellions and Civil Wars they continued to hold the balance of power, when many of the great families were cut down like grass before the mower's scythe. The leading branch became extinct in 1743, but there are later branches, which still continue to flourish vigorously in different parts of the Empire. The Redshaws and Clints—the crafty men—were also resident here; we were told by an authority that these men were arrant poachers, and were continually raiding the king's deer, and any other they could lay hands upon for the matter of that.



DENIZENS OF THE FOREST.

Immediately beyond Beckwithshaw is Harlow Moor, from the summit of which are fine sweeping views over the country, north and east, whilst Birk Crags seen from the north, and its bold line of woods is a striking feature, and remind one of the old forest days. The Celtic *cerrig*—a rock, and the Norseman's Berg—a hill—crag; so the name still continues to carry forward its original naming; unless *birk*, for its part, signifies birch, a fine and abundant native tree hereabouts.

We now turn west into the big wood of Moor Park, and from a glade glance back down Oak Beck, winding away so picturesquely through the forest vale, with the roofs of Harrogate reflecting the sunlight in the middle distance, the orange and browns of bracken, livid evergreen furze, and serried trunks of the dark ruby-boled firs, seared and scarred by the storms of many a winter.

The Oak Beck—only within our limits in so far as it drains a part of the old forest region—is not a moor-born, but a crag-cradled water in the middle of its brief course. For all that, it is a picturesque stream—wasting

no time between where it rises, fresh and sparkling, from its mossy mattress beyond the loftiest level of Haywra Park to where it falls into Nidd. Within Haverah bounds it is only a trouty brook, but goes singing on its way under Pot Bridge, and the bilberried, fir-wooded slopes of Beekwithshaw and Birk Crags, nurturing even yet—spite of much raiding—some oak fern; and under the romantic, lonely, high-peaked Pack-horse Bridge, but the finer oaks have gone with time. The *fir*, now naturalised and reproducing its kind, was only introduced here about 1796, or the close of the eighteenth century. The Boar-hole wood, before Pot Bridge is reached, recalls the time (about 1256) when the house of St. Robert of Knaresborough had leave



[Owen Bowen.]

LOOKING FROM MOOR PARK TO HARROGATE.

of run for forty pigs given him by Richard, Earl of Cornwall, but wild boar lingered here—in diminishing number—a legacy in feral ivory tusk, and valuable bristle, from very ancient times up to about the fourteenth century.

We are now within the ancient pale of Haverah Park, in olden time a notable hunting-ground in the forest; we shall give the curious legend and try to explain the word Haverah later. Leaving the Moor Park, we emerge into the open forest; here, on the edge of the wood, is a fine bit of rock and

forest scenery, such as ever made the heart of a hunter leap for joy. Passing the old reservoir on the left, we scramble over a second belt of moor, to the junction of two streams—beautiful, wild moorland glens; the one whose banks we follow, now a water supply for Harrogate, is known as Beaver-dyke, and Beaver Bank still retains the tradition of the former presence of those animals; in fact, we were informed by an elderly man that he distinctly remembered having heard his grandfather relate that in his youth these curious animals were not extinct here. This carries us back to about 1750. We give this for what it is worth, anyhow from various causes, doubtless, the beaver has lingered here to a very late date. High and Low Boar-holes and Wolfesclose—names in this vicinity—tell their own story.

The little ravine in which Oak Beck has its rise, two furlongs to the N.W. of Brim Hall, has the remains of an old dam or pool, wherewith the infant water was delayed. This place is locally known as Beverholes. Whether it was the home of the true dam-making beaver must remain uncertain, by reason of another animal in later days passing under that name. The dam-like barrier across the defile may have suggested the name, or it may have come from being the haunt of otters, which creatures also love narrow, sequestered dells with an alternatively rapid and banked-back stream. We cannot be dogmatic, but scientific authorities on the British fauna say that the reward (twopence or threepence) down to late times paid by wood-reeves and constables for each ‘bever-head’ (as the parish records of many northern places spelt it—the latest entry at Bolton Percy, under the date 1790) was properly for the flat-nosed otter. That is only one hundred and thirteen years ago, and the real beaver disappeared at least six hundred years before that; moreover, the otter is very destructive of fish, in which fact we glimpse the reason why the proof of the killing of these vermin was worth paying something for—just as rewards were given for wolves, etc., in Saxon times.

The true beaver was once a native dweller in Yorkshire, nevertheless; for a complete skull was found near Beverley in 1861, and other parts of the skeleton in other places. But the beaver was a harmless, timid creature, fond of solitude and ‘home life,’ and the disturbance of its haunts by growing population, mills on streams, etc., has made it ‘a thing of the past,’ and it was even becoming scarce when the Romans advanced north through Lincolnshire by way of Hatfield Chase.

Near the head of Beaver-dyke, and not far from the boundary of Haverah Park, situated on a small peninsula jutting into the valley, are the fragmen-

tary remains of John-o'-Gaunt's Castle. It is surrounded by a moat, and a bank (or vallum) forms an irregular square. The site of the stronghold is on a considerable elevation, the moat is nearly hidden by a dense growth of bushes. Why this place bears the name of John-o'-Gaunt we know not : he was one of the great lords of the forest, and perhaps the most important that ever ruled over the great chase. Yet the castle was in existence long before his time. The depression in the centre marks the site of the well



[*Owen Bowen.*

REMAINS OF JOHN-O'-GAUNT'S CASTLE.

where the garrison obtained their supply of water in case of siege ; the material of the building has been of the rudest description, but the mortar is as hard as the stone itself. Doubtless this forest Peel was used as a hunting lodge by the kings and great lords of the forest, and also served as a guard-house for the head ranger and his assistant keepers ; for there have been desperate encounters with outlaws, freebooters, and poachers within the pale of the park of Haverah ; and the great John may well have resided here awhile, during hunting forays, in the structure he found already there.

About a mile off, and on the north side of the little valley, in the township of Norwood, is a large earthwork of irregular construction, marked on the map as Old Camp : locally known as ' Bank Slack.' It cannot have

been a camp, for it does not enclose any portion of ground, but runs along the hill side, though very crookedly, for nearly two miles; its general course is east and west, and terminates at a place called Worstall Crags. To our thinking this is an old British earthwork, similar to the one at Becca Banks, Aberford, described in Vol. I (Elinet), and probably formed for the same purpose—that of checking the advance of the Roman passing this way from Ilkley to Aldborough.

From the northern extremity there is a fine view over the Washburn valley. The prospect to the west is bounded by Beamsley Beacon, Roggan Hall Moor, Simon and Lord Seat, Thorpe Fell, and Great Whernside in the far distance.

William Grainge, writing on this scene in 1864, says:—

"Once it was our good fortune to witness a sunset from this hill, on a calm, clear evening in the month of September, and we thought then, and we yet think, that we never looked upon a scene which gave us so much pleasure; a pleasure arising purely from the beauty of the prospect before us, otherwise we had no interest in the scene—no foot of land, no cottage home within view was ours. The heather was in full bloom, and never did the purple robes of the hills appear to our eyes so rich and bright, the fields in the valleys were decked in their pure green, and the few cornfields were either ripe or reaped, and added their variety of colour to the green of the valleys and the purple of the hills. Over this panorama of beauty glanced the last rays of that day's sunshine, leaving the world to twilight, and the solitary forester to a solitary journey of four miles home down 'the rough road.'"

Less than a mile to the south of John-o'-Gaunt's Castle is a series of mounds, or earthworks, locally known by the people as 'King Pippin's Castle,' which, report says, was once burial-place to John-o'-Gaunt's Castle, and further tradition says that a chapel once stood on the site.* If a burying-place, it is that of an ancient race who dwelt in the district a thousand years before the days of John-o'-Gaunt—'time-honoured Lancaster.'

THE STORY OF HAVERAH PARK.

During a conversation with an old lady of some eighty summers, she enquired if I "had iver heer'd o' t'owd Taverah." Not thinking she alluded to the cripple and the story of Haverah Park, I said I had not. She replied, "What, nivver heer'd o' t'owd Taverah. Wha' ah thow't ivveryboddy ad a' heer'd aboot 'im." She then told the old tale, passed down by the

* King Pepin or Pippin of France, succeeded Childeric, the last of the Merovingian monarchs, and has been held in sainted memory because of his zeal in upholding the tenets of the early Christian Church. His name is often associated with the burial-places of the "blessed dead."

foresters from father to son for centuries, of how the cripple became possessed of the park. In the days when John-o'-Gaunt was lord of this forest, a cripple, borne on crutches, whose name was Haverah, begged of this lord a piece of land from which he might gain a subsistence. The request was granted in the following terms :—

“ I, John-o'-Gaunt,
Do give and do grant,
To thee, Haverah,
As much of my ground
As thou canst hop round,
On a long summer's day.”

The cripple selected the longest day in the year for his task. Starting off just as the sun's rays lit the eastern sky, he kept hopping all day, and, as the glorious orb was dropping behind the hills of Craven, Haverah had completed the circuit within a few paces, over which he threw his crutches; and thus took possession of the land, ever since called Haverah Park.

It is a pity, from a poetical point of view, that we have to pierce this whimsical legend with the searchlight of fact. Haverah Park was a hunting ground enjoyed as an inclosure in the forest by King John, who preceded his descendant, John-o'-Gaunt, by nearly two centuries.* But the story must not be disturbed on that account—it has lived too long to be forgotten or even despised.

* As a hunting ground Heywra has always been accustomed to distinguished guests, and more than once has been the residence of kings and queens. Edward I. used the park as such a mighty hunter would be quite expected to do. The king was at Knaresborough 16th Sept., 1292; at Sciptone-in-Cravene on the 28th; in the meantime he was hunting the district. King John had frequently hunted in the park, having much sport there; but between the reigns of these two kings a spirit of 'lawlessness' (which, in plain English, meant poaching) was abroad and rampant. This sort of conduct Edward was the last man to tolerate; consequently, on the 5th January, 1283, there was issued a commission of Oyer et Terminer to R. Luveday and Master Thomas de Sodnyngton, touching the persons who entered the parks of Heywro, Del Hay, and Bilton, hunted there, and carried away the deer. On the 25th April, 1284, another commission was issued to W. de Burnston and Master Thomas de Sudington, touching the persons who placed themselves in the roads and passes in the wood of Swyndon to impede the jurors of an inquisition to be made between Edmund, Earl of Cornwall, and Isabella, Countess of Albemarle, before the said justices at Knaresburgh; and wounded the bailiffs and men of the Countess, so that they could not appear on the day fixed. The origin of that violence we know well. The claims of the Countess were those afterwards enforced by 'the people of Wharfedale'; their opponents were the myrmidons of the land-grabbers. Edward was hereabouts again in November, 1300, when things do not appear to have been quite as smooth as he would like them. The old spirit of 'trespassing' in the park remained too aggressive. The names of some of the poachers may even yet be recovered: Richard Luve, of Clifton, was one of them. As a means of protection,

The great forest was the abode of numerous wild beasts, most of which have long been extinct. Here the solitary bear made his den ; the wolf and wild boar haunted the dense thicket and matted undergrowth, while numerous herds of wild deer inhabited the sunnier portions ; besides these, several tribes of smaller animals and many birds of prey, such as peregrine-falcon, 'common' buzzard, and raven, now no longer having their eyries here.

Many a gallant hunt took place here in the brave days of old. The Norman kings and their barons were mighty hunters, and loved to chase the wild boar and red deer over the great forest. We can easily imagine the gay scene on a golden autumn morn, as the branches rustled in the morning breeze, and the woods resounded with merriment ; the curveting of fiery steeds, the crackling of underwood, whilst ever and anon the loud blast of the forester's horn, mingled with that of the baying hounds and the galloping of hunters through the glades, were sights and sounds often seen and heard.

Haverah Park was an enclosure in the great forest of Knaresborough, which, as observed, reached twenty miles east to west, and some eight to

not less than conciliation, on the 24th October, 1305, the king granted at will to William de Rytre (of Harewood) the liberty of hunting with his own, in the forest of Knaresburgh, the fox, hare, badger, and cat, except during the fence month. Next day there was a pardon to Miles de Stapleton, constable of Knaresburgh Castle, so far as the king's interests are concerned, for the 'evasion' of Adam le Tynkele, Thomas de Redethaghe, Robert Aunger, and William Gafaire, of Lethale, from the gaol of that castle while in his custody—for a crime which we need not hesitate to surmise.

These indications of forest life continued to recur, and were not confined to the royal preserves; neither the esteem which Queen Philippa always relieved nor the might which a Percy always exercised, could stop them ; although both could punish them. On the 20th November, 1327, a commission of Oyer and Terminer was issued to Adam de Hopeston, Thomas Dayrill, etc., in a complaint by Heney de Percy that John, son of John Beckwith, and Adam, his brother; William, son of Hugh, son of Benedict; William, son of Hugh, the 'forester's knave,' of Swyndon, and others, broke into his park at Spofforth, hunted, and carried away goods and deer. The troubles of this side of the bailiwick were endless. On the 18th March, 1337, there was a mandate to Willian Fitz-Waryn, keeper of the castle of Knaresburgh, and the keepers of the free chace there, that if, as reported, the men of these parts hunt in the chace of Whervydale, which is parcel of the free chace of Knaresburgh, held for life by Queen Philippa of the king's grant, and was a free chace, though they used it as a common chace, the keepers were to cause it to be kept as a free chace, giving notice to all persons concerned that it was the king's will that it be kept as such, as it has been in the time of his progenitors and other lords of the castle and fee. This was too violent a wrench of the decision of parliament to be endured.

In the social life of Heywra we have features more pleasant to contemplate. The lodge in the park was a fit residence for the king, and so used by him. Edward I. orders it to be stocked with wine, and the order is plentifully obeyed. Edward II. is there at least on one

nine miles in width. The family of Scrivens trace their descent from one Gamel, the king's forester, whose descendants held that office for many generations. The above, with the notable family of Beckwiths, were virtually kings in the forest.

As a hunting-ground Haverah was one most enjoyable to King John, who frequently used it. For many generations the royal family were very partial to its advantages in the way of pleasure and accommodation. Henry VI. secured it to Queen Margaret as a portion of her dower. In 1445 he gave her the manor of Bradford, the castle domain and manor of Knaresborough, the manor of Screvyn, Roucliff, and Aldborough, the bailiwick of the burgh, and the mills and forest (or chace) of Knaresborough, with all its profits and issues in Wharfedale, Swyndon, Okeden, and Fulwith, the parks of Heywra, Bilton, del Hay, with the mills of Burghbuyc, and also the Wapentake of Stanecliff with its appurtenances.

Bras Castle, a hunting-lodge, belonging to John-o'-Gaunt, stood near the boundary of the forest of Knaresborough, according to the perambulation of 1767, dividing Lindley and Kirkby Overblow from Leathley. Adjacent to this boundary we have a strange and suggestive series of names, in the explanation of which fancy might run absolutely riot. Parallel with the Washburn we have Cinder Lane, from which starts Pill-White-Lane ('pill'

occasion with his queen and her merrymakers. In the early summer of 1322 that monarch is spending much time in Yorkshire. He was at York on the 22nd May, then on the 26th we find him at Heywra, where he remains in residence for three days, transacting state business there. Edward III., a greater monarch and a greater hunter, was there much more frequently. He planted a very valuable breeding stud there, and had it thoroughly attended to; under him the mares and foals of Heywra became celebrated and valuable. His son, John of Gaunt, succeeding Queen Philippa, kept up the reputation of the park, of which the keepership became a desirable emolument, to be the reward of persons of dignity whose services merited reward. In 1485 there is a lease for a term of seven years to Sir Randolph Pigot, of the herbage and pannage of the park of Heywra, reserving sufficient pasture for the king's game within the park; the annual rent to be £11 and 12d of improved value. It was much the same at Swyndon. In 1487 there was a grant for life in consideration of good service of keeper of the office of the king's woods of Swyndon and Norwood, with the ancient and customary wages and fees of the place. Of Swyndon we have further details next year —on the 25th February, 1488, there is a lease to ferm for seven years from Michaelmas last, part to Richard Banke, yeoman, of the water-mill of Beckwith Rosset and appurtenances within the lordship of Knaresburgh, with all the closes adjoining the same mill, lately in John Fawkes's tenure, and lying near the town of Carewyke within the forest of Wharfedale and Swyndon, at an annual rent of 43s. 4d. for the water-mill, and of 12s. for the closes; the tenant to keep the mill, etc., in repair at his own cost. We are none the worse for knowing the fact that in his day John Fawkes ran the water-mill and lived near the town of Carewyke.

—a peel or tower) with the houses at Pill White; then we have Cooch Lane—not very distantly related to Cock Beck elsewhere—Swanken Well, Trispin Head; and in Stainburn, Green Bridge, under Gale Lane and Low Bank, whence the boundary runs to Trispin gate—onwards to Celler Hill and Bogridge. In that varying nomenclature the tongues of the Celt and Norseman still mingle with the Norman, giving Cinder Lane as a contribution, which is both philological and topographical; Groen-brig—Norse, Gale Lane, possibly the plant gale or bog myrtle, or the Gelli—a Celtic plantation of which the Groen formed a part. Cinder Lane is within a field length of



[Owner Bowen.]

LITTLE ALMSCLIFFE

the forest boundary, and carries with it the Norman designation of a Seyntur—belt or girdle. To attempt a description of the old words would be a pleasant, yet a rather risky, occupation.

There are, or were lately, thirteen farms standing within the precincts of the park. The most typical of these forest homesteads is that of East End House; it has lately been restored, but still contains, with the adjacent buildings, many characteristic features; its rare, antique porch bears the date 1625.

Rather more than a mile south over the wild moor, as the crow flies, is Little Almscliffe. On a cold, damp, winter's afternoon, few more forsaken or desolate-looking spots than this can be found; yet, during an autumn

sunset (when the blackberries are ripe and luscious), the lonely moor is radiant in beauty, and every dewdrop, resting on the gorse, sparkles like a precious jewel. The main rock, seen in the waning light, might easily be mistaken for some grim monster, holding sway over the moor, and the circle of smaller crag altars, which, in bygone ages of pantheism, may have been used for Druidical sacrifice.

An incident is reported in the Knaresburgh Court Roll for 1458, which, though it gives acceptable information as to Stainburn, adds difficulties to the name of Ormscliffe. Two horses, one grey and the other black, were stolen at “ ‘lilalmosclif,’ within the forest and domain of Knaresborough, the property of Sir William Plumpton, Kt., ‘ price sixty shillings of silver.’ Thirty shillings for a ‘ gallant grey,’ good enough for a ‘ Knight’s charger,’ ” is interesting information, as is also the mention of ‘ little Alma’s-cliff,’ at so comparatively early a period.*

Two miles south from Little Alma’s Cliff (‘ alma’—a fort or height) is Stainburn—the stone beck, or burn, the stones here referred to being in all probability Celtic *maens*, or mark stones. It is a very scattered village, the houses being thrown here and there, over a wide area.

The Norman Chapel, situated in the fields in peaceful seclusion, is of the most varied construction, consisting of nave and chancel. The separating arch is circular. The font is interesting and said to be seven hundred years old. Several tombs bear seventeenth century dates. If the expression ‘ battered ’ can be used in reference to work done, without malevolence, then it must be said that Stainburn Church is one of the most battered in Christendom. Built upon the simple plan of the early Norman, the edifice has been hammered and tinkered throughout, the last triumph being achieved in the removal of the chancel, until then, likely enough, the Norman one. From that unhappy time ‘ the hand of mercy ’ has never been bestowed upon it: Churchwardens Gothic has had full sway here, the result being most disastrous. When the Scots raided Stainburn in 1318, and destroyed everything they could not carry away, their worst operations in

* On the night of January 25th, 1846, a melancholy affair happened at this spot; a young man named John Brotherton, who had for some time kept company with a young woman in the service of a farmer, was chaffed on that night by his companion that he dare not go to the farm after the inmates had retired. He foolishly went, and, instead of rousing his sweetheart, roused the farmer, who, thinking it to be robbers, seized his gun, calling, “ Who’s there? ” and receiving no answer, fired; the shot struck the young man, who dragged himself into an adjoining field, where he was found dead next morning.

the church manifest some qualms of conscience; of the restorers so much cannot be said.

The Chapel of Stainburn belonged to Fountains Abbey, given to it by Isoulda-de-Lelay. The Church is situated above the village proper, and is reached by a pleasant field-path, and the outlook over the Wharfe country is most charming. Eastward Ormscliffe looms on the line of vision, a deep and finely-wooded ravine intersects it on the west. The most striking features are the old font; an ancient window of curious construction, and the apparent marks of fire on the stone point to the Scottish raid; a late Norman entrance, a very antique stone vessel in the churchyard, which has formerly either been used as a font, or is the socket of a churchyard cross. Apart from the above there are several very old table tombs and quaint memorials to the Dakers, 1729 and 1773.

Stainburn village is charming in its rurality, forming pleasant little cabinet pictures; miniature burns wind down pleasant little vales and under bridges of primitive construction, the farms and cottages cling on to the hill slopes in pleasant garden plots above the beck. Paddock Hole Farm is an ancient foundation, dating from Tudor times; at other homesteads are quaint and curious antique mullions, and bits of old walls peep out here and there. Stainburn Beck drains the Lindley and Stainburn moors, and, in its numerous twinings, passes through very romantic scenery; at Green Bridge, particularly, the valley has a picturesque appearance.

William Wheater writes:—

One of the old Stainburn families was that of Graver; another that of Colyer, which at its beginning has had distinction from its trade of wood-burners for service at the King's iron mines. In 1338 John Colyer is in trouble for taking an oak in le Westwode of Staynburn. This may locate the family at West End in Stainburn Bank. Enota, wife of Andrew le Colyer, is another of the clan, an energetic person whose name turns up at Knaresburgh with some frequency. The Gravers may have been diggers, and diggers for iron, too, for the smelting of which the Colyers laboured. Peter Gravere in 1345 took land of new essart in Synderhill in Kylinghall township; the land the Colyers had just cleared, obviously. During the next century the Gravers had greatly improved their position, for in 1429 Richard Graver, and in 1444 William Graver were bedells of the Forest; at the same time Robert Gravere was also a tenant. In 1585-6 Francis Palmes, plaintiff, is suing William Readshawe, Henry Graver, and other defendants for a right of common, demuerer only in Staynburne and Lyndley manors. The Palmeses did not get their affairs in Stainburn and Lyndlay settled without considerable litigation.

In this name of Colyer belonging to a Forester, and a slip from the above parent stem, we perhaps can claim a man of world-wide reputation, English by birth, and still a forester by sympathy, by energy and ability, though the proud and useful position he has achieved has been won and maintained among our kinsmen at the other side of the

great Atlantic. Dr. Robert Colyer, of New York, the man to whom we refer, is one of the most valued citizens of the United States; but the boy Robert Colyer, who was born and reared in Washburn dale, is ours. In his youth the lad was a blacksmith in his native dale; twenty generations ago his forbears were doubtless iron-workers on the same spot. None will cling more fondly to that fact than he himself will.

About two miles west of Stainburn, standing on a commanding elevation above the Washburn, is Lindley Hall, formerly the home of the Palmes, of Lindley. That ancient and honourable family the De Lindleys, of whom William was a witness to one of the Arthington Charters, 1190-1200. A fine, knightly race these Lindleys were, and continued on their ancestral estate all throughout the days of chivalry. They are mostly buried at Leathley. Percival Lyndeley, gentleman, was buried in the south side of that church, nigh his wife, in 1550. They were succeeded at Lindley by a younger branch of the family of Palmes, of Naburn. In 1529, Bryan Palmes, of Farneley, wills to be buried in Otley Church, in Our Lady Quere there, and ordered that his executors do cause a stone to be layed over him with the image of the Nativity of Our Lady set upon it, and his own image kneeling under it. In 1567, Francis Palmes, of Lyndeley, Esq., also wills to be buried in Otley Church. The preferred place of burial of this ancient family was in their own Church of St. George, Fishergate, York.

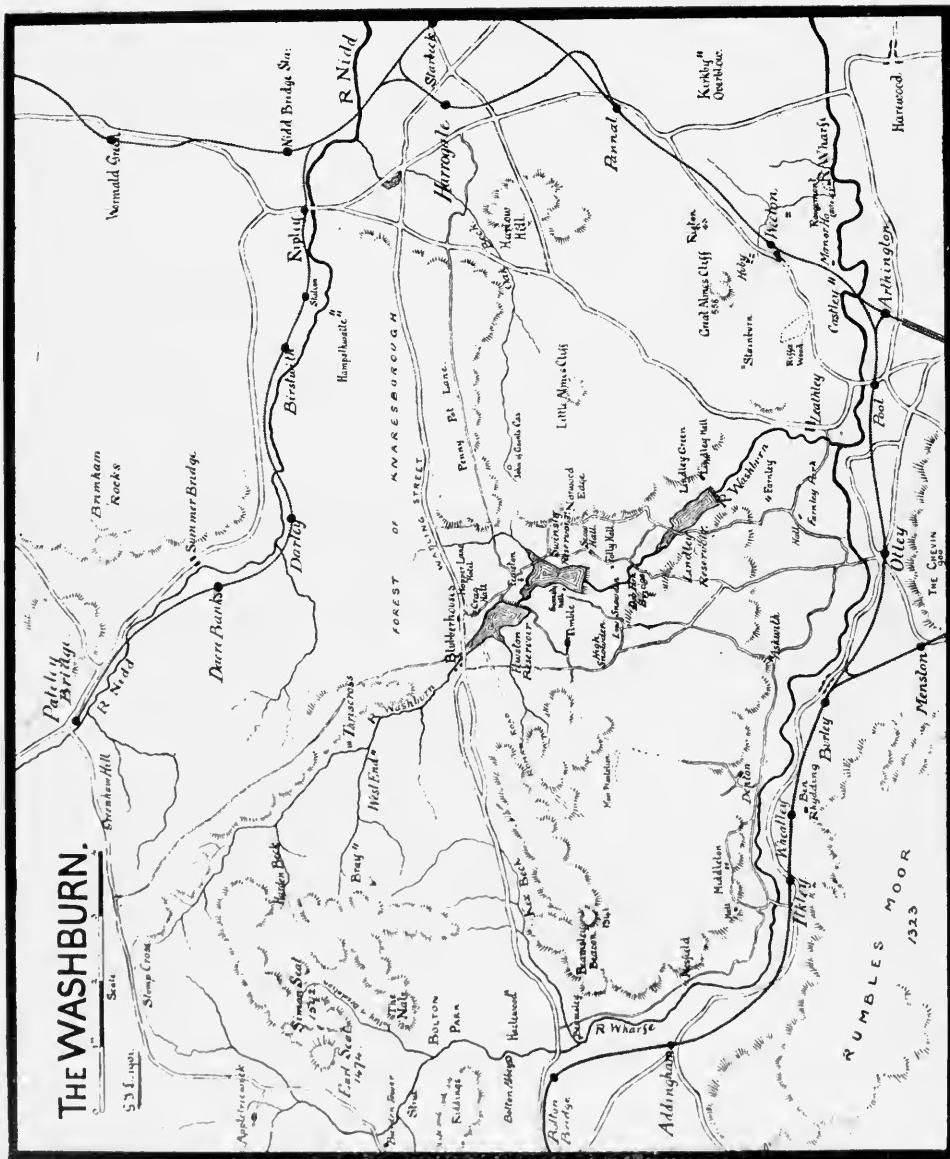
"The glory of the family of Palmes of Lindley," says Grainge, "has departed, their names are remembered in Wharfedale tradition, but the genealogist and biographer have not been busy with their deeds; their lands have passed into the hands of others, and the halls in which they so long dwelt have gone to decay. The site, and part of the fabric, yet remain, and a more pleasant spot was never chosen by man on which to rear his dwelling." The writer has in his possession a rubbing, taken from a brass memorial in Otley Church, which gives the lineage of this family for sixteen generations, commencing with William de Palma in the twelfth century, and ending with Francis, 1593. At the foot of the memorial is the figure of a knight, Bryan Palmes, with hands clasped in the attitude of prayer.

The situation of Lindley Hall is on a commanding plateau high above the Washburn, the outline of the ancient court or garden can still be traced. A considerable portion of the old walls, with tower-like buttresses, and part of the original entrance, still remain; everything around bears tokens of antiquity, bygone greatness, and fading dignity, which even generations of neglect cannot destroy. The oldest portion of the hall, with its stout

THE WASHBURN.

Scale

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mullions, bears the impress of great age, probably early fifteenth century. An old kitchen, by its appearance, is thought to have been the chapel to the house, and is still locally known as such.

From a commanding elevation, half-a-mile north-west of the hall, can be obtained a fine view over the Norwood (the North Wood) and the Washburn country. Here the district is wild, and still retains, to some extent, its pristine character of forest; lonely glens, overshadowed by tall trees and tangle brushwood, yet romantic and beautiful, down which the



[Owen Bowen.]

LOOKING WEST AND OVER NORWOOD AND THE WASHBURN COUNTRY.

burns meander in many twinings to the Washburn, whilst the outlook west, away over the range of hills with the lake-like reservoirs in the foreground and the gnarled storm-riven Scotch firs, fragments of the old forest, at our feet gives tone and a touch of the romantic and the sublime to a scene which is more than passing beautiful. Nor does all the grandeur

and beauty lie to the west; southwards over Farnley Woods and the bold line of the Chevin the eye ranges over scenes that are quite Turner-esque. On our visit, under a wonderful wild, angry cloud effect, the aspect of the country was indescribably grand and impressive. Northward, the watershed of the Washburn extends beyond Catcli-em-corner to within two miles or so of Hampsthwaite and Birstwith.

Norwood Hall lies about midway between Lindley and Dog Park Bridges ; it is a substantial forest home of the early Jacobean period.

A meeting-house is attached to the hall. In Braime Hall and Braime Lane (the latter leading from Otley to Pateley Bridge) we have a name reaching back to early British days. Elsword, Ellisworth, now Elsworth, is a name often met with in the early records of this township, and the name is mentioned in the Domesday Survey ; no such place now exists, but families of that name are still settled not so far away from this forest.

Norwood, or, to give it its full name or title, Clifton-with-Norwood, is some two and a half miles south of Fewston. In Domesday Book it is called Elsword-Clifton. In 1558 it appears as Clifton-cum-Ellisworthe. The hamlet was once inhabited by whitesmiths, engaged in the manufacture of stirrup bridle bits and spurs, which found a ready sale at Otley



GLEN SCENE, NORWOOD.

Owen Bowen.

and Ripon (Ripon rowels), but the industry is now a thing of the past. The Fairfaxes owned one of the houses known as Scough Hall. Bank Slack, an ancient earthwork in the parish, is believed to have been a settlement of the old Brigantes ; although the country people have it that it was

constructed for military purposes, and that 'Old Noll' planted his cannon on it when he battered down the walls of John-o'-Gaunt's Castle not far off. Evidence that the Romans appreciated the beauties of this charming valley are now and then met with; one consisted of a purse of copper coins turned up by a farmer, as he ploughed a field near Lindley Wood in 1830.

The Bramleys, whose name has doubtlessly originated from Braime, were long resident in this township of Norwood, and men of that name still reside in the forest.

In the next chapter the Rev. Thomas Parkinsson and Dr. Robert Collyer, of New York, will describe the 'Washburn Country'—it was the homeland of their youth. To-day the aspect of the valley is quite transformed, and, to a great extent, the old order of things has now changed; the descendants of the former yeoman, who had resided in the valley, for generations or even centuries, have had to leave their old ancestral roofs, owing chiefly to the change which has come over the valley. The wants of a great city demanded this alteration, and a million or more pounds altered the face of things; where formerly flourished acres of daffodils, primroses, and bluebells, is now a chain of lakes of almost Norwegian aspect, formerly the haunt of moor birds, now wild fowl, duck, geese, swans, heron, and redshanks, and the crested grebe congregate on the reservoirs, and also visit Farnley lake in larger numbers than formerly. After another thirty years or so have passed away, and no one remains who knew the valley in its pristine condition, few will look upon these lakes as artificial.

CHAPTER III.

THE WASHBURN.

"Washbrook with her wealth
Her mistress doth supply."—*Drayton's Polyolbion*.

"From its source in the heathery moorland's dark earth,
Where the curlew and moorcock alone hail its birth,
O'er pebbles and sand, bright in sparkle and mirth,
Like an infant at play
The Burn takes its way."

THE Washburn, which falls into the Wharfe at Leathley, is the principal tributary of that river on its northern bank.

The early history of our land is written in the names of its rivers and its mountains. The name Washburn, or, as it is more correctly preserved in the vernacular, *Weshburn*, carries us back to the early British word *uisque* meaning *water*, now found in the various forms, wesh, esk, usk, wiske, &c., while *burn*—a small river or brook—tells of Anglo-Saxon days.

The Washburn, in part of its course, forms the southern boundary of the ancient Royal Forest of Knaresborough, while its upper course traverses the wildest part of that forest.

The valley through which it runs is one of the most charming and interesting of the subsidiary valleys of the Pennine Hills; charming and interesting when seen in its pristine beauty, charming and interesting still when the invasion of engineering science has cleared away many of its meadows and its woodlands, in impounding its waters for the supply of that necessary to life to the toiling city. When filled with its waters, in the spring and early summer, its lake-like reservoirs replace, in another form, some of the beauties which their construction destroyed.

The ancient forest, as a forest, has long ceased to exist, and its wild denizens have been long extinct. But such place-names as Raybank (the roe bank), Bestham (the beast home), Fewston (Fjoston, i.e., the beast town),

Swinden (the swine dene), Darley (the deer field), Padside (the pate or badger side), Haverah (hey, ray, the park of the roe), and others tell us what animals once inhabited its woods and its dells.

Other place-names in the valley, especially in the upper parts of it, preserve memorials of Celt and Angle and Dane. 'Sike' and 'dike,' 'wham' and 'with,' 'combe' and 'shaw,' 'storth' and 'worth,' 'brand' and 'brunt,' 'Timble' (Timmal) and 'Thack-ra,' and a host of other such names still remain and reveal the story of long past ages.

No vale, of equal extent, is richer in historical and legendary associations, or occupies a more prominent place in local and even national literature, or can produce a more honourable roll of 'worthies' sprung from its villages, or reared in its scattered homesteads. Numerous are the men who have lived in its old halls, or have gone forth from its cots and its farmsteads into the wide world of literature, science, and commerce, endued with the brains, and the Anglo-Saxon grit, by which they have made the world richer, and their names honoured wherever British pluck and enterprise are found, and the English language spoken. It is only necessary, in passing, to mention such names as Fairfax, Thackray, Frankland, Slingsby, Stubbs, and Collyer.

Now, turning to the river itself, its course has already been traced and described in the author's previous book, *A Thousand Miles in Wharfedale*, and this monograph will be supplementary to that description, dealing more with the valley in an aspect of history and literature than in one of description and romance, though neither of the latter features will be excluded.

Washburn-head is a small spring and pond on the high moorlands near Craven Cross. The streamlet, issuing thence, is soon joined by several small 'sykes' and 'dykes,' having their source in the 'Whains' (Norse, a



ROGGAN HALL.

swamp or bog) on the high moors to the west. The first tributary of any size to unite its waters with the main stream is Harden (*i.e.*, Haredene) Beck. United, and descending from the moorlands, they wind, among bush-clad scars and rocks, past the ancient homestead of Hoodstorth, and leaving the hamlet of Thruscross to the right, come to 'Beck Meetings.' Here, amid romantic surroundings, falls in the Capelshaw Beck—a beck of almost equal volume to the Washburn itself. Capelshaw, or Cappishaw, Beck has its source also in the moorlands to the west, immediately below Roggan, or Rocking Stone Hall, the shooting-box of the Duke of Devonshire, and occupying a prominent position on the ridge of the watershed. In its course the beck leaves on its banks the picturesque ruins of two or three mills which were erected there a century ago, and whose broken dams form waterfalls of considerable beauty. The 'hands,' who worked these once busy temples of industry, have long since departed to fresh scenes of labour in the large towns.

THRUSCROSS.

A few yards below the largest of these mills, on the left bank of the beck, stands the Christian temple of the neighbourhood, Holy Trinity

Church; a more charming little church on the bush-clothed banks of the rivulet would be hard to find. It was rebuilt on the site of an ancient chapel-of-ease in 1873. In all probability the beck, Capelshaw, receives its name from the *shaw*, or open place in the wood, and the ancient chapel.

After receiving this 'beck' at Beck Meeting, the Washburn passes



downward to the Low Mill through rustic scenery, worth more than a passing glance. This is the last of the mills or factories—of which there were several—now remaining in the valley, and it bears every sign of shortly following its compeers. Indeed, the Leeds Corporation is already

ON THE WASHBURN.

acquiring the whole of this beautiful bit of valley on which to form another of those large reservoirs, of which three already fill the lower parts.

After passing Low Mill the river enters upon, and passes through, to Bluberhouse Bridge, about four miles of most charming river, mountain, and woodland scenery. Here are concentrated rippling waters, crossed by truly rustic foot-bridges; steep, deep, well-wooded banks on both sides, crowned with rocks and moorlands; by the water side rich meadows and pasture lands, now in sunshine, now feckled with the shadows of the over-hanging sides of the valley. In this portion of the vale are the remains of a system of dams and aqueducts, planned and laid out in the early part of the last century with great taste and ingenuity, for the supply of water to the West House Factory further down the valley. These, still with their grass-grown paths, ruined aqueducts, waterfalls, and broken bye-washes, overhung by the trees and ornamental shrubs ‘grown wild,’ add beauty, even in ruin, to the whole scene.

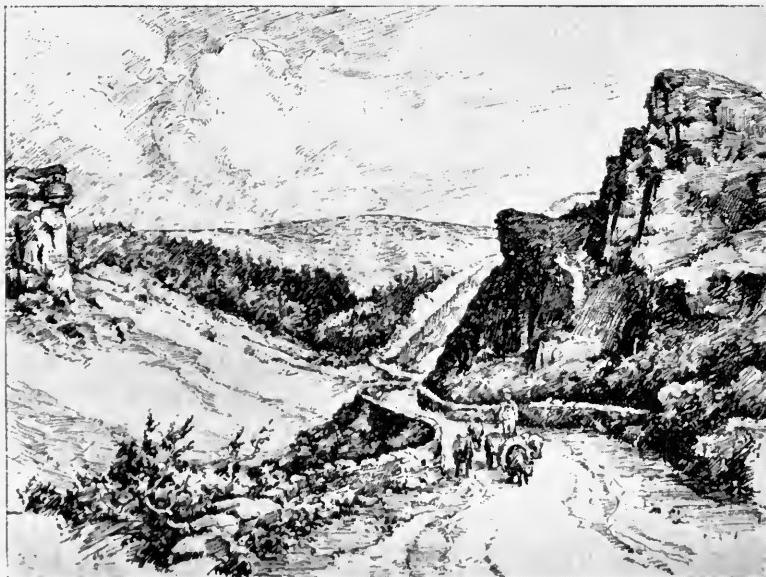
REDSHAW.

In this part of its course the river receives on its right bank (still facing downward) the *Red*, or *Readshaw Beck*, a picturesque rivulet from the moors. The southern bank of Readshaw Beck is crowned by a massive group of millstone-grit rocks, well known as Brandrith Rocks or Brandrith Crags. This group of bold rocks—or rather two groups—form a prominent object in the landscape, and, like the rocks of Brimham, were utilised for sun worship and the Druidical rites of our early forefathers. The name ‘Brand,’ or ‘Brant,’ tells their story. ‘Brand-rith’ is the *fire-wood* or the *burnt-wood*. How changed the scene since these groups of rocks were the rocks ‘in the wood destroyed by fire,’ or the rocks in the wood where the altar-fires of the old-world religion burned in the recesses of the oak forests of the land! Black and charred trunks of large trees are even still occasionally found buried and preserved in the peat earth of the surrounding moors, showing us that where now there is but the waving heather, these forest trees reared their lofty heads in those far-away days of early Britain.

“Those days when ev’ry wood and hill
By Pan or Bel were crowned,
And ev’ry river, brook, and copse
Some heathen goddess owned;
And bright the Druid-altars blazed,
And lurid shadows shed
On Almus Cliff and Brandrith Rocks,
As human victims bled.”

The rocks abound with rock-basins, and are furrowed with radiating channels, which, whether scooped by nature's hand or cut by man's device, are of great interest, and worthy of careful observation. One massive block, of many tons weight, can easily be moved by an ordinary man, and forms one of the rocking-stoues not uncommon in the vicinity.

From Brandrith on the same side, the river, to Thackray Beck, extends, and reaching far up into the moors, the township of Blubberhouses; perhaps the most striking feature of the place is its *name*. The writer will not venture to decide whence or how it came by it, when *savants* differ widely about it. It certainly has no connection with the *blubber* of any cetaceous



KEXGILL PASS.

monster of the seas, nor with the '*blubbering*' (crying) over any troubles of childhood. There is no difficulty about the ending syllable. "Hus," or "house," is a house all the Anglo-Saxon world over. The earlier parts may be from "blo," blute, and "ber," a hill, derived from the blute appearance, at certain seasons, of the heather-clad hills above it; or they may be from the

kindred words "blea," blue, and "berry," from the bleaberry growing on the moors; or the name may come from "blaivers"—the *blowers* (locally *blauers*)—given to it from being the residence of the workers at the iron-smelting furnaces existing in the neighbourhood in British, Roman, and probably Saxon times. The remains of several such still exist. If this be the origin of the name, it is evidently analogous to the derivation of that of another Wharfedale village Kirkby-Overblow, that is, the church village of the *ore-blowers*. A British trackway runs across the township from the bottom of Redshaw Gill, by what appears to be the remains of an ancient camp on the hill, and then crossing the small valley of Kexgill, passes up the opposite side near to the manor-house, and so in the direction of the Wharfe valley. There are also several hollow places on the moor edge, above Bothams, which some antiquarians would probably describe as "pit dwellings," and others as having some connection with the ancient iron-smelting works of the neighbourhood.

Blubberhouses can scarcely be said to be a hamlet, much less a village. The church, the hall, the inn, and one or two cottages, form the nucleus of the township, and scattered farmhouses the rest. The church (St. Andrew's) is a chapel-of-ease subordinate to Fewston, and was built about fifty years ago by the late Lady Frankland. The hall was built (or rebuilt) about the same time by the same lady, and is now the residence, as a shooting-box, of her grandson, Lord Walsingham, to whom, until recently acquired by the Corporation of Leeds, the whole place belonged. The hall is pleasantly situated on the southern bank of the river, near the junction with it of a brook named the Hall Beck, which descends from the moors through the deep and precipitous pass of Kexgill, or Keskill.

THE FAMILY OF FRANKLAND.

The family of the Franklands acquired the estate in 1562, and resided in the neighbourhood until the head of the family removed to Thirkleby, near Thirsk, some years later. One branch appears to have resided at Cragg Hall, Fewston. One member of this branch, Joan Frankland, married, in 1638, Thomas Palliser, of Newby Wiske, and her son William Palliser became Archbishop of Cashel.

Another of the family was Charles Henry Frankland, who, while collector of customs at Boston in America, about the middle of the eighteenth century, was the hero in the well-known romance, "The Maiden of Mable

Head," and the subject of Oliver Wendell Holmes' exquisite ballad of "Agnes."

The tale I tell is gospel true,
As all the bookmen know,
And pilgrims who have strayed to view,
The wrecks still left to show.

* * * *

'Tis like some poet's pictured trance
His idle ryhmes recite,
This old New-England born romance,
Of Agnes and the Knight.

KEXGILL..

The Kexgill, Kesgill, or Keskill pass, through which runs the highway from Harrogate to Bolton Bridge, is well known to travellers on that road. The high, overhanging rocks, naked and bare, except where interspersed clothed with tufts of fern or heather on the south side, and on the north side, the deep gill of the Kex beck and the Hall beck, with their steeps beyond clothed with larch woods, and crowned with grey crags, form, for the greater part of a mile, a miniature mountain pass which rivals for its wild beauty many a more famous one, and which once seen is not soon forgotten.

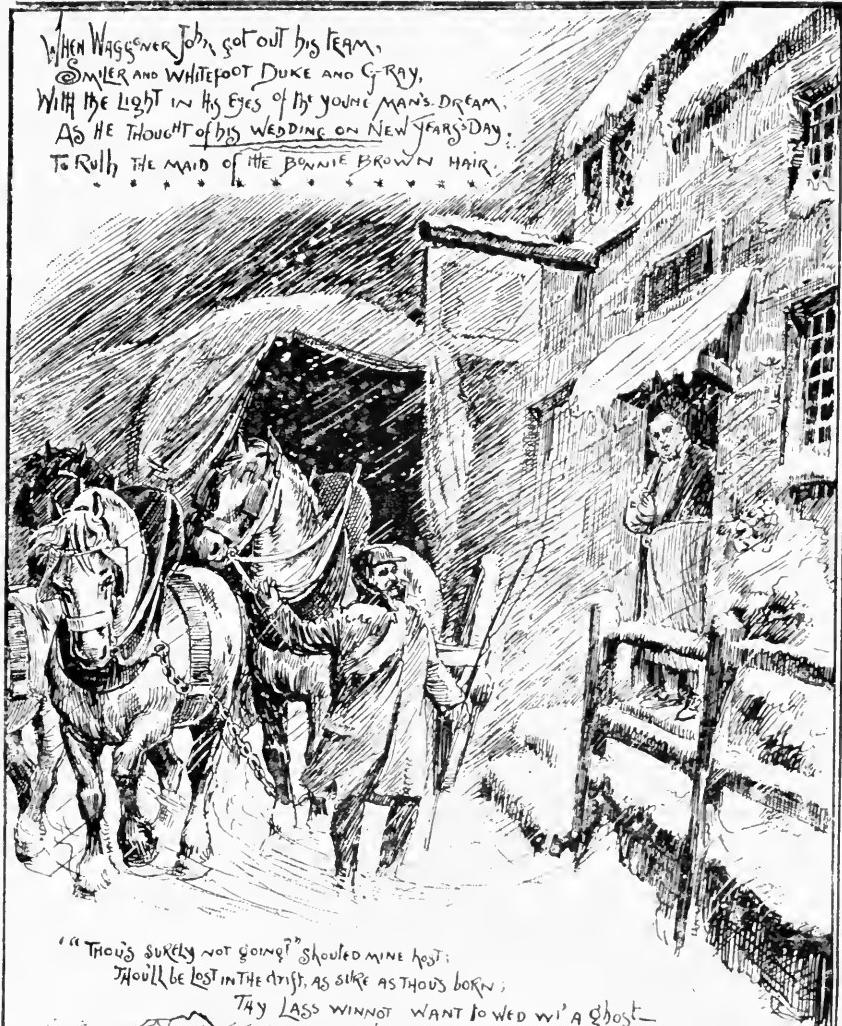
On the south side of the road, before entering the most precipitous portion of the pass, is a small property and farmhouse named Bothams, to which appertains an almost unique history. It has been owned by the same (Pullan) family for many centuries. From here went Johanne, daughter of George Sheffield, of Bothams, in the sixteenth century, to be the wife of the Rev. William Pulleyne, rector of Ripley. One of her sons, John, in the next century, became Archbishop of Tuam, another Dean of Middleham, whose son Tobias held another Irish bishopric, that of Cloyne.

Above Kexgill pass, south and north, lie the extensive Blubberhouse Moors belonging to Lord Walsingham, on which his lordship made the record bag of grouse, some years ago.

It is the road across these moors that the Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer, of New York, has made the scene of his pretty imaginative poem, "Under the Snow."

It was Christmas Eve in the year fourteen,
And as ancient dalesmen used to tell,
The wildest winter they ever had seen,
With the snow lying deep on moor and fell.

WHEN WAGGNER JOHN GOT OUT HIS TEAM,
 SMILER AND WHITEFOOT DUKE AND G-RAY,
 WITH THE LIGHT IN HIS EYES OF THE YOUNG MAN'S DREAM,
 AS HE THOUGHT OF HIS WEDDING ON NEW YEAR'S DAY,
 TO RUTH THE MAID OF THE BONNIE BROWN HAIR.



"THOU'S SURELY NOT GOING!" SHOULD MINE HOST;
 THOU'LL BE LOST IN THE CREST, AS SURE AS THOU'S BORN;
 TAY LASS WINNOT WANT TOWED WI'A GHOST—
 AND THAT'S WHAT THOU'LL BE ON CHRISTMAS MORN.

WHEN MUST DARE, OR NOTHINGS DONE

* * * * *

SO WHAT CARES THE LOVER FOR STORM OR DRAFT
 OR PERIL OF DEATH ON THE HAZARD WAY?
 HE SINGS TO HIMSELF LIKE A LARK IN THE LEFT,
 AND THE JOY IN HIS HEART TURNS DECEMBER
 TO MAY

But the wind from the North brings its deadly chill
Creeping into his heart, and the drifts are deep:
Where the thick of the storm strikes Blueberg Hill,
He is weary, and falls in a pleasant sleep,

And dreams he is walking by Washburn side—
Walking with Ruth on a summer's day;
Singing that song to his bonnie pride—
His own wife now for ever and aye.

Now read me this riddle. How Ruth should hear
That song of a heart in the clutch of doom
It stole on her ear, distinct and clear
As if her lover were in the room.

Know,
And read me this riddle. How Ruth should
That her lover is lost in the drifting snow
And with they leap after her into the night
Riosdale and Robinson, each with a light,
To find there, holding him white and still!

"He was dead in the drift then!"

Nay, nay they were wed"
The dalesman cried.
"By Parson Carmalt
O' New Year's Day;

HARDISTY HILL AND WEST HOUSE.

From Bluberhouse, crossing the bridge, we come to the hamlet of West House and Hardisty Hill on the sunny slope of the Washburn.

Hardisty, as a place-name, is the abbreviated form of Hardolfsty, that is, the dwelling of Hardolf, who was, no doubt, some wealthy Dane who settled here in Saxon or Danish days. In the Poll Tax Roll of 1379 we read of Johannes de Hardolfsty and Stephanus de Hardolfsty, and they, doubtless, were the ancestors of the Hardistys, numerous in the neighbourhood up to the present day, and one of whom was a chief landowner at Hardisty Hill in the last century.

WEST HOUSE MILL.

Here, at West House, was erected, about 1800, a large mill or factory for the manufacture of linen. It was, with later additions, an imposing structure, and by far the largest of several already noticed in the vale. Surely, no busy hive of industry was ever more romantically placed, far from the busy haunts of men, or more surrounded with nature's beauties! It prospered for a quarter of a century, or more. But when the advent of steam power drew away the manufacturing industry from these remote valleys of the country, and concentrated it in the towns, West House Factory fell upon evil times. In later years it suffered many vicissitudes, and finally collapsed about 1870, and, falling into the hands of the Corporation of Leeds, it was entirely erased soon afterwards, the stones being used for the boundary walls of the Fewston reservoir. In its prosperous days it was worked in a great measure upon that cruel system of child-labour, which was common a hundred years ago. Children from the workhouses, and other like institutions, were apprenticed to mill owners, who housed them, fed them, and got as much labour out of them as severe taskmasters could exact.

In the chapter of reminiscences with which we have been favoured by the Rev. Robert Collyer, D.D., there are given vivid and most interesting pictures of the lot and life of these workers by one, who himself was in his early years numbered among them. How sad must that lot and life have been! From six o'clock in the morning, to eight or later at night, the children stood at the machines they could barely reach, until, often, their legs became bent and their feet deformed for life; we of a later generation remember several so deformed when old men and women. Here they were lodged in two large establishments, situated some distance up the hill, and still known

as the High and the Low 'Prentice Houses. As many as one hundred and fifty to two hundred of these poor sufferers were once employed at the same time at West House. When I look upon the stones in the boundary walls of the reservoir, with the plaster and whitewash of the mill still upon them, I often think what a terrible story they could tell, if they could with tongues cry out, of child-labour, and children's sufferings and tears, once witnessed in this romantic spot! But West House (sometimes erroneously called Blubberhouse Mill) Factory gives a pleasanter theme than this of misfortune and suffering.

THE REV. ROBERT COLLYER, D.D.

One of the row of pleasant cottages which stood near the mill on the east was occupied seventy years ago by Samuel Collyer, a worthy skilled

mechanic employed there; and here was spent the childhood and early youth of his son, Robert Collyer. Though this was the family home, Robert was born at Keighley, but, when only a few weeks old, his parents returned and brought him hither. In the baptismal register of Fewston church there stands this entry:—

"Baptism.—1824, 20th January,
Robert, son of Samuel and Han-
nah Collyer, blacksmith, West-
house. C. Rainshaw."

At the age of fifteen years Robert left this, his forest home, upon being apprenticed to a blacksmith at Ilkley; but he has never forgotten it, and now, in his old age, whenever he journeys from the new world to the old, he never fails to visit the scenes of his youth in Washburn valley.

His position, as the Rev. Robert

Collyer, D.D., minister of the 'Church of the Messiah' at New York, and his fame as the 'poet preacher' of America, and his books, cram full of strong sense, beautiful ideas, and poetic thoughts, are wide as the English



[Rev. Thomas Parkinson.]

THE "CUT," NEAR HOPPER LANE.

tongue, and need not to be dwelt upon here. A few quotations from his works, as to his feelings for his old home, may be repeated.

In a speech delivered in London, June 3rd, 1871, he said :—

“There has never been a moment, in the twenty-one years that I have been absent from this land, when it has not been one of my proudest recollections that I came of this grand old English stock. . . . There is not a day when I stand on the lake shore, that I do not see the moors that are lifted up about my old habitation, and a little stone cottage nestling amongst the greenery, and the glancing waters, and the lift of the lark, with his song, up into heaven until you cannot see him, and a hundred other things beside that belong to this blessed place of my birth and my breeding.”

Again, speaking at Boston, U.S., February, 1881, he said :—

“There was an old well at which I used to drink when I was a boy. I thought there was no well like it in the world—clear brown water distilled from the moors. I longed to drink again of that well all the years I lived in this new world, as David longed to drink of the well at Bethlehem. I went back at last and drank deep of it; but the water did not taste quite so sweet as I expected. I went again and just put my lips to the water for love of the old memories. I went again last summer but one. An old peasant woman was filling her pitcher there. I began to ask her about the life which was one with mine own once, and has passed away. She was a living chronicle—told me a wealth of things I longed to know—of life and death—of sorrow and joy—of shadow and sunshine, touching and pathetic, some of them beyond imagination—took up her pitcher and went home. I went my way with wet tears, and was ever so far from the old well before I bethought me that I had not even wet my lips this time.”

And once again, in a charming little book entitled *The Simple Truth*, published in 1878, he writes, at greater length than can be quoted here, in most pathetic words, of his life at the old factory, and his final visit there :—

“I want to tell you what one of my children used to call ‘a true story.’ It came to me one day when I went on a pilgrimage to a huge old factory, in the valley of the Washburn in Yorkshire, in the summer of 1865. . . . I saw (in my dream) in one of the great dusty rooms of the factory, a little fellow about eight years old, but big enough to pass for ten, working away from six o’clock in the morning till eight at night, tired almost, sometimes, to death; and then again not tired at all, rushing out when work was over, and, if it was winter, home to some treasure of a book. . . . There was that day there a grey-haired minister from a city, which had been born, and had come to its great place, since the small lad began to work in that old mill as I saw him at the end of a vista of four-and-thirty years.”

MEMORIES OF WASHBURNDALE.

BY REV. ROBERT COLLYER, D.D.

I love now and then to muse over some pictures of my old home on the Washburn that were painted to my order, in which I said to the artist, “Please stand at the points I name and paint what you see.” So he stood

on the high bank in Hopper Lane where the footpath opens towards Hardisty Hill, and, looking westward, he painted the valley clear away to Kexgill, and did not leave out the chimney of the cottage almost under his feet, with a wreath of blue smoke rising in the still air, the cottage where, on a memorable Christmas in my boyhood, I ate my first slice of roast goose.



DR. COLLYER.

The second picture tells me what he saw as he stood near Swinsty Hall, looking up the slope across the river to Fewston Church, and thence away to the Hopper Lane Inn, for that is the church in which my father and mother were married, walking two miles when the snow was so deep that they had to walk part of the way on the walls and

stopped at the inn to have something warm, for which I do not blame them.

He stood for my third picture with his back to the Gate Inn above the valley in Thurscross and looking east by south painted the gorge down to Hingon End, with the woods to the right crowned by the upland pastures and the moors, but one does not see the blackberry vines down near the river where the big ripe blackberries grew, but I see them and enjoy them still.

The fourth picture is a fine large water-colour done by Rathbone, jr., early in the last century, and owned by Samuel Pullan, who kindly sent it to Leeds to be copied for me by Miss Buxton of that city. It is a fine view of the factory done early in the last century with a row of cottages, and it

was in the one which stands nearest as I look where we lived when I first begin to remember.

And now, sitting in my study with the tumult of our great city stealing in through the windows like soft summer thunder from far away, I see the homeland very much as it was in my boyhood seventy years ago, and would love to touch some memories of the time, and place memories which seem to begin with an evening when I was toddling across the bridge over Washburn holding on to my father's finger when he halted to show me the man in the moon, but did not succeed nor have I succeeded in the quest after all these years, and there, I think, lies the reason for my earliest memory.

The great factory was running then and for many years after on full time, and full time for the hands meant seventy-six hours in the week at the spinning frames and the cards, with two days holiday in the year, Christmas Day and the village feast in July, but the feast day was divided into the Monday and Tuesday afternoons.

My earliest memories again are of summer mornings, before I was big enough to work in the factory—mornings when I would wake up and listen to the swish of the water on the great overshot wheel near by, out of doors, and was the largest, my father told me, then in England, the cawing of the rooks, also, in the old rookery, and the chatter of the sparrows in the dense wall of ivy near our chamber window.

My father was the smith in, and for, the factory, in which he had worked as boy and man some thirty-two years when our family moved to Leeds in 1839, where he found work in the great machine shops of Sir Peter Fairbairn, and fell down dead at his anvil in July, 1844. He came to the factory from London. His father was a sailor in Nelson's fleet, and he would tell me how he sat on his father's shoulders to see them bring the body of the great Admiral up the Thames for burial in St. Paul's Cathedral. Then my grandfather went to sea again and was lost overboard in a storm, while my grandmother, who was not strong, sank presently under the burden, so the four children were taken to the parish poorhouse of St. George in the borough in London.

This, as I make out, was in 1807, when the great factory system was in its infancy in Yorkshire, and far more children were wanted for the spinning frames than could be found in the north. So the poorhouses and asylums in the south were scoured for children, who were bound apprentice to the

firms, the boys until they were twenty-one, and the girls until they were eighteen. My father told me how they gave him his choice to go or stay, and did not want to part with him, but he elected to go, and went with a number more from the asylums in London, bound apprentice to work in the West House factory on the Washburn, which had been started ten or twelve years before, and now another memory touches this time.

On a visit to my motherland, in 1878, I went down into Surrey to stay some days with a friend, and was invited to drink tea, during my stay, with an Esquire Wilkes, a gentleman of great age, who lived in a fine old mansion near Guildford, where, as the tradition ran, Queen Elizabeth stayed overnight once, and this, I guess, was true, for Her Majesty was a great gadabout when the humour took her, and I remember the date on the mantel in the great hall was 1585.

And sitting on the lawn with my host talking about many things, he said, "I understand you were from Yorkshire, sir?" "Yes," I answered, "I was born and raised there and emigrated from Yorkshire to the United States"; then he said, "My family also belongs in Yorkshire at a place called Fewston, my father was partner in a factory there early in the century; the firm was Colbeck and Wilkes, did you ever hear of the factory?" Whereat I answered, "I worked there almost seven years when I was a boy, and my father was bound apprentice to your father and his firm in 1807." The fine old gentleman was greatly interested in this and what I could tell him beside, and, as I thought, clasped my hand with a warmer grip when I bid him good-bye than when we first met.

My memories of my life in the valley all lie within the span of about ten years, for I went over the moor to Ilkley, when I was about fourteen, to serve my time as a blacksmith's apprentice. My family also, as I said, moved to Leeds a few months after this, so that I was weaned in a great measure from my love of the old nest, where my life in the factory was so hard by reason of the long hours and the hard tasks. But in this new world after awhile the memories of my ten years in the valley began to awaken in my heart, and of the home and household there no more, with a longing to see the bonnie brown river again, to walk hither and yonder, to see if one thrush built her nest in the holly bush I remembered, while the dolor of the hard old time began to vanish away, and only the bright and sunny memories held sway in my heart, as they do still and will to the end. And in these fifty years and more since I left the motherland, I have returned seven

times, and always to the old resting-place, as the swallows in my boyhood



'PRENTICE HOUSE,
BLUBBERHOUSES.'

THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP,
AND THE ANVIL,
ON WHICH DR. COLLYER
WORKED AT ILKLEY.

ruin, where I can still see a small boy looking eagerly into the window. He holds a big George III. penny in his fist, and is trying to make up his mind whether he shall 'ware' the penny in 'humbugs,' which he dearly loves, or in a small book he sees through the glass—it is Whittington and his Cat,—the book wins the day. It was the boy's first outlay in books, and the tiny germ of a library numbering between three and four thousand volumes. The old man feels rather proud of that boy, prouder than he feels of himself.

The working force in the factory struck no roots into the soil and did not blend with the landward folk, but held themselves apart on the north side of the stream, so that when the factory closed they all moved away, save a poor handful that lingered in the poorhouse on the hill because they had nowhere else to go. It would not be strange if they were of a sad and brooding sort, with the hard work and poor pay, but this was not true, and the memory of the Christmas-tide still stays very sweet and winsome when we held high carnival.

returned in the summer to build their nests and raise their broods under the eaves of the house at the foot of Hardisty Hill as you turn toward the bridge, but if my memory serves me, they deserted the place when it was turned into a low down beershop—the good swallows—to wander up the hill and halt before the shop kept by Willy Robinson, but now fallen to

My own dear mother used to say to us, “‘Childer,’ no matter how poor you be, don’t look poor and don’t tell,” and she was true to her home-made axiom, especially when Christmas came round. Sometimes, as the time drew near, as she sat by the fire there would be a far-away look in her steadfast grey eyes and a touch of trouble, and perhaps she would say, “We shall have no Christmas this year, everything is so dear, we cannot afford it,” and then I can hear shouts of dismay in the brood about her. Still this was always a false alarm, the wolf never got within doors to devour our Christmas. The brave eyes would brighten and the good head begin to plan. The bit of malt would be bought first, and the cheese, small but always a whole cheese, the loaf and the Yule cakes would be baken (and how good they still smell after all these years!) the beef would come to time, and the making of the pudding, the Yule log would be lighted on Christmas Eve and the mould candle (no tallow dips to usher in the great day), the story would be told how the oxen in all the stalls would kneel at midnight in reverence for the babe in the manger. We would eat our Yule cake and be sent to bed, but would lie awake for the music, and the singers were coming from Thurscross, the wonderful quire which, as the story ran, had once taken part in an oratorio.

And they always came, and early in the morning, long before it was day, I can hear the strains rising full and clear, as they stood in the snow:—

“While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.”

Then the households would rise to welcome them, the carols would all be sung, there would be feasting from the housemother’s store, and so the merry Christmas would be ushered in. Then, along through the day, there would come God’s poor, who were stricken in mind or body or estate, and over some of these I still wonder if I have ever heard songs that went so to my heart: I have heard the best in all these years, but none I love so to remember—they were untaught—the charm was in them—it was just melody, and all in some sweet minor key, as I listen now. They also were made welcome—it was the sweet old custom of a thousand years, and once in the year they did eat and were satisfied, not to mention the drink.

All sunny memories now of the life out-doors, when we were free from the spinning frames; and now I must conclude with the story of what befell the old bell which rang me up at half-past five in the morning.

When the great corporation bought the land for the reservoirs, and my *Leeds Mercury* told me they were about to clear away the factory, I wrote to an old friend in the town council, asking him if he would kindly secure a bit of the old bell, when they broke it up for old metal, and send it over, so that I might take my revenge on the infernal thing with its evil clamour; but, with another gentleman, he bought the bell intact and sent it over, carriage paid, to our house here in New York, so here I was with a white elephant on my hands, for the dear housemother said she could not have it in the hall or anywhere, and I must obey the mother.



BENSON HOUSE, FEWSTON, IN RUINS (1880).

It has fallen out, these twenty years or more, that I should preach once a year to the students at the Cornell University, in the western part of our state, where there is a department for teaching the arts of working in wood and iron; and on my next visit, talking with the president about the great worth of this department, it flashed on me that there was no bell to the blacksmiths' and carpenters' shops, so I told him of my trouble about the bell, and offered it to the University—a free gift—but said, “I warn you, the thing, as I remember, makes the worst clamour that ever vexed the still heavens.” “All the same,” he said, “we will be delighted to have the bell, and will run our risk of the clamour.” So I sent the bell, and when my

turn came again to take the service, he told me it was hung in the belfry, but had not been rung at all: they had saved it until I came to make the first strokes. "So come along," he said, "and ring your bell." I went, with the old clang in my memory, began to ring, and, lo! it was all sweet and musical—the clangour had been all these years in my poor, tired, boy's nerves and brain, not in the bell at all.

So Evelyn says:—"In Florence I heard the bells, standing close to them in the tower, and the clangour was a torment; but, afterwards, I heard them again, in the fair due distance, and then they fell into sweet harmonies." So I heard my bell, at last, through the distance of more than sixty years, to find that all the hurts were healed, the crude dissonance was changed to harmony, and I was glad, at last, for the bell—which things are a parable I have no space to open.

ROBERT COLLYER.

NEW YORK, *May 21st, 1902.*

Since 1880 the rich meadows and pastures which filled the lower part of the valley from Blubberhouses downward, the sparkling winding river with its alder-clad banks and adjacent copses and woods, have been engulfed by the waters of the three large lake-like reservoirs of the Leeds Corporation. These sheets of water now occupy a large portion of the valley between Blubberhouses Bridge and Lindley; much of the rustic beauty of this part of the dale, and several of the historic sites which it contained, are gone. But, viewed in other aspects, the chain of artificial lakes adds at certain seasons a richness and charm to the landscape which remind the beholder of some of the scenes among the Cumberland lakes.

One who knew the valley of old, and is spared to know it still, has written:—

"The scenes of rural beauty
Which once were all its own,
Are swept off, quick and ruthless,
For needs of distant town!"

"No doubt a sense of grandeur—
The wide-extending lake—
Its wood-clad banks and islets,
In strangers will awake,

"The sound of rushing torrents,
When storms of autumn fall;
The gleaming of the wavelets
'Neath pines and aspen tall;

"The cool of rippling waters,
As fall the rays of noon;
The calm of summer sunsets,
Or 'neath the harvest-moon;

"Will move young hearts to love
This new thing in the vale,—
And draw the steps of town-men
To lake-filled Washburndale;

"But to those who knew the 'older,'
This new thing can ne'er awake
The charm of many old things
Now lost beneath the lake."

The first of these artificial lakes is known as the Fewston reservoir. It is impounded by an embankment of marvellous strength and engineering skill, at the spot where Fewston bridge formerly crossed the river. It fills the

valley from Blubberhouses bridge to this spot, nearly two miles. It covers an area of one hundred and fifty-six acres, and when full holds eight hundred and sixty-six million gallons of water, and was completed in 1879.

The Roman road between Olicana (Ilkley) and Iseureum (Aldborough) crossed the valley about



CRAGG HALL.

midway between Blubberhouses Bridge and Cragg Hall. Its course may still be traced down the southern slope from the high moors above Middleton, and also in several places up the northern slope in an oblique direction past Cragg Hall, and up the plantation beyond. Near Cragg Hall, the original pavement, from four to six feet in width, consisting of round water-worn cobbles, is occasionally met with about two feet below the surface of the soil.

CRAGG HALL.

Cragg Hall is one of the Elizabethan halls of the valley, and is situated on the side of a dell formed by the Green beck, and surrounded by groves of sycamore and ash of forest growth. To the south it overlooks, through the trees, the lake at its broadest part. Where were meadows and woodlands the rippling waters now murmur.

"The gill is filled with waters,
Where but the Green Beck ran,
And from Low Cragg to Ridsdale
Waters the valley span.

"Cragg Hall, retired and lonely,
Which, from Eliza's day,
Hath looked o'er vale and woodland,
Sees but the waters play.

" And quiet Thackray homestead,
Whence sprung the race of fame,
Its wood, and holme, and brooklet,
Have perished but in name."

Within the entrance porch there yet remains the original outer door formed of stout oak planks studded with large-headed iron nails, and bearing honourable scars of marauders' violence in the days of the Civil War. The massive oak bar by which it is still secured on the inside is a curiosity worth notice. Until recently all the windows above and below were barred by stout iron 'stanchions' fixed into the stone work at top and bottom. By whom the hall was erected is, as yet, unknown, but it belonged, successively, to branches of the Frankland and Fairfax families. The Rev. Henry Fairfax, of Newton Kyme, father of the fourth lord, owned it from 1638 to his death, within a few years of which it came into the possession, by purchase, of Stephen Parkinson, who had married Hannah, daughter of John Day, Esq., of Day Ash. In this family of substantial yeomen it remained until a few years ago, and has now been purchased by the Leeds Corporation.

The Parkinsons of past generations were noted for tall, well-built men and fair women. The late Henry Whitaker, Esq., of Bradford, of the Greenholme family, in a portion of his diary printed in local papers some years since, writing in 1880, says: "I visited my cousin, Miss Ann Hulbert, of the old vicarage, Bingley, a lady of over eighty years of age. She told me that Mr. Hardcastle's (of Priest Thorpe Hall) grandmother was a Parkinson of F'ewston (married in 1779), and that her three cousins, the Misses Parkinson, of Cragg Hall, were widely known as the three finest young women in Yorkshire." Their mother was Mary, one of the co-heiresses of Anthony Pulleyne, Esq., of Timble, of the old forest family of that name, and among their descendants, in the third and fourth generations, are now found several men and women of distinction and title.

Like all old houses of mark in Yorkshire there are several legends and traditions connected with Cragg Hall, but as they have already been told in "A Thousand Miles in Wharfedale," and other publications, they need not be repeated here.

THACKRAY.

Passing again to the south side of the reservoir, nearly opposite to Cragg Hall, there lingers a name, hardly a *place*, which no lapse of time will wash out, or work of man erase from the pages of English literature, that of Thackray or Thackeray. At the junction of a beck, descending from the moors by Lypersley Pike, with the Washburn, was an ancient homestead, rebuilt in the early part of the last century, and now altogether swept away in the formation of the reservoir about twenty years ago, named Thackray. The beck was known as Thackray Beck, the wood on its banks was Thackray wood, and below the house toward the river was a flat, low-lying piece of land, known as Thackray Holm. Hereto hangs the story. It was no modern name. In the Poll Tax Roll of 1378 A.D., we read of Willemus de Thackra of this place, while others bearing the description "de Thackra" had gone forth to other parts of the forest of Knaresborough. "What is in a name?" "Thack," in the vernacular meant "thatch," "ey" or "ay" was an island or watery land. The material used for "thack" were the reeds or rushes growing by the water-side, or on low-lying lands. The owner, and user of such, was the "theaker" or "thacker." So Thackra was the thacker's isle. From the name Willemus de Thackra—the de had only to be dropped, as was almost universally done in such names after that time—and we have the now imperishable name, William Thackray. The immediate ancestors of William Makepeace Thackray went forth into the greater world from Hampsthwaite, but evidently the original nest, from whence the brood took its early flight, was *Thackray* by the Washburn.

FEWSTON.

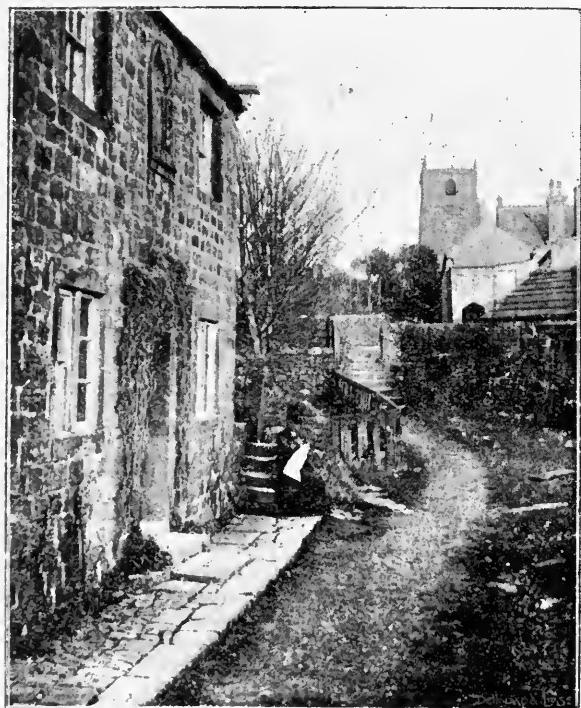
Recrossing, not the river but the reservoir, to its northern side, and proceeding from Cragg Hall toward Fewston, we pass the great grey crag which gave name to the hall, and approach the village through a lane named 'Boskydike Lane,' once a famed haunt of barguest and hobgoblin. Here, in 1878, was built the board school-room of the district. It was opened in that year by the Rev. Robert Collyer, D.D., who gave a most interesting lecture on "Edward Fairfax and his times."

"But, lo, there now, as deftly reared
As if by magic wands,
In superstition's own domains
The village school-room stands.

"Long tales are told from sire to son,
In many a forest ingle,
Of rushing sounds and fearful sights
In Bosky Dike's dark dingle."

A few yards further, and Fewston—the ruined village—is reached. Once a considerable village—its inhabitants engaged in bleaching yarn, hand-loom weaving, and other handicrafts—it has, except two or three substantial houses, disappeared.

The site of the village is on the sloping hill side in a recess, somewhat like a bay, in the millstone grit formation behind it. Beneath, and extending down to the waters of the Swinsty reservoir, is shale or other soft rock, and gravel. The waters percolating into this foundation caused the lower parts of the hillside to slip downward, bringing the parts on which the village stood after it, and causing the houses to crack and gradually fall to ruin. For several years the ruins formed a melancholy, but



[E. Bogg.
THE TOD HOLE AND CHURCH, FEWSTON.]

picturesque sight, and drew many curious sightseers from Harrogate and elsewhere. The neighbours said:—

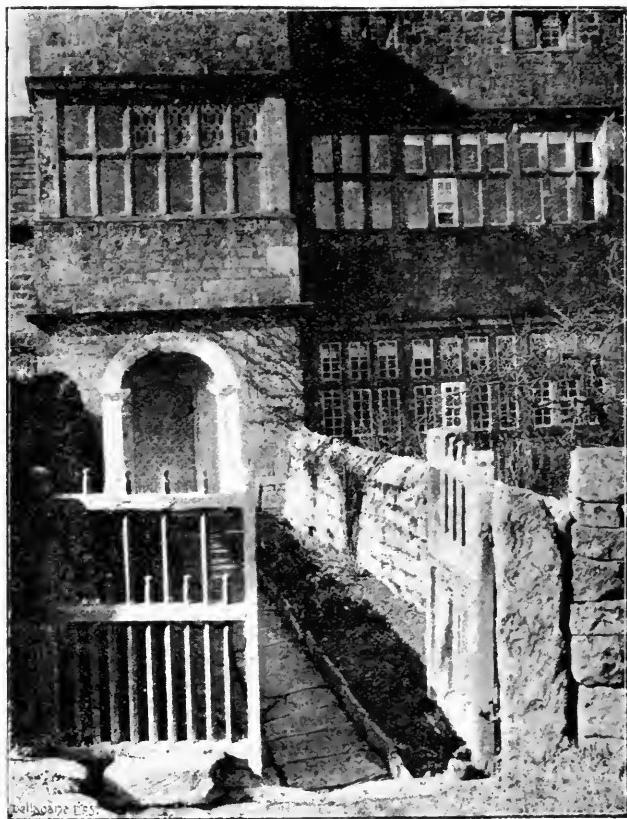
“Ah, the village changeth,
The villagers are fled;
No sound of mirth ariseth,
All rural life is dead.”

“Its greens and paths are heaving,
By unseen powers toss'd,
Its homes and cots are ruins,
Another Auburn lost.”

Since the above lines were written most of the ruins have been removed, nettles and briars cover their sites, and, with the exceptions already mentioned, and the church and vicarage, Fewston, as a village, has gone into the abyss of the past.

Standing on the hill, near one of the farmhouses yet spared, the second, or Swinsty reservoir, is spread at the visitor's feet, and the view from this

place, over the wide-extending lake to Swinsty Hall and Norwood, and the valley below, is one no visitor should miss. It is only equalled in beauty by another, from the churchyard, some little distance further to the eastward. There are few views, even among the beautiful ones of the Lake District, which surpass this in their calm beauty and peaceful charm. This lake-like reservoir covers an area of one hundred and fifty-six acres, holds nine hundred and sixty millions of gallons, and was finished in the year 1876.



SWINSTY HALL.

[E. Bogg.]

others the marble monument, mentioned by more than one writer, which marked the resting-place in the church of Edward Fairfax, the translator of Tasso, and a leading poet of Elizabethan and Jacobean days. The

The church, twice burnt down, or seriously injured by fire, was rebuilt, except the tower, and some foundation stones in the chancel, about one hundred years ago. It occupies the place of one dating from Norman, if not Saxon, days. Its dedication to St. Michael and All Angels is suggestive of Saxon times. The present building, though without any striking architectural or archaeological features, is well worth a visit. In the fires before mentioned its ancient features and interesting monuments perished, and among

registers of the church, commencing 1593 A.D., have recently been published, and contain many interesting records, especially those relating to the Fairfax family. A brother and two sisters of the great General, the third Lord Fairfax, were baptised here. The story of the brother, Charles Fairfax, baptised 27th March, 1615, is a sad one. Twenty-nine years afterwards, in 1644, he was hurriedly recalled from the Netherlands, where he had gone to perfect himself in his military profession, to take part with his father, Lord Ferdinand Fairfax, and his greater brother, Sir Thomas, in the Civil War then raging. He arrived on the eve of the battle of Marston Moor. He was there, hurriedly, put in command of some raw levies, who, before, had had no taste of warfare. When the tug came, on that fatal day, they deserted their youthful commander, leaving him to be cut down by Rupert's cavalry. Seriously wounded he was borne to a cottage in the village of Marston, where, three days afterwards, he died; and the gallant lad, born at Scough Hall, baptised in Fewston church, has since laid at rest in the churchyard at Long Marston.

A former vicar of Fewston has been identified as one of the most pathetic characters in the late 'George Eliot's' novels, and Amos Barton rests in its quiet churchyard.*

* A quaint old notice of Fewston (*Harl. MS.*, 799) runs thus:—"Fuyston, in the way from Bolton Bridge to Knaresburge; by Haslewood and Somerscales, and so to Blubberhouses, where there is a brooke called Washburne, which begineth about three miles of Apletrewicke, runneth to West-end chappell so to Blubberhouses, thence to Ffuyston and Dog Parke to Lindley, to Leathley and unto Wharfe. A chappell or house in the p'ish of Fuyston, incumtent none. There is a close being coppielhold given to certaine feoffees by coppie to the intent the p'fitts thereof should be bestowed of such priest as should say Masse there at the altar of Our Ladie in the said p'ish church; it is three miles from the church. It is worth 13s."

The enforced simplicity of the lives of the remoter clergy of the dale is told well enough in the Tudor era by the returns of 1525, where we have a detailed account of the yearly value of their stipend. In secluded Fewston the parson did not receive quite two shillings a week; so we are prone to assume that the worldly delights of his living were satisfied by the glories of its situation.

FEWSTON VICARAGE.—HENRY BELL, Incumbent.

The Rectory there is appropriated to the confreres of St. Robert of Knaresburgh. The vicarage there is worth in—

Money yearly reserved of the prior of St. Robert, juxta, Knaresburgh as yearly pension	100s.
Sum of the value, which is clear	£5 0 0
The tenth part thereof	10 0

Which, especially in times when state necessity compelled the crown to collect a subsidy, would only leave the parson with a very lean dish. The prior of St. Robert's was not a munificent patron.

Near the bottom of the valley, on the opposite side, almost opposite to the church, stood Newhall, the site now entirely submerged, one of the literary shrines of the north, nay, of the whole land. It was originally the forest home of the Pulleyne family, one of whom in very early times was keeper of the king's young horses (*Pullus*, hence the name) in the forest. In 1579 the Hall was sold to Sir Thomas Fairfax, of Denton, and Mr. Edward Fairfax, his son; and here from 1600 to his death in 1635 the latter resided and brought up his family. Previously he had resided in Leeds, and married there, in 1600, Dorothy Laycock of that town. He was the author of several eclogues of great power and beauty, only two of which are now known to be extant, also he wrote *A History of the Black Prince*, and his great work was the translation—*Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered*, from the



[Rev. F. Parkinson.

RUINED HOUSES AT FEWSTON (ABOUT 1882).

Italian to English verse. No person reading the latter can doubt the great learning, and the literary and poetical powers of Edward Fairfax. Dryden classes him among the sweetest poets of his age, placing him upon an equality with Spenser. Campbell reckons *Jerusalem Delivered*, translated by Fairfax, among the glories of the Elizabethan days. To be so highly placed among the *literati* of that golden age of the Virgin Queen is high praise indeed, and reflects a glory on the Washburn valley which will never die out!

Though a man of such remarkable powers, personally he was a man of some mystery. Possibly his residence in so retired a place as Fewston then

was, may have contributed to his misanthropy. His grand-nephew, Bryan Fairfax, states that "an invincible modesty and love of a retired life made him prefer the shady groves of Denton, and the forest of Knaresborough, before all the diversions of court or camp."

This may account, to some extent, for the strange episode in his life at Newhall, set forth by him in that remarkable book, *A Discourse on Witchcraft, as it was acted in the family of Mr. Edward Fairfax, of Fuystone, in the County of York, in the year 1621 A.D.* The book is remarkable, not only for the literary power with which it is written, but also for the revelation it gives of the belief in witchcraft among even the educated classes in the seventeenth century, and for the minute portrait it gives of the phenomena of that dark craft as observed and recorded by an intelligent man like Fairfax.

He accused six or eight women of the neighbourhood of being witches and of exercising arts and spells upon, first, his eldest daughter Ellen, and later upon his other daughters, Elizabeth and Ann, the latter of whom died, he believed, by the witches' obtainment. He writes, in anything but complimentary language, of his neighbours, and of their losses through such exercise of the black art. "These," he says, "do inhabit within the forest of Knaresborough, in the parish of Fuystone, in which dwell many more suspected of witchcraft, so that the inhabitants complain much, by secret murmurings, of great losses sustained in their goods, especially in their kine, which should give milk; for help whereof the usual remedy is to go to those fools whom they call *wise men*. And the wizards teach them such wicked fopperies as to burn young calves alive, and the like, whereof I know that experiments have been made by the best sort of my neighbours, and thereby they have found help, as they report. So little is the truth of the Christian religion known in this wild place, and rude people, upon whose ignorance God have mercy." Twice the women were brought, at Fairfax's instigation, to trial for witchcraft at the assizes at York, and on both occasions, much to his chagrin, were acquitted.

The incidents of this book have been utilised by Mrs. Hibbert Ware as the groundwork of a very interesting three-volume novel, entitled, *Fairfax of Fuystone, or a Practice Confessed*.

Edward Fairfax died in 1635. According to a writer in *The Dictionary of National Biography*, he was buried in Fewston Church, on January 27th in that year. A marble monument erected there to his memory no longer exists, and must have been destroyed in the fire in that church, in 1696.

Newhall, the home of the poet, like the monument, no longer exists. It, like so many other shrines and landmarks in the valley, was removed about five and twenty years ago, to make way for Swinsty reservoir, whose waves now ripple over the spot,

Where dwelt immortal Fairfax,
And tuned his British lyre,
Our chill, cold, northern song to warm
With Tasso's southern fire.



[E. Bogg.]

A BIT OF TIMBLE.

On the same side of the river as Newhall, and only a few hundred yards from where it stood, is the largest and most pretentious of the old halls of the dale, viz.: Swinsty Hall. In early records the name is written —*Sweyn stede*; and so the name is more probably derived from 'Sweyn,' a Danish owner, than has, sometimes, been supposed, from *swine*. *Stead* or *sty* was any place of shelter for either man or beast: thus, *Swinsty*, there can be little doubt, means the homestead of *Sweyn*.

The earliest owners on record were the forest family of Wood, one of whom is described (1302) as *Robert de la Sale* (*saltus*—a wood); and later

(1371) they are spoken of as 'De la Wood' and 'Del Wood,' *e.g.*, *John del Wood*; the 'de la' or 'del' being afterwards dropped, the simple name 'Wood' alone remained.

The hall has been erected at two periods: the older portion is, undoubtedly, much earlier Tudor style than is the latter or principal part. The latter or chief portion of the hall was built by the last of the 'Wood' family residing there, about 1570. In 1590 it passed, by foreclosure of a mortgage, from the last of its early owners—Francis Wood—to Mr. Henry Robinson, of the Old Laundé in Lancashire. By his descendants, in the female line of late, it has, so recently as 1901, been passed into the capacious maw of the Corporation of Leeds, by whom, let us hope, the interesting features, internal and external, and the old associations of this, and of the other historical places acquired by them in the valley, will be recognised and carefully preserved.

The legend, widely circulated, that the hall was erected with gold collected by the builder in plague-stricken London, although both the well in which he is said to have washed the precious metal, and the ancient barn in which he is said to have resided while the hall was a-building, are to be seen to-day, has been completely exploded by the researches of the late Mr. William Grainge, published in his *Short Account of Swinsty Hall*.

TIMBLE.

Timble Little, with Swinsty, was, from early times, a portion of the Archbishop of York's manor of Otley, and, though so near to Fewston, is still in the parish of Otley. Timble Great is another township, and occupies the high ridge to the south, which forms the watershed between the Washburn and its tributary, Timble Beck. The substantial and pleasant village is a prominent feature in the landscape of this portion of the valley. It rejoices in the privilege of a Village Institute, including infant school, library, reading, and lecture room, such as is possessed by few villages of like size. And, more interesting still, perhaps, this valuable possession was built and endowed by one of its own children—Mr. Robinson Gill—who went forth, in the middle of last century, to seek his fortune in the New World, and, having made it, took this means of manifesting his love for his childhood's home, and his interest in the well-being of its people. The Institute was publicly opened by Mr. Gill and his friend, Dr. Robert Collyer, of New York, in the year 1892.

The origin of the name Timble has long been a crux to etymologists. It has been said that it comes from the Templars, who might have been connected with it by property. But, unfortunately for this theory, Timble existed here as a place-name two hundred or more years *before* either of the Orders of the Knights Templar came into being. The origin of such names is often more easily traced in the local, or colloquial form of the words, than in the written forms. The local form is *Timmal*. Now the old Norse for timber is *timmor*, and the Swedish is *timmer*. An early settler's



LOOKING OVER THE RESERVOIR FROM SNOWDON—FEWSTON IN THE DISTANCE.

house or village built of timber (as many such still are in new settlements) would be designated by the word for that material, viz.: *timmer*. When the harsh northern names came to be written by the Norman-French scribes of Domesday Book, and others of that period, nothing is more probable than that "Timmer" would be softened to Timbe and Timble; and the name is

so found in that book. The universal tendency of our language has been to soften the Norse and Saxon words to the more euphonious forms of our later times. For instance, as perfectly analogous to Timmel and Timble; rigg has become ridge; brig, bridge; nimmal, nimble; tremmal, tremble; thimmal, thimble. Hence, Timble means, I believe, *the timber-built* houses or hamlet. The two hamlets so named have, in later times, been also distinguished as Timble Great and Timble Little; Timble Brian and Timble Percy, etc.

TIMBLE GILL.

Timble Gill, through which meanders, or roars, according to the season, Timble Beck, is a charming dell to the south of the village, well worthy of a visit, especially in the spring-time, by whoever appreciates nature's many beauties. Rising in the high moorlands, a few miles above, it falls into the Washburn, about a mile below Swinsty Hall. The place where the footpath from Timble to Snowdon crosses the beck, by a thoroughly rural wooden bridge, is the scene of a crime—real or legendary—which still holds a place in local story. At some remote time a man named Wardman, so runs the story, was murdered at this place by poachers. His ghost for long haunted the spot, and so terrified the inhabitants, who had to pass this way in the dark nights of winter, that they determined that the ghost must be "laid." For this purpose they obtained the services of a holy man to bring about this desirable end. By prayer and entreaty he could do nothing. Therefore, obtaining a special interview with the restless spirit upon the spot, he produced a lighted candle, and persuaded the apparition to cease from terrifying the people, at least until the candle was consumed. To this, the spectre consented. Immediately, upon this promise being given, the exorcist dropped the candle into the deepest pool in the beck, where it disappeared and was finally lost. Since then the ghost has also disappeared from his haunt, and will only reappear when the candle is discovered, lighted, and allowed to be burnt out.

A little further down the Gill is an open space of level meadow, by the beck side, which is traditionally the scenes of the supper, and other revelries given by their Satanic master, to the witches of Fewston and Timble, after their acquittal at York Assizes, on the charge of bewitching the children of Edward Fairfax. In his book on demonology we read that one of them told Helen Fairfax that on Thursday night (eve of Good Friday), April 10th, 1622, we had a grand feast in Timble Gill. The master sat at the head of the table, and Dibb's wife, who provided the feast, at the bottom. The

provisions did not give out until after midnight, and there was great rejoicing.

NORWOOD.

Opposite to Swinsty—Timble Little—on the north-east slope of the valley, is the scattered township of Norwood. It is separated from Fewston by the Wydry Beck, which, at Gill Bottom, falls into the Washburn. It occupies the whole of that side of the valley until Lindley is reached, near



SCOUGH HALL.

the top of Lindley reservoir. In early records one portion of the district was named Elsworth, and another Clifton, and afterwards united as Clifton-Elsworth.

ELSWORTH.

The identification of these parts seems to have been now lost. The name Elsworth, however, reveals an old and interesting story.

A very old document, given in the journal of the Yorkshire Archaeological Society (vol. iv., p. 427) tells us that Ella, King of Deira, had a residence or hunting lodge named *Ellesward*, which was about six miles

further distant from York than Beckwida (Beckwith), and in the same direction. This corresponds fairly well with the probable situation of Ellsworth. Besides this, the word Ellsworth, or Elles-worth means the possession or estate of Elle. An ancient chronicler, in the *Church Historians of England*, tells us many legends and stories about Ella. He relates that on one occasion the Danes attacked York. Ella, then king, was absent at the time on a hunting expedition. He was in a forest, and had taken four bison. The news of the fall of York, and the death of his ally, King Osbert, there, was brought to him by a somewhat mysterious messenger. The king at first doubted the message, but finally accepted it, and rode in great haste toward York, leaving his nephew in a high tower in charge of the messenger, till he should return. The king was, however, slain in battle with the Danes outside York, at a place still called Elle-croft. This was in 867 A.D.

If, as there seems little doubt, this Ellsworth or Ellswath, in our valley, was the place in which Ella's hall stood, it may be taken for certain that the forest in which he was hunting, and had taken four bison and six kids, was the then wild, almost primeval forest lands of Washburndale, afterwards incorporated in the Royal Forest of Knaresborough. If this be so, then the legends and other marvellous stories told by the chronicler of the king's expedition—but too long to be repeated here—belong to this place, and invest it with great archaeological interest. Near the spot, or possibly on the very spot, named Bank Slack, are the earthworks of an extensive British camp, and at a short distance, at the top of Haverah Park, there are two barrows, or ancient burial mounds, named 'Pippin Castle,' yet to be seen.

SCOUGH HALL.

In Norwood, or Clifton-with-Norwood, stands *Scough*, or *Skow Hall*. The old Norse *Skogr*, Swedish *Skog*, Danish *Skov*, meaning a wood, reveal the origin of the name. Though now no more, to all appearances, than an old farmhouse, it was the home successively of the once leading Inglesant, Beckwith, and Breary families. The heiress of the last, Mary Breary, married, in 1625, Charles Fairfax, of Menston, the scholar and historian and antiquarian of that distinguished family. Sir Ferdinand Fairfax, and his aristocratic wife, the daughter of Lord Sheffield, resided at the Hall for a few years, in the early part of the century—probably as the tenant of the Brearys. He was the eldest son of the first Lord Fairfax of Denton, and, in due time, became himself the second Lord. He was a leader in the early part of the Civil War—but it was his son, Thomas (Black Tom), afterwards the third Lord, who is known as the "great Lord Fairfax." While Sir Ferdinand

was residing at Scough, his more famous eldest son was a lad of four or five years old. At Scough were born, and baptised in Fewston church, other children : Elizabeth in 1613, Charles in 1614, Mary in 1616. Charles was the Captain Fairfax, who, as already related, died so nobly at Marston Moor thirty years after his birth at Scough. Scough Hall, after many changes, has lately been purchased, like so many places of interest, by the Corporation of Leeds.



[Turner Taylor

DOG PARK MILL.

FOLLY OR FOLEY HALL. NORWOOD HALL.

On an elevated site giving a fine view of portion of the valley stands Folly or Foley Hall, formerly belonging to the Smithsons of Gill Bottom, and more recently occupied by a respectable family named Rainsden.

On the same northern slope of the valley is Norwood Hall, of recent years occupied as a substantial farmhouse.

DOG PARK.

Following the river for a few miles downward along its ancient rural course, as yet little disturbed by engineering art or man's device, we arrive

at the old, picturesque pack-horse bridge at Dob or Dog Park ; an interesting reminder of the modes of travelling in olden times.

On the top of the steep and thickly-wooded southern slope of the valley here stand the ruins of Dog Park Lodge. It is on the verge of the royal forest, but not in it. Is it not probable that one of the parks, or enclosed portions of the forest, was here, and that near to it the dogs used in hunting



DOG PARK BRIDGE.

were kept, and hence the name 'Dog Park'? A document, in the *Record Office* of the time of Edward VI., mentions three royal parks, for the better preservation of the deer in the forest. Was there a lodge connected with each of these, and were the three, John-o'-Gaunt's Castle (Haverah Park), Padside Hall (ruins but recently removed), and the Dog Park Lodge, on the southern verge? The Vavasours of Weston owned, and were for long connected with the Dog Park.

LINDLEY.

About a mile from Dog Park the head of the Lindley reservoir is reached. This is the lowest, and, framed in woods and sloping meadows, the most picturesque of the reservoir-lakes of the valley. A bridge of several arches

carries the Norwood and Otley road across the upper end, where formerly Lippers Ford and hippins sufficed for foot passengers to cross the river. This reservoir was completed in 1876, holds seven hundred and fifty million gallons of water, and covers an area of one hundred and seventeen acres of the valley.

This part of Washburndale, and upwards by Dog Park, in its more primitive state, was a favourite haunt of W. H. Turner when staying at Farnley Hall, and several views of it painted by him are still extant.

To the south of the valley, immediately over the watershed which separates its waters from those of the Wharfe, is Farnley Hall, the home of the family of Fawkes, and one of the shrines of history, art, and literature of Yorkshire. But the Hall, being in Wharfedale proper, must be treated of elsewhere.

LINDLEY HALL.

On elevated grounds, above the Lindley Woods, on the northern side of the valley, is, or rather was, situated Lindley Hall, another historical house. It was the home,

for long generations, first of the Lindley and then of the Palmes families. Only a small portion of the old edifice remains, and seems to form the back premises of a modern farmhouse, apparently built on the site, and from the ruins of the principal parts of the ancient hall. From its elevated situation wide and pleasing views are spread out in every direction, and, with the extensive woods and reservoir



INTERIOR PADSIDE HALL.

at their foot, immediately below, it is still a spot of beauty, as well as of interest, to all visitors to the dale.

The Lindley family was here in the thirteenth century, and probably earlier. There is, in ancient records, mention of William de Lindley in 1240, whose son William was engaged to marry Alice, daughter of Falcon

de Wakefield; and, in 1300, there is mention of Falkasus, or Fauces, de Lindley. In 1529 Brian Palmes married the heiress of Lindley, and in due time the family of Palmes came into possession.

A monumental brass in the north transept of Otley Church gives fifteen or sixteen generations of the family, beginning, without date, with William de Palma, and ending with Francis Palmes in 1593.



[Owen Bowen.]

LOOKING SOUTH FROM LINDLEY HALL.

Long years have now passed away since the Palmes flourished at Lindley Hall, though elsewhere in our county of broad acres they grow and flourish still—none more loved and honoured than the late Venerable James Palmes, D.D., Archdeacon of the East Riding. “Their names,” writes William Grainge, “are remembered in Washburndale only as a tradition, their lands have passed into the hands of others, and their halls, in which they long dwelt, have gone to decay.”

LINDLEY BRIDGE.

Descending from the Hall, the hillside pathway leads to Lindley Bridge, by which the Otley and Harrogate road is carried over the river. Seen from below, with the sparkling river glimmering through the archway, the archway itself casting its shadow upon the clear water mirror, and the overhanging branches of the trees waving over and around, Lindley Bridge gives a bit of scenery not easily forgotten.

From this spot, downward, toward Leathley, for nearly a mile, the pedestrian passes through a continuous vista of equally engrossing charms of nature. The path runs by the mill-race on the one side, and the river on the other, both overhung with trees and bushes; ferns and foxgloves and willow-flowers are waving in abundance high up on the banks, and below are the more lowly primrose, dwarf fern, wild thyme, and moss covering the ground or peeping from every corner and cranny: the lively trout are darting in the waters—and the feathered songsters are holding concert in every bush and tree. These combine to make the spot a perfect paradise in the balmy days of early Summer.

“A region of repose it seems,
A place of slumber and of dreams,
Remote among the wooded hills.”

LEATHLEY.

Then, almost too soon, the rustic, romantically situated mill, Leathley Mill, where the pathway, the road leading into the village of Leathley, is reached. Crossing the narrow bridge over the mill-race the village is approached—one of the most quiet, charming, peaceful villages in the dale; even in beautiful Wharfedale. The church is ancient, picturesque, and interesting, as the village is one of repose, rustic cleanliness, and beauty. Both are eloquent of the care and culture shed abroad from Farnley Hall. The church is full of memorials and evidences of the interest of the Fawkes's, and the village abounds with tokens of their care. The Rev. Ascough Fawkes, grandfather of the present owner of Farnley, was for thirty-four years rector of the parish.

Other writers will probably enter into more details of this charming church and village. It is a village of Wharfedale proper, as much as of Washburndale. The task of him who describes the latter, here is ended. A short distance beyond Leathley the “Burn,” whose course he has traced, meanders through rich meadow and pasture lands and then quietly mingles

its bright but "heath-dyed" waters with those of the more historic and more widely-known Wharfe; and thus, and here, really as metaphorically in the quaint language of Drayton,

"The Washbrook with her wealth
Her mistress doth supply."



"A PEACEFUL SPOT."

CHAPTER IV.

LEATHLEY AND FARNLEY.

DROPPING down from Lindley Hall into the valley we come to Lindley Bridge, from whence to its junction with the Wharfe the Washburn winds, laughing and babbling its cheerful song, through lovely scenery, and by its margin the wild flowers bloom in all their native beauty, and the woods ring with the music of song-birds, and the cooing of the dove adds repose to the scene. West of the stream are delightful reaches of the Burn, wildering and shimmering through the woods, with the old grey tower of Leathley rising in the middle distance; including the long range of hill-line across the valley, whose beauty hereabouts needs fear no rival. In fact, the pedestrian will find quiet nooks and sylvan spots of loveliness arresting his steps on every hand.

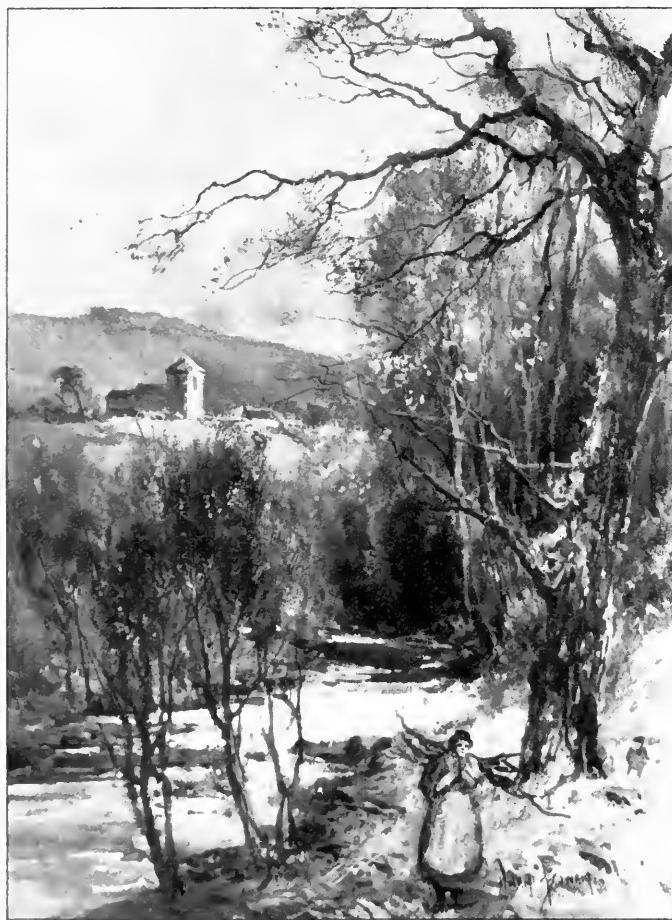
Farnley Lake, presenting a series of pictures, is beautifully embosomed in woodland between the Park and the Washburn; its secluded position, by keeping the crowd out, makes it a delightful haunt of wild fowl.

Passing through a pretty woodland glade and crossing the mill stream by the picturesque mill, with its rural surroundings, all suggestive in form or colour, we soon arrive at Leathley, with the tree-clad green mound rising high above the Folkmote place of Teutonic days. In its earliest mentions the name is variously written—Ledely, Ledelai, and Lelay—literally meaning, ‘the district of a people’ (the Ledes), of which a fuller account will be found in Vol. I., *The Old Kingdom of Elmet*.

This village is charmingly situated in a sheltered position near the mouth of the Washburn. How peaceably it seems to rest, away from noise and rush, and, just out of the beaten track of the nineteenth century, still retains much of its pristine character.

Some writers say the etymology of Washburn may be discovered in the form of the word Walchburn, which occurs in the Bolton Charters. The meaning of it is the Welsh-burn, the boundary stream of the land belonging to the Welsh or Celts, as Washburn was one of the limits of the Forest of Knaresborough, which was “Welsh” to a very late period, and

in the form of some of its internal affairs still remains so. . The name, we should imagine, is fully expressive of its true meaning—‘Wash,’ a force of water, and ‘Burn’ (Saxon)—a brook—another instance of a duplication of terms.



[Owen Bowen
THE LOWER WASHBURN AND LEATHLEY CHURCH.]

glebe). In the “Coke’s Tale,” included in Chaucer’s Poems, the knight divides his estate among his children, until he has to declare—

“And a myh other purchas of loundes and leedes
That I byquethe Gamelyn and alle my goode steedes.”

* See page 49, *The Old Kingdom of Elmet*.

The name of the riparian village, Leathley (of old Ladelai), again tells the story: the district of a people more or less servile, hence a territory of subjugated natives. The poets and the law dictionaries have sufficiently preserved the identity of the “Ledes”—subordinate people, or, in their law-latin designation, *adscripti - glebae* (indentured to the

Here the word "leedes" has doubtless reference to the peasantry bound to the soil.

The old territorial family, De Lelai, its first recorded owners, were connected by blood with the Percys. William, son of Hugh de Leeleia, was a responsible man in the Wapentake of Clarehou, in 1165, when Hugh (Percy) de Boolton and Cecilia his wife were alive. Sir Hugh de Lellay, who lived in 1205, claiming land in Newton Kyme and Apelton, against Walter de Faukenberg, married Isonda (Percy) de Boolton.



Hugh, the grandson of this Hugh, by charter 1221, gave the church of Weston to York Cathedral. In the monastic evolution of the dale they are worthily concerned. Robert de Lelai was rector of Leathley up to 1230, and was succeeded by another De Lelai, the last of his race. Before the year 1280 the line seems to have expired, probably in co-heiresses, for Galfrid de Monte Alto was then in possession of one-third of the manor, holding it of the Earl of Albemarle. Their ownership extended well beyond the Washburn. In 1229 Robert Lelai gave to Archbishop Gray all the land in Farnele called Scales, and

all the lands and tenements he had in the town of Farnele, or held by him from any other person.

Leathley Church, dedicated to St. Oswald, stands on ground rising as if specially prepared by nature for its reception, and its dedication associates

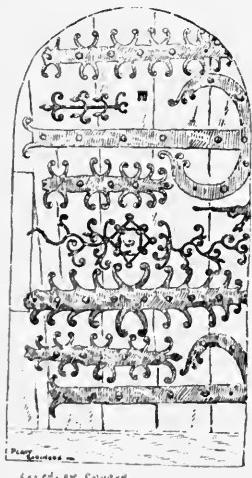
the fabric with the earliest days of Angle Christianity. Both the exterior walls of the tower, with its rough rubble masonry, and part of the interior bear a primitive and early aspect, yet, from actual survey, we should not think that any portion of the present structure predates the Norman Conquest. Yet, as a well-defined position of ancient occupation, we have no hesitation in saying that a church (though, in the first instance, perhaps only of timber) has stood on this spot from the earliest days of Christianity.

The church is a good index to the changes which have come over the valley from the Conquest era to that of the Tudor Kings. Built in the

tower arch is a very primitive axe-hewn oaken door, covered with antique wrought ironwork. This door, like the one at Stillingfleet, mentioned in Vol. I., is worthy of careful preservation. The decorated East window marks an alteration due to the period when Walter de Ledesley held the rectory. The perpendicular window of the South aisle, and the large window of the belfry stage of the tower, perhaps point to the work of the Canons of Nostel, when the rectory was placed wholly in their hands. The octagonal columns of the nave support pointed arches, on which are carved the 'Crescent' and 'Fetterlock' of the Percys. In the chancel wall is a small thirteenth century piscina. The East window is of beautiful stained glass, to the memory of the Rev. Ayscough Fawkes, rector of this parish. The church was judiciously restored in 1869. The registers date from 1628, but there are mural tablets earlier than this.

In the graveyard are several stone coffins, which, if we need this confirmation, tell us the spot is ancient. The appearance of the tower partly suggests that of a border pele, as if the interior of the building, apart from the belfry, had been intended for a place of security, a tower of refuge in time of danger, in which such a stronghold would doubtless be needed; as, for instance, when the Scots made their great raid into Wharfedale, burning or pillaging everything in their path. There is a wonderful charm and character about this ancient woodland fane, which carries the mind backward through the long ages in which it has slumbered in such completeness and seclusion, and this, we trust, will long remain undisturbed.

Close to the churchyard gate still remain the weather-worn stocks, a relic of the 'good old times.' It must have been in those days when a certain



ANCIENT DOOR,
LEATHLEY CHURCH.

rich squire worshipped in this church, with his domestics and retainers, one of whom had come to the conclusion that the hard oaken seats were anything but comfortable; being a man of original ideas, much in advance of his times, he one Sabbath day appeared at service with a cushion on which to rest! The squire was aghast at his daring impunity, and instead of placing him in the stocks as a warning to others who dared to sit cosily, he dismissed him from his service.

These old stocks are one of the very wholesome lessons of the past. The traces of popular punishment up and down the dale, with fully a score

gibbets in it, are sufficient to show that if justice was tempered with mercy, the tempering was secured by a considerable variety of means. The chief instrument was the gallows, upon which men and women were hanged wherever the 'gallowtree' reared its ugly frame. The Archbishop, whom we might expect to find the essence of mildness, was pre-eminently a man of gibbets, which he declared he had used *ab antiquo*—from of old—when speaking of his rights in 1293—strange evidence that from the head of the church, yet we can only hope that he may sometimes have tempered justice with the hand of mercy. Edmund, Earl of Cornwall, grandson to King John, had to answer why he had free-burgh gibbet and gallows at Knaresborough. They had been transferred to him with the barony. Knaresborough was one of the last of the Celtic

territories, and the Washburn a fringe of it, as the royal officers frequently declared, though the sturdy tenants disputed the claim. When these reservations passed under Norman power the customs of the Teutonic days continued, hence in these outlying stations the gibbets and the stocks were founded for the refractory Celt and his alien successor. The minor inflictions, the pillory, tumbrell, trebucket, and some other ignoble instruments are not so much heard of. The 'fossa,' or water-pit, and ducking-stool are still remembered, and complete the catalogue of 'disciplines,' with the whipping-post thrown in, as the playthings of every squire and parish beadle. The English towns and villages of the great Plantagenet era had infinitely more care bestowed upon their instruments of vengeance than upon the means of grace. If there be one evidence required to prove why the English peasantry



have never ceased to resist the land laws imposed upon them by the Conquest, that evidence is furnished by the presence of stocks and the list of minor punishments.

The village of Leathley was formerly larger than at present : the foundations of several homesteads are to be seen in the pastures, and near the church several have gone to ruin within the last generation. In one of the almshouses (founded by Mrs. Hitch in 1769) died, 1898, Mrs. Elizabeth



MANOR HOUSE, LEATHLEY.

Watson at the great age of 104 years. Her father, we are told, died at the age of 110—both remarkable instances of longevity.

Leathley Manor Hall stands in the park a few hundred yards to the east of the village. It still retains a few Jacobean features, and part of its fishpond and the antique garden.

And one, an English home—grey twilight poured
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep—all things in order stored,
A haunt of ancient peace.

As mentioned, from its pre-Conquest owners, Archil and Ulchil, the manor came early into the possession of the Ledeleys, from them to the Lindleys of Lindeley, and from thence by marriage it passed to the Hitches; thence to the Maudes, who sold it to the Fawkes of Farnley, in whose hands it has since remained. In the days of its pride it was a place of note. Apart from the Ledeleys and the De Montealtos, it has been the abode of a Percy. On

the entrance to the village there is an ancient farmhouse known as the 'Manor House,' with many touches of the seventeenth century upon it.

The road now skirts a most picturesque part of the Washburn. No discordant noises are here, the silence is only broken by the ceaseless murmur of the limpid stream, and the matchless music and soul-inspiring melody of the song-birds, the thrush, the blackbird and goldfinch, the wood-lark, and from yonder copse the soft tones of the cooing dove commingle with the joyous notes of woodland warblers, the whole swelling into universal chorus. Whilst listening to the melody of birds, look around: a water vole is peering suspiciously from the bank; in the branches of the opposite tree a sportive squirrel plays hide-and-seek with himself, as it were; as you saunter by the side of the sparkling rivulet, additional beauty is lent to the scene by the splendid array of wild flowers, and the brilliant plumage of the canary wagtail, kingfisher, and crescent-breasted dipper haunting its margins. The writer well remembers the pleasure this beautiful scene gave to an artist friend, with whom he visited the spot when the flush of an early summer shed its beauty around. That friend has long since departed to his rest, but the memory of the beautiful day and scene is still engraved on the writer's recollection.

Crossing the Washburn near its junction with the Wharfe we pass into Farnley Park; soon the road skirts the margin of the wood, sheltering Farnley Hall, a historic spot containing memorials of the great revolution, which conjure up before the mental vision a host of great men who fought on the side of liberty in opposition to the unjust demands of the king. The residential commencement of Farnley has been from a humble condition, on or near the very fern-pasture its name indicates, and as a log hut, as the further name of Scales distinctly alludes to.

At the opening of the thirteenth century the 'Scales' were in the tenure of William Malebranche, held through Robert de Lelay of the fee of Serlo de Poule. Serlo, one of the magnates of the dale, gave Farnele in dowry to Idonia, his wife, Hugh de Lelay and Hugh de Creskeld being witnesses to the charter of Serlo's son and kinsman. These facts give a little touch of dignity to the timber hall that had in time to bear such splendid progeny, as evidenced in the saying that great events from trivial causes spring.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century Farnley had dropped its less agreeable name of the Scales and had become quite notable. Nicholas Fawkes of Farneley, Esq., was buried in Otley churchyard in 1545; John Fawkes of Farneley, gentleman, in 1556. Thomas Fawkes of Farneley,

Esq., in 1627, willed to be buried in Otley Church near his seat in the quire, and bequeathed his messuages in Otley to the churchwardens for the use of the poor widows of Farneley for ever. In later years the stream of death widens, the family having become numerically extended.

The present composite building, including the original hall of the Fawkes', dating from Tudor times, is an agglomeration of fragments,

picked up on any opportunity that might be seized. Despite this drawback the hall is not the less interesting, from the memorials it contains of other ancient homes in the district, whose glory was fast departing when Farnley was in its infancy. The quaint oriel windows looking across the flower garden came from the ancient home of the Palmes; the gateway to the garden, from



Menston Hall. The stone table on the terrace, from which stern Cromwell dined soon after Marston battle, came also from the same place; the porch to the outer hall came from Newhall Old Hall. The interior of the mansion is rich in the collection of ancient furniture; one room contains a chimney-piece and overmantel of oak said to have been made from a bedstead on which our English Solomon slept. But its greatest glory in the nineteenth century has been its accumulation of vast art treasures produced by the magic brush of J. M. W. Turner, which caused Ruskin to pen the following memorable words: "Farnley Hall is a unique place, there is nothing like it in the world; a place where a great genius was loved and appreciated, who did all his best work for that place, and where it is treasured up like a monument in a shrine."

Turner came to know Squire Fawkes sometime in 1802, when he was sketching in Yorkshire—probably at Harewood—for Whitaker's History of Craven, and thenceforward Farnley became like a home to him, and in due course works of priceless value from this master's brush adorned the walls of the hall. He was known to the family at Farnley by the nickname of 'Over-Turner,' which came about from the following incident:—Apart from

his love of art Turner was an ardent sportsman; he shot, hunted, and fished, was merry and full of fun, and took part in the outdoor recreations of the rest of the family. It was when returning over the moor from a shooting expedition with the squire that the gig in which they were riding was overturned, neither of them being any the worse for the adventure, but from this circumstance Ascough Fawkes named the great artist 'Over-Turner.' He retaliated by familiarly pronouncing his host and patron's Christian name, 'Hawkey'; even his successor the late squire had a singularly red bird-like eye and the keen vision of a born gunner.

Amongst the numerous pictures which he executed in and around Farnley, there were formerly fifty-three drawings, which he drew during a Rhenish tour. On his return from the Continent he landed at Hull and came direct to Farnley, and even, it is said, before taking off his greatcoat he produced the drawings from his inside pocket, rolled up anything but carefully; these Squire Fawkes bought for the sum of £500, to the complete delight and satisfaction of Turner, who insisted on mounting them, so that his host should have no further trouble or extra cost. It would have been better had Turner not been so thoughtful of his patron, the drawings were stuck on to cardboard with wafers rather carelessly, the impression of these being seen afterwards. These drawings were notable for the exquisite and subtle tenderness and perfection of harmony of twilight and poetry, purity and truth; perhaps one of the most matchless is the saddest.

Says Thornbury in his Life of Turner :

"Twilight in the Lorelei," all grey and dim, but just a speck of light here or there from boats on the river. Turner was so sensitive that he could never make up his mind to visit Farnley after his old friend's death; but when Mr. Fawkes went to London on one occasion, he took the Rhine drawings to show Turner. When they came to the grey Lorelei, tears sprang out of the old man's eyes, and glancing his hand over the faint light in the sky and water, as if he were working, he groaned, "But Hawkey—but Hawkey!" as much as to say:

When, ah! woful *when*,
How far unlike the now and then.

"One stormy day at Farnley," says Mr. Fawkes, "Turner called to me loudly from the doorway, 'Hawkey—Hawkey!—come here—come here! Look at this thunderstorm! Isn't it grand?—isn't it wonderful?—isn't it sublime?' All this time he was making notes of its form and colour on the back of a letter. I proposed some better drawing block, but he said it did very well. He was absorbed—he was entranced. There was the storm rolling and sweeping and shafting out its lightning over the Yorkshire hills. Presently the storm passed, and he finished. 'There' said he, 'Hawkey; in two years you will see this again, and call it Hannibal Crossing the Alps.'"

The Fawkes originally came from Avignon in France some time in the thirteenth century, and were settled in this district from the above date; they intermarried with the Hawkesworths, of Hawkesworth Hall, on the other side of the valley. In 1786, Francis Fawkes, of Farnley, died without issue, and bequeathed his estate to Walter Hawkesworth, who assumed the name of Fawkes. According to recognised custom the estate should have passed to his cousin Vavasour, of Weston, the son of his father's sister.

The sequel to the fusing of the two houses, Hawkesworth and Farnley, is as follows:—Sometime about the middle of the eighteenth century, Francis Fawkes, of Farnley, was out hunting in the vicinity of Weston, the



FARNLEY HALL.

residence of his paternal aunt, Mrs. Vavasour. Being weary with his day's chase, he is said to have turned towards Weston Hall for rest and refreshment. It appears there was a big dinner to take place at the house and the preparations on his approach were in full swing; doubtless he was not in great favour with the Lady of Weston, anyhow, she viewed his approach, all besplashed with mud, from the windows with no great feelings of pleasure, for she told the domestic who ushered him into the house to show him into the servants' hall, where the lady joined him and asked him to partake of a tankard of best ale and taste the cook's cream cheese; but at

the same time Fawkes easily perceived that she evinced no genuine pleasure at his call, but rather the opposite, and noticing the great preparations in progress for the coming feast, he hurriedly left and rode direct to Hawkesworth. Here his reception was quite the reverse of that at Weston—he was shown into the best room and Hawkesworth pressed him to stay dinner, remarking, that although they had not anticipated such a distinguished guest, yet they had in the house an abundance of fish, flesh, and fowl, to which invitation Fawkes excused himself on the plea of urgent business. He was immediately in want of three hundred guineas—would they lend him that sum? Without the slightest delay Mr. and Mrs. Hawkesworth collected that money and placed it in a bag and handed it to him without any questioning, refusing to take an I.O.U. for the amount of the loan. Having received the money Fawkes rode home to Farnley; a few months later he again came over to Hawkesworth and returned the bag of gold unopened, remarking that the transaction had only been as a test of true friendship. He then devised his estates to Hawkesworth, and so determined was he on the subject that he is said to have had a fresh will drawn up every year of his life to prevent any possibility of the Vavasours succeeding to the estate.

There were two families of Fawkes settled in York during the sixteenth century, and doubtless both of them were proud to trace their descent from the Fawkes of Farnley, who ranked amongst the most influential of Yorkshire gentry; the head of one of these York branches was styled in the register of St. Martin, Coney Street, York (where he was buried, the 3rd day of May, 1591), ‘Reynold Faux, esquier,’ and one of the trustees to the marriage settlement of Henry Fawkes, son of the above Reginald, is Thomas Fawkes, of Farnley, esquire. After the death of the said Henry, his will was proved at York, 7th of January, 1607, and contains the following bequest: “To my cousin, Thomas Fawkes, of Farnley, ten shillings for a remembrance.”

Here we have clear relationship between the York and Farnley Fawkeses. The relationship of Guy, the conspirator, with the house of Farnley is not quite so clear; but that he was a direct descendant of Fawkes of Farnley, steward of the Knaresborough Forest, who died in 1496, there is not the slightest reason to doubt. At the present day ‘Fawkes’ is not by any means a common surname, and three centuries ago it was very rare indeed; besides, his baptismal name of Guye (a name at that period very popular with the gentry in the Ainsty and Wharfe country) seems to connect him with the county families.

Guy Fawkes was not by any means a man of the ordinary ruffian type : what he attempted to do was undertaken as a matter of duty. He had borne himself gallantly in Spain, and subsequently in Flanders he fought with such distinguished valour, that in after days, when Catesby was busy brewing the Gunpowder Plot, it was found that there was not one amongst them reckless enough to consummate the perilous undertaking. It was at this juncture that the memory of Guye's cool and daring courage flashed across the mind of Catesby ; a messenger was despatched to Flanders, Guye found, and he at once undertook the perilous mission of destroying King and Parliament, 'as a matter of duty and conscience.' *

What a numerous assemblage of rich and notable people, men of letters, poets, and artists have been guests at this mansion ! An elderly native who remembered the place seventy years ago told the writer that in those days between thirty and forty chaises were often seen in the yard at one time. A constant visitor in his old age to Farnley and Caley Halls was Thomas Lister Parker, who had held the office of trumpeter to George III. His great delight when at Farnley was to take long walks over the wide moorland of Knaresborough Forest, accompanied by the native above referred to, then a page boy.†

* GUY FAWKES.—A man to study with a curious art was the stiff, bronzed fellow, with sandy beard and fell of auburn hair, now standing in this Tudor room before judges of such high fame and power, and answering these lords of war and masters of law as lightly as though the inquiry were some tavern jest; giving the false name of Johnson, the false description of a serving man ; and only laughing roughly when they found him out. Tall, strong built, and thirty-five years old, he stood before them in the prime of all his powers. His face was good, in some of its aspects fine. His tones were those of gentle life; his words, though few, were choice; and his bearing spoke of both the cloister and the camp. Despite the grime upon his hands, the grime of coal and powder, he was evidently a man of birth. Mountjoy could see that he had been a soldier; Northampton found him an adept in the school. Even Cecil, who knew a good deal more about him than he liked to say, was smitten by his jaunty air. "He is no more dismayed," wrote the Secretary of State, "than if he were taken for a poor robbery on the high way." All that could have happened to cross his purpose and crush his spirit had come to pass. His plans had failed, his friends were scattered, his cause was lost. Behind him lay the wreck of a life; before him lowered the jail, the rack, the gibbet, and the yelling crowd. All that he could call his own on earth, was a day of feverish pain, an infamous and cruel death, a memory laden with a lasting curse. Yet the man was rock. The lords had spent a sleepless night, and he had slumbered like a child. They had been tossing on beds of down, while he had been sleeping on a plait of straw. They had sought for rest under painted ceilings, and he had been dreaming lightly in the darkest dungeon of the Tower.—*Her Majesty's Tower*, Vol. II. By Hepworth Dixon.

† 1795.—Employment was at this time scarce, and bread dear, but the evil was in some measure alleviated by subscriptions for supplying the poor at reduced prices; the three-penny loaf of wheaten bread weighed only fourteen ounces one dram. During the dearth,

On a commanding situation to the right of the road leading to Otley is Farnley Church. Thoroughly restored some forty years ago, very little of the old structure, built in 1250, remains. R. V. Taylor says, "It was, in strict and canonical sense of the word, a chapel-of-ease to Otley," and he further says, that previous to its rebuilding, there was seldom seen, attached to such humble foundation, such evidence of high antiquity.

Before passing into Otley it may be well to make a brief survey of the south bank of the Washburn. Leaving Farnley village we pass over the



[E. BOGGS.]

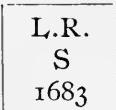
LOW SNOWDEN.

moor, Dog Park Castle looming gaunt and spectral high up on the shelving bank of the moorland. Its foundations date back to the days of John-o'-Gaunt, 'time-honoured Lancaster.' Its skeleton of bare walls, brooding over the valley, gives an air of historic significance, imbued with legend and romance, to the scene. Below Dog Park bridge an ancient structure spans the stream; thirty years ago a bosky dingle teeming with nature's wayward loveliness. Beyond, and almost shut in by trees, is Dog Park

Walter Fawkes, Esq., of *Farnley Hall*, distributed, weekly, twenty loads of wheat amongst the poor on his estate and its neighbourhood; at the same time he used the most rigid economy in his own house, and his benevolent example so affected the neighbouring millers that they offered to grind for the poor gratis.

Mill, but the wheels are silent and the miller has gone—'tis now a place of memories, beautiful in all its sylvan accessories—flowers, trees, and clinging mosses. Onward by the stream we wander where the water-ousel dips and the kingfisher shoots from the coppice like a ruby beam, thence up the rise of the pleasant ravine, overshadowed by trees and patches of old forest growth, where types of the ancient yeoman of the dale still reside in peaceful nooks, half shut in by steep hill bank and overhanging wood.

Low Hall, Snowden, is a good type of house built some two hundred years ago.* It contains the remains of a very fine ingle nook. Just to the north-west is a cottage with thatched roof bearing date over door—



Thence we pass into Timble Gill, down which winds the stream, first through woods, next through sweet retired glades. 'Tis a glen full of nature's witchery (far from the madding crowd); wild flowers flourish abundantly on its banks, and old trees, undergrowth, and rustic bridges, which cross it here and there, add charm to its bewildering beauty. To the south, between the glen and Otley road, the moor still has a wild primeval appearance, and is knee deep in ling.

Shaws Hall, another good type of moorland home, stands a short distance from the Gill. It has an antique porch and old mullioned windows, and was for five centuries or more the home of the Newsome family. The entrance from the road to the hall is between two stone gate-posts of superior construction, which give the house an air of more than ordinary dignity. But the stateliest and most characteristic of all the old forest halls is certainly that of Swinsty, standing so commandingly, with its story of old time, and overlooking the new era of things and the innovations which have changed the valley. It is a perfect type and a reminiscence of Tudor days; the best and

* In descending the vale from the Upper Washburn the small, peaceful, and very obscure hamlet of Snowden is the centre of a paradise for botanists; the hillside to Timble gives an early chance of realising the beauties of Washburndale, enhanced, as not a few avow, by its altered conditions. As is well known, a portion of the Leeds Waterworks is situated here, and the first impression of the scene down the dale from Timble is that one is in Lakeland. Immediately below are the magnificent reservoirs of Fewston and Swinsty; while in the distance through the trees can be seen a portion of the lower one at Lindley. Refreshing to look upon, they give quite a charm to the scenery. The cawing of the rooks in the rookery at Fewston is just the touch that the enraptured poet requires, to take art and bland newness out of his visagement of glowing ideas and romantic suggestions.

most substantial, and most majestic of the old halls which grace the valley of the Washburn; with its clustered chimneys and many gables, grey and

grand amidst a solitude of woods and fields; yet a pile of mystery, says Grainge, its builder's name and history alike forgotten. This is, however, not the case, for both the builder and the history of the place can be traced for centuries.

The origin of the name Swinsty is doubtless due to a Scandinavian settler, and from that period a residence, though in the first instance very



rudely built of timber, has stood on this site. Of this we have ample proof from the existence seen here lately of several querns, in which corn was ground long before the Dog Park Mill was built. Both the mediæval hall and the present structure were reared by the Wodes (Woods), who for at least three centuries resided at Swinsty, from whom it passed to the Robinsons. The old story of how the latter became possessed of the estate is only a myth, yet the tradition is worth recounting for its old-world weirdness and romance. We trust the present proprietor will prize this old forest home, alike for its associations and as a type of a yeoman's home of superior dignity in the old days.

Through the fields and thence by an old lane we reach Timble, a village in the parish of Otley, and which formed a part of the ancient Liberty of Cawood, Wistow, and Otley. Timble is quaint and interesting, it possesses an inn, and several of the houses are two centuries old and upwards. Its typical features have already been described in the preceding chapter.

James Lister, of Timble Inn, was a rather notable type of the old class of yeomen, and two pots of beer he thought were enough to satisfy the

wants of his customers, from serving beyond which he was very averse. When over eighty years of age he bodily ejected a big, rough navvy, who was creating a disturbance and refused to leave. The man met his match, however, in the old landlord, who ejected him and locked the door. By way of retaliation a fracas was carried on outside by a number of navvies, who tore the sign from its holdings and bore it away.

Nearly a mile south on Denton Moor there lived, but on separate farms, until the early nineties of the last century, two brothers bearing the name of Thackwray, whose forbears originally sprang from the same stock



[*Rev. Thos. Parkinson.*

SWINSTY HALL.

as William Makepeace Thackeray. The elder of the two had a little granddaughter for his housekeeper, and some seven or eight years ago this Thackray had an apoplectic seizure in the night-time and died suddenly. He had been mowing the paddock the evening before and doubtless overtaxed his body. Next morning the maiden being unable to awake him by knocking loudly at the bedroom door, which fastened on the inside in primitive style with chain and staple, procured a large hammer and struck on the old door heavy blows until the staple fell out. On entering she found Thackray dead. It was the girl's after proceeding which struck the writer so forcibly. Naturally one might have thought she would have run to the nearest neighbour; instead of which she went downstairs, lit the fire, milked

the cows, fed the calves and hens, got her breakfast ; then, having put all in order for the day as usual (it was Sunday), she locked up the house and the dead man, and set off on her journey of six miles to Otley to tell her mother of the circumstance ; it was about two o'clock when she arrived. A doctor was sent for, who in turn apprised the undertaker, and the party set out for Denton Moor, where they arrived about four o'clock in the afternoon ; we merely mention the circumstance as a matter-of-fact or unemotional trait in the character of those moorland people. On the following Tuesday afternoon the writer was in the vicinity of the farm when the coffin was brought from Otley, and Jerome, brother of the dead man, told the writer the story—in which there are several sidelights, which space forbids mention of.

Jerome Thackray, a notable man in his line, lives further on the moor near to an existing fragment of the old thatched stead, where the Thackrays were born. Jerome is a poet, and follows in the footsteps of his great namesake. I have before me a tract, consisting of poems, published as far back as 1861, in which he styles himself, ‘The Ivy House Poet’; one verse, as follows, will perhaps suffice :—

“ It gives you a good account of my life,
How I was deceived by my first intended wife,
And how I wrought from light to dark,
And defied the thieves in Avera Park.”

JAMES LISTER,
A typical Dalesman of the past century.



Jerome is a man of many parts and master of a wide range of subjects ; he laughs to scorn the idea of the world being round. “ It's flat and t' watter fra' t' rivers and seas goaes inta a big chasin sumwhere, either et t'Gulf a Mexico or else in t'Black Sea.” Whether the chasm is likely to be filled up, Jerome never properly explained.

It is a fine, invigorating walk across the moor, either to Denton or Ilkley ; by the latter route one can see a good length of the Roman road running from Ilkley to Aldborough. Before entering Otley, let us glance at New Hall, now a farmhouse ; formerly of some consequence, its appearance reminds one of a border peel. It is now only a solitary-looking structure ; a century ago it

was a complete and noble mansion, with fine gateway, drive, terrace, beautiful garden and a wood on the north. Not a little of its past is bound up in the annals of Otley. In the thirteenth century it was in the possession of the Fawkes of Farnley. Robert Newall was vicar of Otley from 1432 to 1449,



[W. Rushton,
JEROME THACKRAY'S BIRTHPLACE, DENTON MOOR.

in which year he died. The Nevilles were also for some time in possession at Newhall; after which the Whartons were settled here. Christopher Wharton, of Newall, was buried in Otley Church in 1537-8; Nicholas Newhall, gent, in 1608, 'near his father and mother.' In 1543, John Kighley, of Newall, gentleman, wills to be buried in the churchyard on the north side, near his ancestors, 'and to have a through stone lay'd over the same.' It successively passed into the hands of the Kighleys and Proeters, and from the latter to the Wilkinsons, from whence it passed to the Fawkes, by marriage of Frances Fawkes to Christina, heiress of William Wilkinson, of Newhall.*

* This house, like most others built at that period, was well protected, or rather fortified, by strong, high garden-walls on three sides, and on the north by the outbuildings, which generally included a space of two acres, or thereabouts, and formed a sufficient protection against a sudden surprise. In the centre of the building there is a square tower five stories high made of grout work, except the corner stones, which are wrought. I do not know a finer specimen of ancient architecture, or a place more imposing, taking it altogether, than this old hall was. But now it is robbed of its fine woods, and its ornaments within and without. Its fine outer walls have been taken away, and the old shell was scarcely inhabitable, for the little work which man has left undone time was finishing very fast. But in 1827 the east and west wings were taken down and fresh ones were made out of the old materials, on a small scale, leaving the old tower in the centre, as it was before.

Passing from the hamlet of Newhall, whose designation is rather misleading, for its age must be numbered by centuries, we reach the bridge at Otley, a massive structure of seven arches. The building of the bridge dates back to 1563. The church register says, "Sept. 11th, 1673: This summer is remarkable for the abundant and continual rain therein. On the 11th of



NEWHALL. (*taken from an old painting*).

this month there was a wonderful inundation of waters in the northern parts. This river of Wharfe was never known to be so big, within the memory of man, by a full yard in height, running up in a direct line to Hall

I well remember attending an invalid there. It was in winter, and the night rainy, with a strong wind. About ten o'clock Mrs. Windsor called on the servant to bring her clogs, cloak, umbrella, and lantern, for she would go to bed. I was a little surprised to hear the old lady give such orders, and enquired if she was going out of the house to sleep. "No," she replied, "but the long east passage that leads to my room is so very dark, windy, and wet that I always take these precautions on such nights as this, for fear of losing my light, or getting cold." Upon examination I found all these things necessary, for the long east gallery was in bad repair, water was dropping from the ceiling, and the wind driving the rain through the broken windows.—(Shaw's *Wharfedale*.)

Hill Well. It overturned Kettlewell Bridge, Burnsey Bridge, Barden Bridge, Bolton Bridge, Ilkley Bridge, and Otley Bridge [the stone bridge that Leland mentions]. It also swept away Pool Low Fulling Mills, and carried them down whole, like a ship. It left neither corn nor cattle on the coast thereof." There are many accounts in other parishes of this amazing flood.*

The scenery of the vale from the bridge is very fine, particularly at sunset, when the lengthening shadows from the overhanging trees are mirrored in the water—Nature's dial marking the fleeting minutes of day!

One writer—it is pleasing to notice—says that in the higher reaches of the Wharfe, of which Otley may be held as the threshold, it is interesting to find that in the past the conduct of the dalesmen was superior to that of their neighbours in Airedale, and this can only be attributed to a higher civilisation, due to the rule and efforts of the Archbishop. Life was in many instances similar to that of the Borders in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Cattle lifting was regarded as a very profitable occupation; the plundering of merchants as they crossed the lonely hills was a lucrative business often indulged in by the rougher element. Not only goods and chattels, but sometimes the pretty wife or daughter of a neighbour was coveted. For instance, in 1453, Robert Withes, late of Salley in the shire of York, coveted a dame and took her 'bonde, with force and armes feloniesly raised, and toke and sett her on an hors behynde a man of his, and bonde her fast to hym with a torsell, and rode away with her into unknown places.'

* The mills at Pool were chiefly built of timber, thus the reason for their floating like a ship.

CHAPTER V.

OTLEY.

HERE are only two places in England bearing the name of Otley: the town in Wharfedale, and a village and parish in Woodbridge district, Suffolk. The places whose names approach nearest to these are Otby, a hamlet in Walesby parish, Lincolnshire, and Oteley, a township in Ellesmere parish, Salop. In the Suffolk Otley an old entrenchment and other things speak of strife and occupation, as the Chevin and entrenchments speak for the Wharfedale Otley, in the earliest Teutonic days. In both these

places, too, as in the Salop Oteley, we have, in the terminal 'ley,' the existence of the Angle *laga*, or district. The name may perhaps come from *out* and *ut*, a border, Teutonic, as *utgard* (outerguard), uttermost, and outward, a boundary.

The above examples doubtless point to the correct explanation; although we know the name is a debatable question and *Ot* may require deeper research before establishing its full meaning; at the same time we may safely conclude it a Saxon descriptive word and not a personal name. The interpretation of the Domesday form of the

ANCIENT STONE VESSEL FOUND IN BONDGATE,
OTLEY (*a supposed relic of the early church*).

name 'Othelai,' 'as the field of Othio,' is wide of the mark, and in this instance the terminal 'lai, or ley' cannot mean anything so restricted as a field.

The first important event in the early history of Otley was the creation of the liberty of Cawood, Wistow, and Otley by King Athelstan, after



his great victory over the confederacy of kings arrayed against him at the battle of Brunanburgh in 938. The creation of this great liberty, with the Archbishop as the supreme head, was an act of great wisdom and justice, as well as political foresight. It transferred to the rule of the church, and the comparative safety arising from that rule, a large territory (at that period the western part being chiefly inhabited by Christian Celts, whose nationality had not yet been absorbed by Gothic invasion and supremacy). Athelstan's



OTLEY CHURCH FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

[L. Grimshaw.]

object in this act was twofold: firstly, the firm establishment of Christianity in Elmet; secondly, this extensive franchise was a menace and buffer to the semi-independent and unruly Danes, who at that period had become all powerful in Northumberland, and were a source of continual danger to the other nationalities. Added to the privileges was the right of sanctuary within the church, which right was also held in the person of the Archbishop when in residence at the Manor Hall of Otley.

It is as well to mark the extent of the ancient parish of Otley, for it stretched from the watershed of the Nidd to the banks of the Aire. The

old members of the parish of Otley were Bayldon, Hawkesworth, Burley, Denton, Lyndley, Farnley, Newhall, Menston and Weston, Guiseley, whose name, the 'Gisel-lega,' district of the king's officer, marks its importance and origin.

The temporal rule of the district was entirely in the archiepiscopal hands; as to how he used it we have occasional sidelights in the later centuries, showing that the hold of the Crozier was not that of a silken thread. When His Grace, in 1280, was brought to account for the full use of gallows, return of writs, extracts of pleas, and for having his own coroners within the city of York and without, for park, free-warren, and his lands quit of service in Beverley, Ripon, Othelay, Schireburn, and park and free-warren at Cawood, he answered readily that as to gallows he claimed them *in baronia*, from time beyond memory; at Beverley and Ripon because King Athelstan, before the Conquest, gave the manors to the Archbishop and his successors, who have held them. Afterwards King Henry I. granted, among other liberties, *infangen theof* in these lands by charter, which he produced, so it could not be gainsaid but that the Archbishop's gallows at Otley were a lawful institution. The annual 'Court Leet' of Otley, I believe, is still held, and the original grant given by Athelstan is said to be still preserved in the archives of Bishopthorpe.*

The Manor Hall of the Archbishop formerly stood on the rising ground between the bridge and the north end of Kirkgate. The remains of this hall were visible in Thoresby's time, for he writes:

"We rode by Askwith and Newhall over the bridge to Otley, where the first thing I observed was the ruins of the Archbishop's palace there."

Doubtless the hall was strongly fortified with wall and moat. Such a place would be needed for shelter in case of sudden foray of the Scots; and the extent of land within the foss occupied about four acres.

The town gave its name to a family, several of whom became prominent members of monasticism. One Henricus-de-Otley was Abbot of Fountains, and two others bearing the surname of the town were Priors of Bolton. The Romans were never encamped at Otley, as some writer asserts, the place-names still distinctly bespeak a Celtic district. The nearest Roman stations were Ilkley and Adel, but the line of road, connecting the two camps, certainly crossed the Chevin, only two miles to the south of the town.

It has been stated that the markets and fairs of Otley have existed by ancient charter for nearly sixteen hundred years. The mediaeval condition

* See page 239, *The Old Kingdom of Elmet*.

of the town was evidently one of prosperity, but there is no mention of a market or fair previous to the thirteenth century; up to that period, the great fair of the dale, lasting eight days, was held at Ilkley, to which all the inhabitants of the district attended to join in revelry and cruel pastime as of old. Although a charter previous to mediæval times is wanting, we cannot but suppose that, for convenience of barter, a market has existed at Otley since Athelstan's creation of the 'Liberty.' The first mention of a fair, however, is in 1222, and a charter was obtained in 1239, for a yearly fair of



OTLEY FORTY YEARS AGO.

[Turner Taylor.

two days, the vigil and day of St. Mary Magdalene, 21st and 22nd of July, and a weekly market on the Monday. In face of this fact, the old gossip concerning the extreme antiquity of the market charter must fall to the ground. 'Tis a pity that quaint, garrulous, old John Leland, in his wandering about this district in 1540, did not visit the town, for we miss the description and the pleasant gossip he would have given concerning things around here.

The gallows of Otley stood on the plot of rising ground immediately below the cemetery, and many a poor wretch has ended his days on this

tree. The bailiffs of my Lord Archbishop were not, by any means, backward in carrying out the severe laws of the Norman and Mediæval periods. One Paulinus, the bailiff of Otley, appears as a witness with the knights of the dale to a charter of Kirkstall about 1280. One Richard de Banfield was bailiff in the fourteenth century. Tips with this man were far more convincing than right and justice. So short would be the shrift of any poor poacher unable to satisfy his greed, a sheep or stag found in their possession would mean death; in the after records of the court would be found the dread words *sus per coll.* One Ralph Brun was executed on the gallows at Otley for robbery, 1267, and in a later century Thomas Tesdale of Otley was sentenced to be hanged for stealing goods to the value of three shillings and ninepence.

Amongst others executed at Tyburn without Micklegate Bar, York, for an insurrection in 1663 (being conventicle preachers and the old Parliamentarian soldier) are the following natives of Otley: Thomas Morley, aged forty-five; John Hutchinson, forty-eight; David Jackson, forty-nine; Cornelius Thompson, forty-four. The good folks of Otley have endless gossip about the gallow-tree, yet it is far better as a grim memory of the past than as a living feature of the present.*

Another of the lost institutions of Otley is much more interesting as a reminiscence than as an actual thing—the Leper Hospital, which was standing in the reign of the three first Edwards. Thomas Shaw says:—

“In all probability, the houses and croft in Westgate were given for that purpose, for in the old parish books it is called ‘the hospital.’”

But of it no vestige now remains. This melancholy charity was one of the legacies of the ‘Great Crusades,’ in which the men of Yorkshire, more than once, especially distinguished themselves. The numerous ‘squints’ or hagioscopes found in this dale, and its vicinity, tell of the foul incurable disease the poor returning soldiers contracted in the East, and which spread on their return.

* The spirit of lawlessness which marked the times that lay between the expiring of Norman aristocracy and the rise of the popular power is marked in the dale, not only by poaching episodes, but by many and grievous assaults on the person. Some of them are more interesting as showing that the ‘common’ people were not the only offenders. On the 8th November, 1302, pardon is granted for the death of Hugh Pye of Tadcaster, to William, son of William de Stopham, in testimony before the king by William le Latimer the elder, of his service in Scotland in the company of the said William. Here we have the name of a prominent soldier in Edward’s great campaigns, and we recognise one of our local magnates.

Here and there we may discover, in the records of gifts to some monastery, the names of the yeomen who bore the stress of England's battles in these terrible days. In some few instances the deaths of the great nobles are mentioned in the Chronicles, apart from which the men of Richard's and Edward's armies are little known in history. The assault of Acre, one of the most heroic feats of the struggle, though it was unsuccessful, aroused the enthusiasm of the whole army, the gallantry of the Yorkshiremen being especially conspicuous. For at least two centuries the Leper Hospital at Otley would be a reminder of that brilliant exploit. Yet, in all their misery and solitude, the poor lepers, we should imagine, would be thankful for such a charity. When dismissed from the hospital, they were enjoined by order to wear a bell at their neck or girdle when going (as tramps do now) from place to place. This was to warn the sound of the approach of the dread contagion, and this most melancholy of all sounds (not even excepting the sunken rock buoy at sea)—the 'passing bell' of the still living, was common enough between Fountains, Bolton, and Kirkstall, in post-Crusade days.

Of the eighteen vicars of Otley up to the time of Queen Elizabeth,



TOMB OF LORD AND LADY FAIRFAX, OTLEY.

been handsomely dealt with. The Archbishop seems to have regarded it mainly from the treasury point of view. What appears to have been the first infringement of the parochial right occurred in the pontificate of Archbishop Roger, who, towards the close of his rule, which ended in 1191,

four, perhaps six, were representatives of the old forest families, whose promotion to an archiepiscopal benefice can only be attributed to the strength of their patronage. Considering the importance of Otley to the archiepiscopate the town and church have not

settled a moiety of this church in his newly founded chapel of St. Mary and the Holy Angels, York.

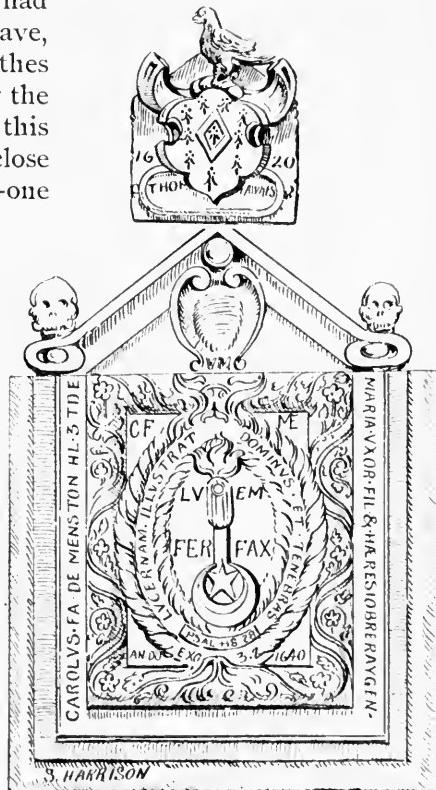
On the 5th May, 1258—

"Archbishop Seival de Bovile made ordination of the vicarage of the church of Otteley, giving the preservation thereunto to the sacrist of the chapel of St. Mary and the Holy Angels, and his succession for ever; the vicar to have to the value of twenty marks of the altarage out of the portion of the sacrist, or else shall have the whole altarage and then pay to the sacrist twenty marks yearly. Likewise the sacrist shall allow eight marks yearly to be distributed amongst the poor of the parish."

This arrangement only referred to a moiety of the church, the other share had been given to the Prebendary of South Cave, who was rector of it, and had half the tithes thereof, which he usually let to farm for the rent of thirty-nine pounds yearly. By this appropriation the tithes of Otley at the close of the twelfth century were worth seventy-one pounds yearly, or one thousand eight hundred pounds of present money, of which a larger half was taken out of the town—certainly a case of flaying the sheep instead of shearing.

Otley Church, an ancient structure, ivy-clad and venerable, dedicated to All Hallows, and, therefore, carrying its foundation back to the first days of Angle Christianity, stands a few feet above the level of Kirkgate, the principal street. The interior is large and devoid of much ornament, yet, withal, presenting a striking appearance. Previous to 1870 all the pews were of the seventeenth century period, dark and glossy.

The history of the structure is deeply interesting. The first church is supposed to have been erected soon after the advent of Paulinus; a church certainly existed at Otley in the early days of Christianity in Britain, and



A FAIRFAX MEMORIAL, 1620.

fell a prey to the Pagan Norsemen before the end of the ninth century. The dedication to All Hallows is the link binding that church to one which, with its priest, is recorded in Domesday Book. The formation of the parish was due to Athelstan, soon after his great victory at Brunanberg, presenting this with the other part of the creation of the 'liberty' (in which the Celt still retained a precarious independence) to the Archbishop of York, who remained the lord of Otley till very recent times, when the manor was transferred to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

Otley Church suffered severely from the raid of the Scot in 1318-9. There are many marks of fire on the stones of the present building. The

Norman piscina within the altar rails, the stone work of the ambry (or box for holy oil), now unfortunately hidden by the oak lining and door, and also the fragments of crosses in the baptistery, show these signs of fire. The oldest parts of the present building are the chancel and north door, the latter, said to be Saxon, more probably late Norman, is not now in its original position.

In the chancel are the piscina and a round-headed window on the north side, blocked up for many years, but reopened at the restoration. The round-headed window on the south side was then inserted; the position of a window of the same period being proved by traces of the old stonework.

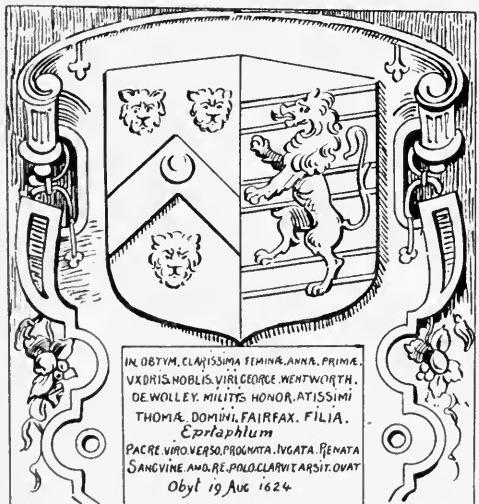
S. HARRISON

FAIRFAX TABLET. OTLEY CHURCH

1624.

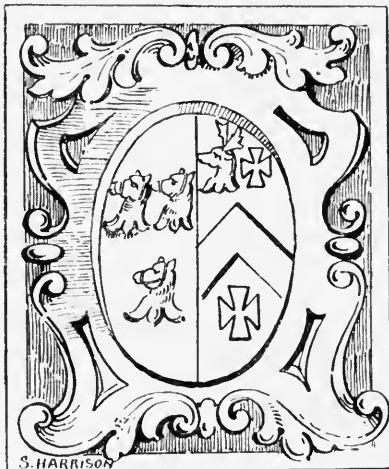
work in the wall. The east window was probably inserted in the time of Henry VII., when the north aisle is said to have been added. At the restoration in 1870, the foundation of a wall across the east end of the north aisle was found.

The old Norman church probably extended to the west side of the transept arches, the remains of a wall having been found under the present



floor, apparently extending across the nave at that point. The transept appears to have been private chapels; the north, the Lindley choir; the south, the Denton choir; there were altars in both, the piscina in the north being still visible: that in the south is believed to be hidden by the Fairfax monument.

There was over the chancel arch, formerly, a small turret, containing the sanctus bell, taken down in 1851, when the clerestory was added. The canopy of this turret was lately under Charles Fairfax's monument in the south transept. The curfew bell continued to be tolled morning and evening up to about twenty-five years ago. A large gallery was erected at the west



*FAIRFAX TABLET
CHANCEL. NEWTON KYME.*



*J. HARRISON.
ARMS & TABLET of the
FAWKES in OTLEY CHURCH*

end in the eighteenth century and another across the east end, blocking the chancel arch. The Farnley pew was formerly in this gallery, at the south side, the organ being in the centre of the gallery. About 1851 the east gallery was removed, and the organ placed in the west gallery; the clerestory was built, and the pulpit (a three-decker) was removed from the west pier of the north transept to its present position.

The church contains several memorials to the Fawkes and other families. The Pike's head, a demi luce, turns up again on the door panel of a pew at Otley. A memorial of some member of the Gascoigne family, who

worshipped at Otley. The one to Francis Fawkes, Esq., the last of the Fawkes of Farnley, is very elaborate, and records:

AH! MOLLITER OSSA QUIESCAN.

NEAR THIS PLACE LIE INTERR'D THE REMAINS OF
FRANCIS FAWKES, OF FARNLEY-HALL, IN THIS PARISH, ESQ.
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE ON THE 17TH OF JULY, 1786,
IN THE 79TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

HE MARRIED CHRISTIANA, ONLY DAUGHTER AND HEIRESS OF
WILLIAM WILKINSON, OF NEWALL HALL, ESQ.; AND
DYING WITHOUT SURVIVING ISSUE
LEFT THE BULK OF
HIS FORTUNE TO
WALTER HAWKSWORTH OF HAWKSWORTH, ESQ.
WHO
WITH GRATITUDE AND AFFECTION
DEDICATES THIS MONUMENT TO
HIS MEMORY.

But the tomb that most arrests our attention is one on which repose the effigies of Lord and Lady Fairfax, grandfather and grandmother of the Parliamentary general. Lord Fairfax is represented in armour, bareheaded and resting on his helmet for pillow, with a lion at his feet emblematical of war (*see page 104*).

The tomb of Lady Fairfax contains the following words:—

“Here Leah's fruitfulness, here Rachel's beauty,
Here lyeth Rebecca's faith, here Sarah's duty.”

On the opposite side of the church is a brass memorial of the Lindleys and the Palmes of Lindley, who trace their descent back to the early part of the thirteenth century. The foot of the plate contains the figure of a knight, with hands clasped, under which are Latin verses, telling us that:—

“Within this church are many Lindleys laid:
Here executes o'er the last Palmes were said;
Vain and uncertain was their fame; for when
Has ancestry alone ennobled men?
Yet virtue blooms like palm-trees branching wide,
And gifted souls no sepulchre can hide.”

Up to fifty years ago the silken standard used by the Roundheads at Marston Moor was extended over the tombs of Fairfax; underneath, in

Roman characters, was the following inscription : " For we shall all have to appear before the judgment of Christ to give an account of the things done in the body, whether they be good or evil."

The chancel contains mural tablets, and very handsome crocketed work. Evidences of the great antiquity of the foundation of this place are to be seen in the remains of ancient sepulchres and early Christian fonts, and in the fragments of Runic, Saxon, and Norman crosses, whose exquisite carvings have been fashioned by skilled craftsmen. The existence of these carved stones in Otley

there being what we may call a counterpart in Ilkley, cannot fail to make for equality in dignity between the two places, at a period too remote for all save conjecture. The stones are certainly the mark of no common status, and one may possibly ascribe to them a relationship, the nature of which may yet be shown to be one of the most interesting and

instructive chapters of local history ; the bold and graceful curve of the lines, and depth of the undercut and relief, in two of the crosses, being surely equal to the work of the craftsmen of the present century ; which proves that the artists who fashioned them had received their art education in the classic schools of Italy. Several fragments of crosses have been discovered of late years. One of an early runic cross is to be seen, built into the exterior wall of the chancel. Perhaps no other church in Wharfedale contains such abundant evidences of the antiquity of its foundation as this of Otley. Otley is the first 'lega' on the southern side of the valley of the Wharfe ; Ilkley is the last, and between them are Burley and Wheatley.

Passing into the graveyard, with its harvest of the dead, we notice the monument erected to the memory of the navvies who were killed



REMAINS OF OLD CROSSES IN OTLEY CHURCH.

during the making of Bramhope Tunnel. The monument bears the following inscription :—

IN MEMORY OF
THE UNFORTUNATE MEN
WHO LOST THEIR LIVES WHILE ENGAGED IN THE
CONSTRUCTION OF THE BRAMHOPE TUNNEL OF THE
LEEDS AND THIRSK RAILWAY, FROM
1845 TO 1849. THIS TOMB IS
ERECTED AS A MEMORIAL, AT THE EXPENSE OF
JAMES BRAY, ESQ., THE CONTRACTOR, AND OF THE
AGENTS, SUB-CONTRACTORS, AND WORKMEN
EMPLOYED THEREON.

“ I am a stranger and a sojourner with you; give me a possession of a burying place with you that I may bury my dead out of my sight.”

“ Of those eighteen upon whom the Tower in Siloam fell and slew them, think “ ye that they were sinners above all the men in Jerusalem? I tell you, nay; and “ except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.”

The old and new meet in Otley, antique structures recalling bygone centuries, picturesque hostels with quaint mullions and low ceilings, pregnant with a musty flavour of age, and ancient lanes and by-passages twine in and out from the main streets, showing curious features of the old town. The market place is now not nearly so redolent of the past as it was a generation ago, when on market days the town awoke from its weekly slumber, and became invaded by a motley army, bringing in every kind of farm produce from the surrounding district. Yeomen and their dames came from Washburndale and further afield, and could tell the old stories heard from their sires, anent the old families: the Fairfaxses, the Vavasours, the Wilkinsons, and the Fawkes, and other foresters of the eighteenth century. Besides the farm and vegetable produce brought in, there were various kinds of merchandise, the now neglected wig-besom especially, and more modern implements from the great towns of Leeds and Bradford; and apart from the uproar and babel in the market, the inn-yards, and even the streets, were full of vehicles of every type and description. The hostels were busy with a bustling, laughing, burly crowd of red-faced farmers, thirsty with their journey and noisy bargaining. Wombwell’s menagerie always stood in Manor Square, filling it, as if designed for its special benefit. Aude Dick Thompson kept the ‘Blue Bell’ in the Square in those days; a fine typical figure and characteristic landlord of the John Bull type, was Dick! And just through Clapgate in Bridge Street another well-known Otley character, ‘Till Whitley,’ had his smithy. A blacksmith of the old school, in his paper hat and leather apron, the ring of whose anvil still sounds in the memory

of the older generation of Otley people ; Whitley was ever ready at call, when the cry for help arose in cases of drowning, and many a life has Till Whitley saved from the relentless clutches of the Wharfe.

The three typical faces, in the annexed picture, are those of Broom Robinson, Harry Shaw, corn miller, and Jim Robinson, fish watcher, well-known characters in Otley forty years ago. The trio were almost inseparable companions and thorough sportsmen, and seldom missed going to the hounds'



BROOM ROBINSON. HARRY SHAW.

JIM ROBINSON.

meet at "Harrad Brig" (Harewood Bridge). The old sexton, W. Daphane is another well-known figure ; he had placed a great number of mortals in their narrow bed before his sands of life were spent. Another memory of forty years ago is old Timmy Thackray, a notable fly-fisher ; few were more skilful in the gentle craft, and none knew the pools where the fish lay better than he. All the Otleyites, past middle life, will remember the quaint figure of old Tom Mecca, "fra t' west end." Tom was by habit very near and saving, and it was a sorry day for him when he left his butter basket standing a few moments in the Black Bull yard, to find on his return the old sow, who had been prowling around for dainties, had swallowed all his butter, even to the cloth which covered it. Foremost among the worthies, who regularly came from Washburndale to Otley market in the old days, one name must suffice, that of old Harry Newsome, of 'Snawd'n' (Snowdon) Beck bottom, a singular character. Equally remembered is his old mare Fanny, who was wont to follow her master in his wanderings about the streets of Otley like a dog.

To some extent the old state of things has gone from Otley, yet, on market days, the town still somewhat retains the garb of the past, and, as observed, extremes meet. Walker & Co. were notable printers a century



THE OLD BLACK BULL FROM THE YARD.

ago, and published both popular classics and old chap books. To-day, Otley is chiefly noted for the manufacture of printers' machinery, and for this branch of trade has a world-wide reputation.*

* As an evidence of the time from which the *Othelaga* started, it may be recorded that in March, 1888, during some excavations made on the premises of W. Walker & Sons, whose printing works are contiguous, on the south side, to the Otley parish churchyard, there were turned up with the subsoil a mass of broken pottery, human and animal bones, boars' claws, flint, charcoal, and barn slates or tiles. Among this debris, about eight feet below the modern soil level, six copper and bronze coins and a lead seal were found, one or two of them being in a capital state of preservation.

The town yet retains a few ancient houses, perhaps the most characteristic is the 'Black Bull,' dating back to the sixteenth century. The room in the yard was formerly the Quaker meeting-house. There are other quaint architectural features to be observed in cottages and the manor house, adjoining Mounsey's, the booksellers, an old yeoman house in Crow Lane, the 'Rose and Crown,' and the 'Wool Pack,' Bondgate.

The street names are a sure sign of great antiquity, and date back to the beginnings of this Saxon burgh.* Kirkgate, Westgate, Bondgate, Boroughgate, and Clapgate, the latter altered to Courthouse Street. In Gay Lane running from Bondgate (which joined the old Leeds Road leading over the Chevin), we have doubtless preserved the name of an old forester, William Gay, who held land in Otley, and whose family took their name from *Le Gue*, a ford, in the hamlet of Bilton; the word is not of Celtic origin, as one writer supposes, it is merely Norman-French.



W. DAPHANE, A SEXTON OF THE
OLD SCHOOL.

its shelves, boulders, glades, deep recesses, and groves of trees, its grassy

* In 1439 there was much bitterness shown by the men of the forest over the payment of tolls to the Cardinal of York, on the Cardinal's agent's tyranny to enforce the tolls in Otley and Ripon. Some free fighting took place, in which the Cardinal's men were worsted by the men of the forest, led by William de Plumpton.

slope specked with sheep and cattle, and the white walls of a cottage. The very top is locally known as 'Jenny's Hill,' and the house adjoining York-gate, 'Jenny's Cottage,' from whence a magnificent view unfolds. The wolds of York can be seen on the east, the wilds of Craven on the west, and the Hambletons with the White Horse to the north.

All who have travelled by road or footpath from Brimhope to Otley will have seen the almost Alpine appearance of the Chevin to the south of Caley Hall. Here, in the old forest park, is a huge mass of gritstone perched on the very edge of the bluff, and which looks as if the slightest touch would send it rolling to the valley. With the exception of the 'Cow and Calf' at Ilkley, finer rock grouping cannot be found in the district than those above Caley Hall. The uppermost of the group is poised on a tabular edge of the cliff, and bears a striking likeness to a logan or rocking-stone; formerly it might be moved backward and forward with a slight effort, yet, strange as it may appear, numbers of youths have, at different times, vainly tried to hurl it from its position. The boulder rests on a pedestal of a few inches in diameter; from its appearance we are led to suppose it has been placed in its position by human agency. As on the Ilkley rocks, it is marked by cup and ring depressions. On this steep declivity are other huge boulders :

“ Masses hung, as it
The affrighted earth had once disgorg'd and driven
Them up on high; then falling down, they lodg'd
Thus strangely, where the sweeping breeze might seem
Enough to dash them on my trembling frame.”

One is known as the 'Idol' rock, to which the Druids are said to have sacrificed, another has the appearance of a 'Dolmen,' or 'Cromlech,' which suggests to the mind that surely here sleep the chiefs of old, but for how long to remain undisturbed in this forest primeval—

“ Wrapt in the veil of time's unbroken sleep ”?

A more fitting sepulchre one cannot imagine than to rest among the rocks of the Chevin with the magnificent country around and the richest portion of the Wharfe valley below.

“ The Pagan's myths through marble lips were spoken
And ghosts of old beliefs still flit and moan ”—

places where a man must be either more or less than human if he be not somewhat impressed with

“ The great and lovely, and the poetry
And sacredness of things.”

More to the south-west, on the higher Chevin, are vestiges of a mound, which has evidently been protected with bank and fosse, and in our wanderings we find spots singularly suggestive of the round tumulus and long barrow which may possibly cover the ashes of our Celtic forefathers; all these features confer upon it a bold Paganic character, and well merit its headship as the traditional chosen place for idolatrous rites. From the Chevin



HAWKSWORTH OLD HALL.

[A. Bottomley.]

a footpath leads to Guiseley, formerly in the old parish of Otley; it is a place of great antiquity and notable for its historic significance, and fine Norman work in the church.

Further west on the south side of the Chevin range is Hawksworth, also of old in the parish of Otley. The hall is a good example of architecture of Elizabeth's reign; the rooms are beautifully panelled. This was the home of the Hawksworths from time beyond memory. But when Walter Hawksworth, Esq., of Hawksworth, acquired the estates of Farnley, the old hall of their ancestry was deserted for the latter seat.

Menston — *Maen-ston* of old—the boundary place, lies between the above hall and the river. The modern town stands on a fine elevation and commands fine views across the country. It has some historical associations; to-day it is remarkable for its extensive lunatic asylums.

The scene from the lip of the Chevin has been pronounced to be one of the finest in England : its only rival (of like character) the basined expanse of ‘the goldfields of Edenvale’ spreading suddenly before the eyes of one who, from the uplifted moor edge of Tees-head, drops into High-cup Nick above Brough, of ‘Fair’ fame. N. P. Willis and R. W. Emerson, the Americans, saw and eulogized both ; and the late Nathan Hodgson, of Yeadon, who had travelled much, often declared there was nothing finer than the Chevin panorama anywhere ! The scene in late June or August is, indeed, marvellous—as the sun is rising or setting, of kaleidoscopic character, full of beauty, of tints and tones of colour that change places like a ripple with every moment ! Trees and hedges demarcate the near and far-away squares of delicate verdant pasture, of grayer-green waving hayland, of young pea-green wheat or oat field ; one here and there gamboge-yellow with charlock, scarlet with poppy crop, bronze-purpled with mangold-worzel, or buff for the reaping machine ; according to the time of year. Woodlets and spinneys stripe the surface ; and dusty roadways of a smoky pearl reveal their presence by puffs of cloud as they twist about among the chequered chessboard like partitions in which the whole countryside seems to have been laid out, like a counterpane planned by art and filled in by nature. Detail, save at close quarters, is lost ; the whole is a harmonised ‘symphony’ of the prism, if we only include the clear or cloud-flecked sky that roofs it all.

Dropping down the west Chevin we pass over the bridge at Otley.

CHAPTER VI.

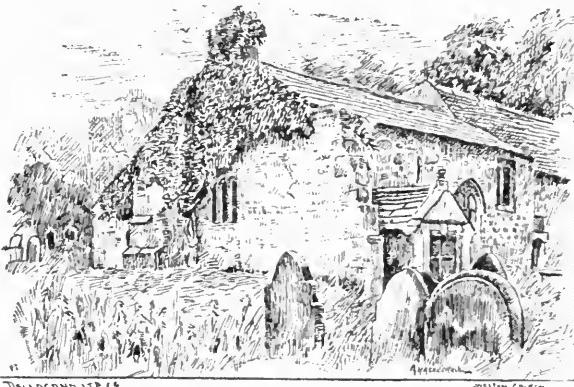
WESTON TO MIDDLETON.

FOLLOWING the road along the north side of the river, one long mile brings us to Weston Lodge. Passing through the gates we enter the sweetly undulating park; where large timbered trees sweep their branches along the soft, green turf. The road winds through a beautiful avenue, and from slightly rising ground we gaze with admiration on this most picturesque of the mansions in the vale of Wharfe. Near the side of the pretty little lake, over which the waterhens glide, is a tree of immense size, gigantic branches affording a grateful shade, most inviting on this warm July day; so we rest awhile and feast our eyes on the beauty of the scene.

There still remains the old banqueting hall, the north wing of which is in shape a half-circle, containing many windows with endless squares, and oriental roof; this wing, from the basement to the highest pinnacle, is embraced by clinging ivy. The architecture of the central portion seems a century later, yet contrasts charmingly with the antique, ivy-clad wing. The hall stands on the borders of a noble wood, which forms a fitting background to this interesting Tudor mansion.

Weston Church, adjoining, is an ancient towerless edifice of the twelfth century; one of those grout-walled structures around which the ivy loves to twine, and whose whole aspect breathes of age.* The patronage of this church

* Although the present structure only dates from the twelfth century, there are many signs which indicate that a church stood at the 'West Tun' in Saxon days.



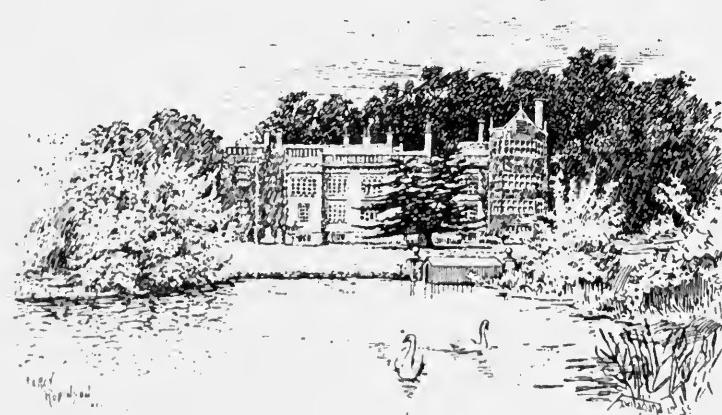
WESTON CHURCH.

A. Haselgrave.

was given to York Cathedral by Hugh de Lelay in 1221. Torre returns Weston as containing six carucates, paying $3\frac{1}{2}$ d. rent. This must have been in the time of Adam de Reyneville, dead before 1242, whose widow, Eva de Alvington, Robert de Stopham, the king's valet, married, and obtained Adam's land held by the king's grant. The church is situated from the river the length of one meadow; four aged firs adorn the south, the east massive elms; the west is sheltered by elm, beech, and ash; the north by mansion and park. The churchyard contains many lichen-covered tombs, and an ancient sun-dial.

HERE LIETH THE
BODY OF JOHN DALTON,
THE SON
OF JOHN DALTON,
WHO DEPARTED LIFE
THE THIRTEEN OF MARCH,
IN THE YEAR OF OUR
LORD GOD, 1631, HE
BEING YOUNG.

HOAPINGE FOR THE
RISERCTION HEARE LIETH
THE BODIE OF
WILLIAM CROOKE, OF
ASKWITH, WHO DEPARTED
THIS LIFE AVGUST
THE 15, ANNO DOMINI
1698, IN THE 71 YEARE
OF HIS AIDGE.



WESTON HALL.

[Percy Robinson.]

The interior consists of nave, chancel, and north transept. In Colonel Dawson's chapel, or transept, which has the appearance of a drawing-room on a small scale, is an ancient tomb, in memory of and containing the

remains of Sir William Stopham, Knt., Lord of Weston, living A.D. 1312. This knight had two children, a son and daughter; the former dying without issue; the daughter married John, a brother of Sir Malger le Vavasour, of Denton and Askwith. For upwards of five centuries the Vavasours held possession of Weston, the last of whom died 1833.*

From the road near Weston fine views of the river are to be obtained. The tapering spire of Burley Church shows out from a scene of woodland; the hall, or manor-house, stands on the south bank of the river, looking east over a beautiful prospect. One of our local rhymesters has caught the glimpse that is worth recording :

“ On Counter Hill and Woofa’s bank the summer camps prevail,
Bold eyries, whence the eagle’s glance may scan the glistening dale,
Search the Dene-tun, whose later years great Fairfax gave to fame,
And Weston where the Vavasour long urged the patriot’s claim;
And Burley, where the burglary held, whence Forster had to come,
With the ripe judgment that has sent book-lore to every home.”

An incident that must be recorded as having reference to Burley in the stone age, occurred during the time the funeral procession of the late W. E. Forster was in progress towards Burley cemetery. The Rev. James Barker and another gentleman while taking a shorter road, to gain a little ground, came upon a well-preserved stone celt, with a finely sharpened edge; the stone measures $6\frac{3}{4}$ by $2\frac{1}{2}$ by $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches, and weighs exactly two pounds. Some time previous to this, Mr. Barker had been successful in discovering in a

* Mauger le Vavasour, of Denton, who lived in the reigns of Kings John and Henry III, was one of the most turbulent of the Yorkshire barons of that terrible period from 1205 to 1214. England was then a wilderness of spiritual desolation and civil anarchy. The voice of religion was nearly dumb, the land lay under an interdict which closed the churches against prayer, draped the gilded statues of the saints in the black garb of mourning, and left the voiceless bells to rust in the steeples. He was a man of some feudal power, though at that time only just beyond the period of youth. In 1210 he made a grant of three hundred marks, and also three of the best palfreys to have seisin of his land taken from him because he neither went to Ireland with the king, nor paid the fine for not going over. In 1218 he was again in possession of his lands, though he had been involved in the disturbances which received their death-blow at Lincoln in 1217. Record says that Mauger came *vi el armis* upon the manor of John le Vavasour at Haselwood, John being on the side of the king, and dispossessed him of his oxen, corn, and all other goods found there, and, moreover, he burnt the manor and the church of the vill. From Haselwood, Mauger went to the adjoining manor of le Wodchasse and similarly plundered and burnt it. Bailiff Robert then testified that Mauger also went to Whitemeley, to the manor of Richard de Boulton, who was on the king’s side, robbed him of all his goods, and, having knocked down the houses, carried the goods off to Denton. (For further particulars of the Vavasours see Vol. I., *The Old Kingdom of Elmet.*)

Roman refuse heap at Ilkley a large number of boars' tusks, some iron weapons, and pottery of various kinds.

After the battle of Brunanberg Otley was made a *burh*, or burgh, with Burley as its western adjunct. Burley was held by the Archbishop of the king, as a member of his barony of Sherburn; and in 1312, Hugh, son and heir of Richard de Babington, a kinsman of Babington, bishop of Worcester, did service for Burley, as for the fourth part of a knight's fee. On the 14th



[*Gilbert Foster.*

A PEEP OF BURLEY CHURCH FROM WESTON PARK.

September, 1326, John de Calverley did homage to the Archbishop for the manor, lands, and tenements he held of him in Burley and Menston in Wharfedale, *juxta* Otley, for half a knight's fee, relief, ward, scutage, and suit of court at Otley. Babington, bishop of Worcester, held Menston and 'Burghly in Querfesdale,' having the wardship, we may assume, of the minor John de Calverley, and had Burley remitted to him with its mills and services on Monday next after the feast of St. Michael, 1325, by Hugh, son and heir of Richard de Babington. For a long time Burley provided a residence

for the Calverleys; in 1603 Katherine Calverley, of Burley, widow, willed to be buried in Otley Church. On the edge of the moor in the parish of Burley is the ancient hamlet of Stead; it is first mentioned over six hundred years ago, and gave its name to an important family. In 1379 Peter del Stede was the headman of Burley, of whom we may say:

“ Wel wiste he by the drought and by the reyn,
The yealdyng of his seed, and of his greyn.”

A numerous progeny of the Steads, in this district, represent Peter the headman of the fourteenth century.



Gilbert Foster.

LOOKING UP WHARFEDALE FROM THE WEST CHEVIN.

Burley Church, a commanding structure, was completed in 1842-3, rebuilt at a cost of two thousand pounds. In the vestry at the east end is an old oak pew, which was Charles Fairfax's, who worshipped here in 1644. Previous to the present church, an old chapel dating from the fifteenth century, which replaced one of very ancient date, stood on the same ground. In the church entrance is a tablet erected to the memory of William Maude,

ancestor of Thomas Maude, the poet. The vestry contains several things of interest preserved from the old chapel.

Near the Malt Shovel, in former times, the septennial feast of the 'Burley Great Pudding' was celebrated; the last pudding was made in 1787. About thirty stones each of flour and fruit were used for this giant pudding; when cooked, this huge confection was distributed from a platform under the 'Great Alm,' to those who cared to partake.



AN OLD COTTAGE, BURLEY.

The 'Aums-house' of their speech is not a vulgarised expression. In the tenth century, the word *Hollmysse* was used in the sense of 'helm-fruits'—that is, produce stored in the *healm* or barn, which was demanded before the institution of tithes by Ethelwolf in 855. How the lapse of time vanishes by acquaintance with these remote dales, a walk in which is a trip through the 'infinite azure of the past.' In most of them we may hear thatch spoken of as 'haum,' because it is a covering, just as the

barn covers and protects the fruits of the earth; the word *healm* is still applied to a barn or shed.

The village is large, well built, and clean, a few seventeenth century houses still remaining. In the back lane, south of the main street, are two of a century earlier. The occupant of one (*see picture in annexed engraving*) having taken charge of a goat during the absence of its owner, was aroused by his housekeeper during the night with the startling information that some person was trying to break in from the roof. On going to the door, the man found it was Master Billy playing antics on the thatch; the goat could not by any fair means be induced to leave the roof. However, after being well soused with water, he leapt from the land of thatch to *terra firma*.

For the present, we leave the south side of the river, and pass along old lanes until we arrive at the dreaming and pleasant village of Askwith, whose cottage homes stand modestly in orchard and garden. The place-name is simply the *Asc-vidr* (Ash),—the village and cultivation had been established before the Norman Conquest. On the wall of the old house in the village is a sun-dial, which certainly adds a feature of interest to the spot. By the house a brooklet bubbles onward :

"By banks of velvet green, where oft the bee,
That pilgrim, memory-guided, loves to roam:
For here are violets, the twin-born; some
With flowers like foam upon a summer sea."

In this neighbourhood reside several families whose fore-elders dwelt on the same spot six hundred years ago. This remarkable tenure is equalled in many places in the dale.*

Passing the village the road twists and turns under a bower of branches. Soon we arrive in the park of Denton (the Dene-tun), through which the brown waters of a stream meander to the river, seen wending through the pastures where cattle gather, some standing udder-deep in the river, where the overhanging branches form a grateful shade from the sun's rays.

In the earliest period of its recorded history Denton was one of the possessions of the Vavasours. Mauger Vavasour, of Denton, was a notorious character of the thirteenth century. On a fine elevation fronting the Wharfe stands Denton Hall. Previous to the sixteenth century, Denton and the lands around were in the possession of the family of Thwaites, passing to the Fairfaxes through the union of Sir William of Steeton to the beautiful Isabel Thwaites, of romantic marriage fame, orphan and heiress of

* In this vicinity there lately fell an immense oak of great age, locally known by name as "The last of the Vavasours."

Denton and other estates. From this match sprang all the great scholars and warriors who have made the name of Fairfax renowned in the history of our land.



[E. Bogg.]

RUSTIC COTTAGE, ASKWITH.⁷

A very curious lease, typical of many years before and after that time, was granted in 1670 by Thomas, Lord Fairfax, the Parliamentary general, to Charles Clapham, yeoman: it throws a flood of light upon life at Denton, and throughout the dale. The lands, etc., "to farm letten" were the warren and others, from "the feast day of the Annunciation of Our Blessed Lady, the Virgin Mary"—(note the period, Puritan days)—"next insueing, for dureing the tearme of twenty and one yeares," the rent of "twelue pounds of goode and lawfull money," to be paid at "the two usuall feastes, or tymes in the yeare, the Feaste of St. Michaell, the Archangell, and the Annunciation of Our Blessed Lady, the Virgin Mary, and at the Feaste of the Nativity of our Saviour, two good fat henns, and at the feaste of Pente-cost, two good fatt capons yearlyd every yeare dureinge the said tearme." Clapham also covenants to provide workmen, "to perform two dayes mowing, two dayes hedging, and two dayes shearing, without demanding

anything therefor, except meate and drinke only, or fower pence a daye in lieu thereof." Also yearly, to "bringe or cause to be brought to Denton Hall, fower horse-loades of coales, usually called pitt coales," and also "doe yearly two journeys mann and horse to such place, for, or with carriage or carriages," as Lord Fairfax shall appoint, "soe as they bee not compelled to travell further then thirty myles from Denton, and if they be compelled to lye forth one night, then they shall haue allowed them fower pence only for theire charges," is certainly a very interesting retrospective glance of life in Wharfedale.

At Denton dwelt Lord Fairfax, father of Sir Ferdinando, and grandfather of young Tom, the Parliamentary general. The last was christened in the chapel attached to the hall at Denton, 25th January, 1612, his two grandfathers Lord Sheffield and Sir Thomas Fairfax standing godfathers. The old lord, to some extent disappointed in the fighting qualities of his remaining sons, was wont to cry aloud to his grandson, "Tom, Tom, mind thou the battle; thy father is a good man, but a mere coward at fighting. All the good I expect is from thee." How amply were his expectations fulfilled when the Roundheads, led by Tom, smote the Royalists on Marston Field!

"On Marston Heath
Met front to front the ranks of death,
Flourished the trumpets fierce, and now
Fixed was each eye, and flushed each brow,
On either side loud clamours ring—
'God save the cause!' 'God save the king!'
Right English all, they rushed to blows,
With all to win, or all to lose."

A few months before his death, the old lord, expressing some fears about his grandson and the future of his house, made use of the following prophetic remarks to his son Charles: "I am thinking what will become of my family when I am gone; I have added a title to the heir-male of my house,

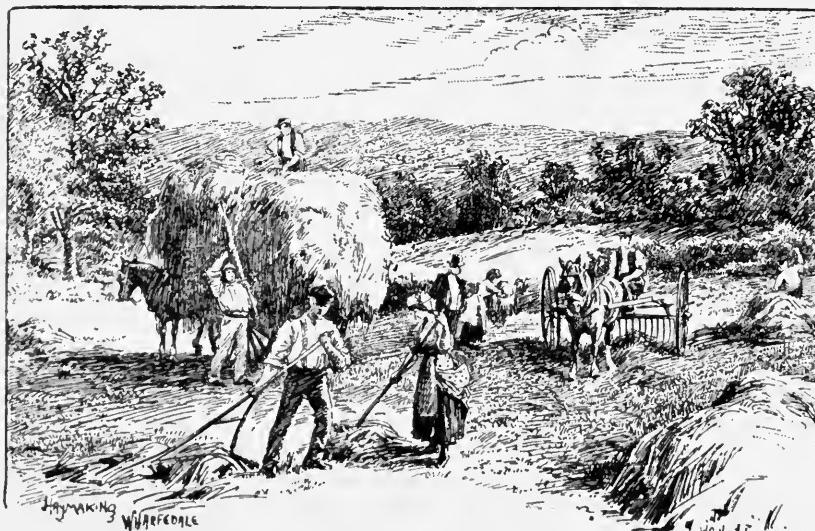


LANDSCAPE, DENTON.

[A. Haselgrave.]

and shall leave a competent estate to support it. Ferdinando will keep it, and leave it to his son, but such is Tom's pride, led much by his wife (a daughter of the Vere), that he, not contented to live in our rank, will destroy the house." By the marriage of Mary Fairfax to the profligate Buckingham, the prophecy uttered by the old lord of Denton was fast approaching fulfilment.

Prince Rupert in his march to York, by the way of Skipton, for one night lodged at Denton Hall, and it might naturally have been expected, that in accordance with his usual practice the house of an enemy would have been roughly handled. But, hanging in the gallery, was a portrait of



HAYFIELD, DENTON.

[*Gilbert Foster.*

young William Fairfax, the gallant cavalier who shed his blood so freely at Frankenthal for Rupert's mother. The prince may have reflected, too, that not only his mother, but his eldest brother, the prince elector, disapproved of his conduct, and, that, while two of Lord Fairfax's brothers died fighting for his mother, the queen of hearts, he had drawn his sword in a bad cause, without that mother's approval. Rupert of the Rhine was a soldier possessed of a brave heart, and as generous and humane as he was fiery and impetuous; he could not for very shame burn the house of the Fairfax, and he gave orders that it should not be injured. The next day he halted at Otley, and

marched thence east, with about nine thousand horse and eight thousand foot. At Denton lately resided a family named Taylor, descendants of a man of that name who was coachman to the first Lord Fairfax.

Denton Hall is a somewhat palatial structure of quasi-classic character, and occupies a very commanding position; the interior possesses features of exceptional interest, finely proportioned rooms and ceilings designed by Adams.

The pretty church of Denton stands on the north-west of the richly-timbered park, hidden on the south and east by sheltering woodland; to the north are the heather-clad moors. The interior arrangement and tone of this church all seem to blend into one beautiful harmony; the chancel



OLD COTTAGE, MIDDLETON.

window is a fine specimen of decorative-glass art. The churchyard contains a broken tombstone inscribed to the memory of a lady of the house of Fairfax.

Leaving Denton—

“Thou rural village, little known,

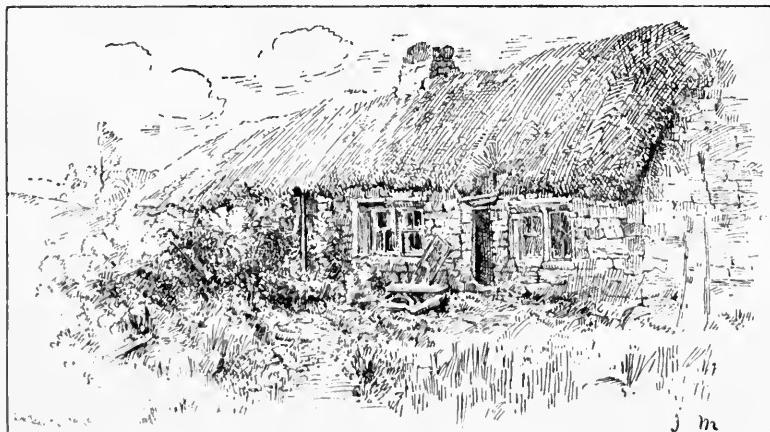
Thou once hadst warriors who could shake a throne”—

we pass onwards to the decaying village of Middleton, hoary with rustic thatch and ancient homestead.

"Their humble porch, with honeyed flowers,
The curling woodbine's shade embowers,
From the small garden's thymy mound,
Their bees in busy swarms resound."

From appearances this village has been of much more importance than now; to the artist and antiquary it is still deserving of notice, for its picturesque cottages and surroundings, and the associations connecting it with the ancestral hall and family of the Middletons. Long as this ancient and well-esteemed family have held their domain, they were preceded by a knight, Sir Patrick de Westwyk, as powerful and prominent in his day of glory as the best of his successors.

Chatting with an old lady of some eighty summers, about her reminiscences of Ilkley and district, she said: "Ah remember Ilkley when it wur only a varry little owd-fashioned place, and when Brearley began to build, we all thowt he was wrang in his heade. An' ah remember owd Job Senior, poor owd Job, he said he wer t'only man 'at could sing wi' fower voices."



COTTAGE, MIDDLETON.

[*J. Manham.*]

At the period of this good lady's reminiscences, Charles Sunnicliffe was master of the free Grammar School, and Francis Dobson, then the common carrier, journeyed to Leeds and Otley once a week, every Friday; in their days Ilkley was indeed 'old-fashioned.'

Another recluse was Immanuel Sheldon, who attended the feasts and fairs repeating long words, which he called 'scriptural.' He prided himself

on being the only person who could pronounce them. The following is a sample : "For-dora-watra-nana-shelladona-dievisia-ana." Many were the jokes played on Immanuel by the lads and lasses at the village feasts. It was this old lady who asked the writer if he had "ivver heerd ov t'owd Taverah ; ah nivver knew im mesen, but ali kuaw it's all trew abaat t'owd Taverah." Speaking about one of the Middletons being very kind, the old lady answered : " Ah nivver knew owt but good 'uns, an' me an' mi fore-elders have lived under 'em for hundreds o' years."

From Middleton the land gradually rises to the moors, and it is a fine, invigorating walk from here to Timble. How pleasant it is to sit on these heather-clad moors and scan the vale below ! Above the river are the magnificent woods of Middleton ; little Bow Beck ripples and sparkles from the high moorland through woodland glade and flower-gemmed banks to Fairy Dell.

"Down to the vale this water steers :
How merrily it goes!
'Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows."

Below us Ilkley is bathed in a golden gleam of light, with the fine sweep of moorland, where huge rocks rear their beetling brows. Here are pleasant nooks and woodland patches, sunny slopes and dells, where lights and shadows play, where mosses, brackens, ferns, and the heather-bell grow. Across the old stile and through the labyrinth of woods to Ilkley was of old a charming walk ; but the builder has been busy here, and what was formerly sylvan is now terraces of stones and mortar. More to the west is the hall of the Middletons, which has stood sentinel over the vale for centuries. On our way we pass a rude milestone bearing the following inscription :—"To Rippon, 15 M."

The private grounds of the hall contain reliques of the Celtic, Roman, and Saxon periods. A Catholic chapel adjoins, where the members of the



PATH THROUGH MIDDLETON WOODS.

family worship. After viewing the lodge we pass through a real 'hypæthral fane' place of worship; on either side are the 'twelve stations of the cross,' carved by a young Ilkley artist. At the top of this enclosure is a rough representation of Mount Calvary, partly covered with moss and ivy; inside is a triptych, finely carved, representing the Crucifixion. Unfortunately the figure of Saint Peter has been stolen by some over-covetous visitor. On the altar is the head of a Runic cross, also part of a Saxon tombstone.

Middleton Hall is the ancestral home of one of the best and oldest families of the dale, the De Middletons. Early in the Middle Ages Patrick de Westwyk and Peter de

Middleton held the place for the fourth part of a knight's fee of the

heirs of Percy. The Myddleton Quere and St. Nicholas' Quere on the south side of the church of Ilkley 'are their long-occupied burial places.' Patrick de Westwyk held these manors before the Middletons; he was of the reign of King John. Piers Myddylton, of whom there is a monument in Ilkley Church, was a celebrity in his day; he was high sheriff in 1334-5, and married the daughter of Sir Robert Plumpton.

There was a hiding chamber at this Hall, probably for the purpose of celebrating mass in secret.

For in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the celebration of mass was strictly forbidden, and the discovery of an offender in some cases meant death: hence the necessity for strict privacy. Therefore the priest was wont to celebrate mass 'in a chamber,' opening from this was



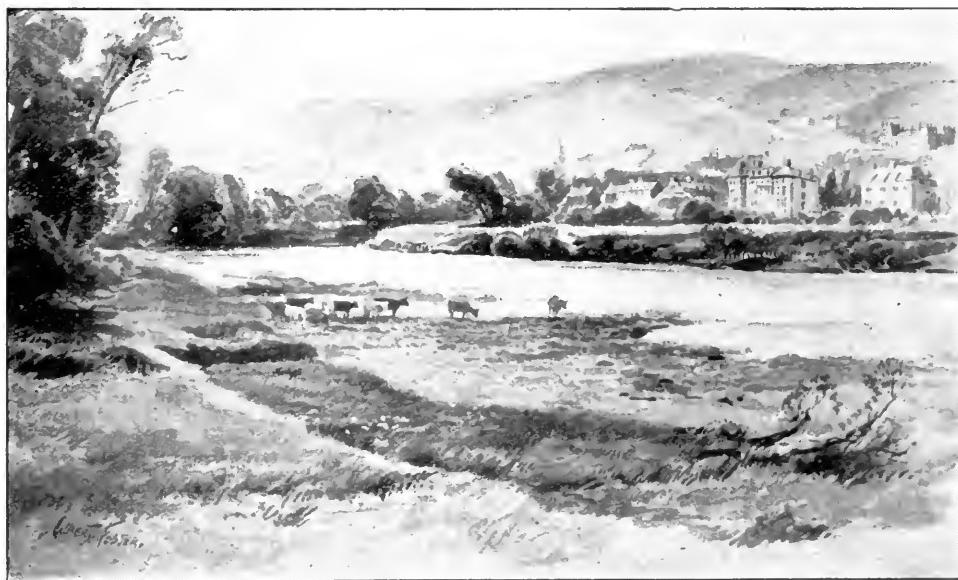
MIDDLETON WOODS.



OLD MILESTONE.

a hiding-place for retreat in times of danger, and in which were kept the vestments, missal, crucifix, and sacred vessels.

Leaving the home of the Middletons we pass into the park and gaze on the dale and moorland landscape. Near by stands an aged oak; on the slope of the opposite hill are the stately homes of wealthy merchants from the cities of the West Riding. In homely contrast, and veritably a relic of the transition days, stands out the old 'Whiite Wells,' whilst rugged headlands and dark ravines spread east and west, flanking a picture of great beauty; huge hydros, hotels, and convalescent homes show in bold relief like mediæval castles. Across the dome of heaven fleecy clouds are speeding, and the bright sun smiles down on this fair domain.



[*Gilbert Foster.*

LOOKING TOWARDS ILKLEY AND RUMBLES MOOR FROM THE WHARFE.

CHAPTER VII.

ILKLEY,

THE *Llecan* of the British, and the *Olicana* of the Romans, abounds with historic and prehistoric remains—altars, and the shafts of crosses in the churchyard of kindred character to those at Middleton and Otley. Remains of other crosses have been found in the bed of the river, all of which are pregnant with historic interest. Here, within a few yards of the church, there are traces of Celt, Roman, Saxon, and, peradventure, Dane and Norman. Yet they fade into insignificance so far as age, when compared with the ‘cup and ring markings’ which abound on the rocks in this district. As we meditate on this subject, the questions arise: Whence their origin and purpose? Who were the people who carved them? Surely they were Pantheists—the God of Nature appealed irresistibly to their imagination, uncultured as they were. Thus we mused on the subject of the ‘graven rocks,’ one evening of a glorious summer day. At noon a thunderstorm had burst over the moorland town, clearing off in the evening, and the magnificence of the sunset, sublimity embodied, every particle of moisture shining like gems through the effulgency of the sunset rays; distance beyond distance melting into beauteous mystery until the whole moorland, woods, valley, and river were illuminated with the exquisite tender tone of golden radiance, moving the soul into adoration of the great Creator. As the scene appealed to our imagination, even so it would to the races of men who carved the rocks and worshipped the sun, to them the visible sign of light, and life and love, in the dark and almost impenetrable ages of the past.

Olicana was the midway station between *Mancunium* (Manchester) and *Eburacum*. Memorials of the Latins have been found here in the shape of coins, sculptured stones, fragments of glass and earthenware, also an altar dedicated to Verbeia, the goddess of the Wharfe, by the prefect Clodius Fronto, the commander of the second cohort of the Lingones. A few years ago, in the yard of the ‘Rose and Crown,’ now in the Ilkley museum, a

grave-stone or like memorial of some Roman warrior was found, when digging three feet below the surface.

The Roman name, *Olicana*, shows a near approach to Celtic nomenclature, and in the dedication of the Roman altar to Verbeia, lies the nearest approximation to the word Wharfe that the Roman tongue could frame. Thus this devotional relic, suggesting the name of the river, carried forward from the tongue of the first inhabitants of the vale, has remained almost unchanged for at least two thousand years. The name of the town occurs in two forms, '*Alicana*' as well as '*Olicana*', the prefix '*Alic*', or '*Alk*', occurring in several other places, either once of Roman occupation, or of equal antiquity. The Latin word '*Alica*' indicated a kind of corn-like wheat.

Al-i-can or *Llecan*, the place of rocks—or the stronghold at the rocks, was a fortress well selected, and stubbornly defended by the British on the second Roman invasion and conquest of Briton under Agricola, A.D. 78-80.

In Ptolemy (the first topographer of this island), about A.D. 140-160, the name is *Olicanon*—*Oli* indicates something small and little known, rather than large and important, and *Canon*, rule or government. By the Saxons the place was known as *Ylceanley*.

Illiclia—in Domesday Book.

Hilleclala—called by William de Percy in the first charter after Domesday Book.

Illelaya—few years later.

Illeclat—few years later.

Illeclay—1220.

Yellerlaia—by one scribe.

Ilkeley—in Bolton compotus, 1290.

Yelkeley—in Kirkby's inquest, 1285.

Hekeley—in Speed's Chirography.



ROMAN GRAVESTONE, ILKLEY.

And at this day one often hears the name pronounced *Eekler*. That *Alican* or *Olecanon* was a seat of the Cymric, and must have had some designation, long, long before the Romans made their half-way station between *Ribchester* and *Eboracum*, there can be no manner of doubt whatever. All the barrows and stone circles, and the curious carving of the moor stones in what was then a wooded chase, and not merely ling-clothed moor-rig, cannot be assigned to the hand of Nature, to the dashing against them of the wings of the storm-wind, and the blind fingers of the beating rain.

We have enough indication in the word form to lead us to believe that the earliest Roman occupation of this place was of an inhabited district, and not by any means a barren wilderness. The rock markings, rude circles, and barrows distributed over the moor, bear out this idea.

Towards the end of the second century an outbreak of the Brigantes occurred at Ilkley, and the place seems to have been nearly destroyed. Castle Hill marks the site of the Roman camp, measuring about one hundred and sixty yards by one hundred. Four roads led to and from this camp (*see map of Roman roads*). It was then the station of the second cohort of the Lingones, and under the command of a Prefect (or Colonel), the Roman cohort being of the strength of a British battalion. The Colonel, Clodius Fronto, rebuilt the town in 200-10, in the time of the Emperor Severus, who died at York in 211. Its occupation by such a body of soldiery adds the glamour of historic prestige to Wharfedale. The Romans would not have kept a battalion here, unless its strength had been necessary. In the nationality of the Lingones we have an interesting circumstance. As inhabitants of the champagne district of



J. A. Sutton.

ILKLEY FROM THE RIVER.

France, they themselves were Celts, and would doubtless return the sympathy of the British tribesmen. The name of the later commander, Cargulus, carries Celtic origin in its orthography.

The Roman Dedication is but a step beyond this. The instinct of invocation which raised the altar of the second cohort of the Lingones has been transferred to Christ by both soldiery and tribesmen, and from the latter to the Angles, who accepted it from them. By the Goddess of the Wharfe, the corner stone of the church of All Hallows was veritably laid, and the evidence of that altar-stone still supports it.



[A. Sutton.]

ILKLEY FIFTY YEARS AGO.

In the settlement after the Norman Conquest, Ilkley fell to the Percys, who held it by members of their own family and not by tenants. Robert Percy, the dapifer who married Richeis, Countess of Lincoln, held it, giving two bovates of land in 'Hilleclai'a' to Sallay about 1160-70. In these bovates and other donations we have distinct evidence of ample field cultivation, the heritage from the Roman garrison who had necessarily made Ilkley a centre of commerce. The town was the metropolis of a wide area; its lords had a park and mansion there, one of whom, in 1213, to profitably regulate the traffic, procured a charter for a market and fair at 'Elkle,' the market on the Wednesday, weekly, and the fair yearly of eight days, the vigil day and

morrow of St. Luke the Evangelist, 18th October, and the five days following. This, of course, means that Ilkley was the resort of the inhabitants from far and near; of such a fair, one trace survives in the Pateley 'Rant'; another such fair was established at Embsay, afterwards rendered obsolete by the arrangements of the lords of Skipton and the canons of Bolton.

Some idea of the distribution of the ancient town of Ilkley can yet be ascertained. When Roheis de Percy 'gave two bovates' (about 1200) 'in Illeclay, with two tofts and crofts,' to the monks of *Sallay*, they were those nearest to the land which the monks have of the gift of my father towards the south, in the same town. The 'bovates' were cultivated or grazing land, the tofts and crofts their homesteads. These holdings have therefore been about the foot of Parish Gill, creeping up the hillside where the oldest



CHURCH STREET, ILKLEY, IN 1880.

Ilkley lay, until the human hive came bringing a new town, and making the old place a mere memory. From them, too, a further glimpse arises, in which we see the Roman sentries pacing the south front of their station, where the road ran on what is now Town Street, the rude dwellings of the native cultivators, who supplied the garrison with corn and provisions, being pushed back at least a good bowshot from the walls, so their houses had no command over the station. Thus, step by step, this old Ilkley may be restored.

The old hall and the church stand within the precincts of the Roman stronghold, and may have been erected from the materials taken from its walls. In the hall, which dates from the fifteenth century, this is particularly noticeable. The churchyard contains the remains of three Saxon crosses. The centre one is eight feet high; the smaller ones are much defaced, having been used as gate-posts for a number of years. All are richly carved with symbolical scroll work and figures typical of the early Saxon church. The church of All Saints contains in its south doorway a fine specimen of the semi-Norman style. The churchwarden's pew at the tower end is a relic of bygone days, being composed of old oak, panelled throughout, the upper frieze being in oblong panels, richly carved in the conventional style, dated 1633, and in good preservation. The chancel contains an old piscina, found during the alterations, and several mural brasses in memory of the Heber family, from which the good Reginald, Bishop of Calcutta, author of the well-known hymn, was descended:—

“From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand.”

To find a Reginald Heber settled here two centuries before the bishop gave to the world his thoughts and devotions, is a pleasure that the thoughtful mind will dwell upon. The greatest charm to the student and the patriot is the memory of his long dead ancestors—how much is that charm enhanced, when we of to-day can point to a forefather, who, in the past, made a name for those who followed?

The south aisle was once the chapel of the Myddeltons, where the members of that ancient race, after a life of strife and worship, were laid to rest. In a recess of the wall is the recumbent figure of Sir Adam de Myddleton, like a sentinel guarding the tombs of his family. He is in complete armour, and wears a hood and camisole of chain-mail, his head resting on a cushion supported by angels, and his feet on a lion couchant.

“In his link-mailed armour bright,
Middelton, the warrior knight,
Some five hundred years ago,
Glittering rode to meet the foe.”

A line of this ancient family afterwards became famous at Stockeld, near Wetherby. Many of them are buried in Spofforth Church. The arms of the Middletons were *Arg. a field on a canton, sable.*

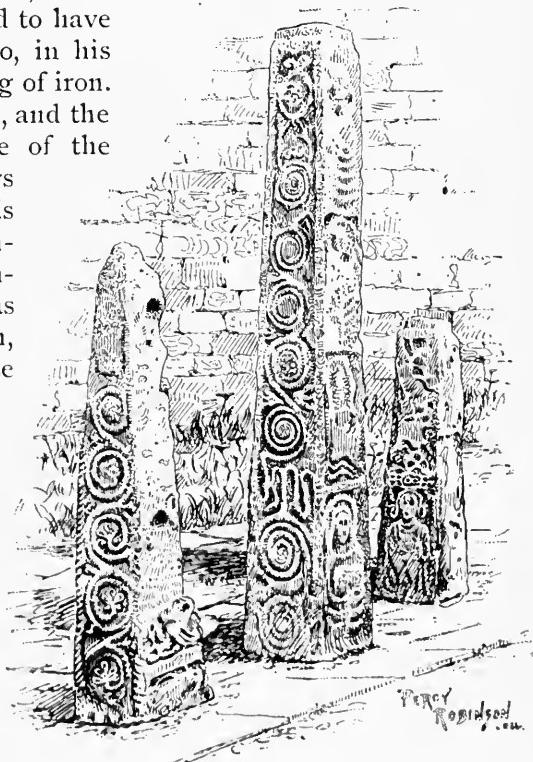
The sculptured crosses, now happily preserved in the churchyard, are object lessons of the highest importance, although opinions may differ as to

their origin and intention. The poet has said of them, and perhaps with truth :—

“Silent and lonely they stand, and mock at passing time.
Silent and lonely? No! of speech and eloquence sublime,
Emblems of power, thought, and care, that made the world to come
Worthy of every generous deed to point to the long home.”

As sentiment, we prefer the poet's view, but the dispassionate historian finds it difficult to resist the evidence that they were simply and primarily erected to mark places appointed for the purpose of barter.

Before leaving the churchyard, let us examine the gates, which are said to have been fashioned by a smith, who, in his youth, was famous for the shaping of iron. More than fifty years have passed, and the blacksmith boy has become one of the greatest preachers and lecturers the New World can boast of, his name resounding across two continents. In his memories of Washburndale, Dr. Robert Collyer has told how his father, as an orphan, was sent to labour in the West-house factory; he afterwards became a worker in iron, and his son says that he was as good a smith as ever stood at an anvil. At Blubberhouse he remained many years, married, and brought up a family, one of whom, Robert Collyer, came to Ilkley at the age of thirteen, to work as blacksmith with John Birch, better known in Ilkley at that day as ‘Owd Jackie,’ the same person with whom his father had been apprenticed. At Ilkley, Collyer found a lifelong friend in honest John Dobson, whom he loved above all others. The pair spent many happy hours poring



THE ILKLEY CROSSES.

over the best English literature, John saying: "Now, Bob, thee tak' a turn," then Bob would say: "Jack, it's thy turn."

Dobson says Owd Jackie was very proud of his apprentice as a worker, but had no interest in his love of books. Once when fixing a stove in the church, Owd Jackie spied the parson coming: "Noo then, Bob," says he, "let's be lifting an' greaning as hard as iver we can as 'e cuuns in, then mebbe we ma happen get summat 'aat o' 'im to sup."

The old veteran, Jackson by name, who keeps the donkeys and dwells at the antique thatched house, was, as a boy, a playfellow of Robert Collyer, of which he is very proud, and he quaintly told the writer, "A've laked mony a tame wi' Bob on yon' causa (causeway), but noo, de ya 'naw, he didant taw fair; you knew he used allus ta come e sike a great big fullock."

It was in the Methodist chapel at Ilkley that the young blacksmith was converted. He was taken on 'probation,' and put into 'Owd Jim Delves' class. One class night 'Owd Jim' was absent, and up spoke Tom Smith from across the room, 'Naa, lad,' addressing Collyer, 'thaan mun lead t' class t' neet; thaan can do it if ta tries,' so he stood up and led. Soon after, he preached his first sermon at Addingham, at that time the head of the Ilkley circuit. After that sermon Collyer's friends were very anxious to hear him at Ilkley. All the boys and girls and many older people were there, and the young blacksmith thought he had made a great impression. As he was going to his 'smiddy' the next morning, the cobbler called out to him, 'I say, lad, com' here; I a' summat ta say ta tha; I 'eard tha praich yesterneet.' 'Did you?' said the blacksmith, rather proudly. 'I did, an' I think tha'll nivver mak' a praicher as long as tha lives, Bob.' Young Collyer was somewhat stunned by this. The cobbler, seeing this, and being naturally kind-hearted, added: 'Nah, doan't mistak' me, Bob, tha knaws tha wants ta reason ta mich. Tha may mak' a lecterer, but tha can nivver mak' a praicher.'

Over sixty years ago, a gentleman drew up his horse near a smithy, in a Yorkshire village. On entering, he failed to arrest the attention of a boy, who seemed absorbed in blowing the bellows. Closer observation revealed the presence of a book—its pages kept open by two bits of iron—placed on a shelf near the lad's head. Each time he brought down the bellows, or released it, he seemed to catch a sentence from the book. A generation passed,—the little village had grown to be an imposing town.

Low thatched houses had made way for fine mansions, and the smithy, in which the above incident occurred, was drawing near to its day of disappearance. But before that day arrived, another gentleman appeared at the door, and inspected with some interest an anvil standing in the centre of the shop.

"How long has that anvil been here?" he asked of the blacksmith. "Why," said the workman, "it must have been here thirty or forty years."

"Well," said the gentleman, "I will give you twice as much for that anvil



[E. Bogg.]

OLD DONKEY HOUSE, ILKLEY.

as will buy you a new one." "Certainly," replied the puzzled smith; "but I would know why you want the anvil." "I will tell you. There was formerly an apprentice in this shop who used to work on it. That boy has now become a great man. Thousands love and honour him as a friend and teacher, and I wish to carry back this anvil as a memorial of the humble beginning of his life." The bargain was completed, and the anvil removed to Chicago.

Rombalds, Rumbles, Rumles, Romelies, Rumeley, Romelli, etc.,—which is it? A vexed question that antiquaries raise, but do not clear up satisfactorily. The simple and unsophisticated native, of childlike faith, will tell you, in all sincerity, Rombald was a giant who dwelt on this extensive tract of moorland stretching between Airedale and Wharfedale, to substantiate which statement he will take you up to that fine block of millstone grit, the "Cow," and triumphantly point out the giant's footmark in the face of the rock—not on the summit,—for did he not miss his foothold whilst

stepping across the valley from Great Almes Cliff? Ocular demonstration of the fact not to be traduced: that is the vulgar version. Next, the poet, Maude, in his little book, "Verbeia, or Wharfedale," a poem, imagines a Roman Consul at Olicana, named Romélius, is responsible. But this is not ancient enough for one of our Yorkshire antiquaries, who thinks the moor was christened previous to the founding of Rome by Romulus. Others



[T. Danson.]

COW AND CALF, ILKLEY.

attribute the name to William de Roinelli, the first Norman Lord of Skipton, who wrought strange deeds and left lasting footprints of his presence; which is dating it forward considerably from Roman times. But this has not brought us much nearer a solution of the name of the moor, which is of great interest. For instance, the natives do not pronounce it "Rumbles," they give clear articulation to the worth of their final letters 'ald.' The general pronunciation is "Rumwald," with the 'w' very soft. Such a name as Rumwald is a known Saxon name, and may have been applied directly after such a man. Persons bearing the name of Rumbald are not unknown

in the south of England, and there are families named Rumbold residing in Leeds. Again, the 'wald' or 'wold,' denoting a wild, hilly country, is not unknown to us, and why should it not have been applied here? Romwald is Norse, from *Raumr*, who, tradition says, was a giant of great strength, dwelling on the moor, and, according to legend, fell fighting against the Britons in the final conquest of Elmet, and lies buried under a cairn on Hawksworth Moor.

There is a reason probably stronger in support of the Romwald than any yet considered. Bayldon was the most conspicuous place near. There seems to be no doubt as to the origin of Baildon—it was the 'Bale-fire' hill, and a point used for religious ceremony. We have a description of a Teutonic cremation in Beowulf's poem—which goes back twelve centuries.

"Upon the earth a lofty pile, with helm and corselet bright,
And war shield hung, as he besought, and in the midst they laid
Their noble prince, their lord beloved; and then the warriors made
A mighty bale-fire in the mound. The smoke of wood uprush'd
Black o'er the blaze and roaring flame, and every wind was hushed,
Was weeping all around; till fire consumed with burning breath
The body; sorrowful and sad they mourned their liege lord's death.

One step further in this direction—St. Romwald was the most active religious reformer and enthusiast of the tenth century. Did his name and fame ever interfere with the expiring ceremonies of the pagan Norsemen then permanently settled hereabouts? and was the name of Romwald given to this great region of barrows and cremations? Those curious to know more about Romwald will find an account of him in Baring Gould's *Lives of the Saints*.

There are vexed questions on other topics connected with this now desolate tract of moorland—far more lonely now than it was ages ago, as evidenced by the traces of early occupation still to be seen. For antiquaries have wrangled over the rocks bearing curious devices shaped by human hands cropping up out of the heather here and there; and fierce and wordy warfare has been waged in the weekly repositories of antiquarian lore over these lonely, silent witnesses. Little dreamt our ancestors, when sculpturing these peculiar cup and ring devices, that their rude notions of Art would, in future centuries, attract the critics of a refined age. The subject is deeply interesting and worthy of the most exhaustive research and patient investigation.

We look on with wonder and amazement at the results of the labours of Egyptologists, at the wonderful discoveries which have rewarded their

efforts, and the floods of light they have shed upon sacred history. How much more, then, shall we appreciate labours which add to our knowledge of our own countrymen in the remote ages? If the material be scant, the world is inquisitive, and what appears to be altogether mysterious now is not past deciphering.

The following is a wonderful instance of what has been done with very

scant material. On either side the entrance of the Arsenal at Venice stand the statues of two famous lions brought (that is, stolen) from Athens in 1687, by Doge Francesco Morosini. One is represented in a couchant attitude, the other in a sitting posture. Around the shoulders of the latter, in serpentine folds, some strange characters are inscribed. These strange characters were after a time recognised as Norwegian runes; still, with every effort, they could not be deciphered. They had been much defaced and flattened at the edges, in great part, it would seem, by the effect of musket balls, the inscriptions having probably been used as targets for soldiery firing-practice in Greece. For many years the origin of Norwegian runes in the Piræus on Greek monuments was discussed without profit, until in our own day an antiquarian, named Rafn, of Copenhagen, solved the mystery. He tried in vain for some time in Venice, and went home in despair, when one day, at a village in Zealand, a large stone was laid bare, which had on its surface some ancient sculptures, or rather scratches, representing ships. M. Rafn tried to decipher these scratches, but found them so nearly gone that no drawings could be made. He withdrew at sunset with his friends, one of whom turned back for a farewell look and was surprised to find that the lengthening shadows had brought into relief the slight irregularities left on the surface, and enabled their outline to be correctly traced. So back to Venice went M. Rafn, and obtained two large photos, at a favourable season, of the double inscription, and found to his delight that many of the vanished letters reappeared, some quite clearly. Both inscriptions are in serpentine



WHITE WELLS, ILKLEY.

folds, and are interpreted thus: that on the left shoulder runs thus—“Hakon, combined with Ulf, with Asmund, and with Orn, conquered this port (the Piræus). These men and Harold the Tall imposed large fines, on account of the revolt of the Greek people. Dalk has been detained in distant lands. Egil was waging war, together with Ragnar, in Roumania and Armenia.” The inscription on the right shoulder—“Asmund engraved these Runes, in combination with Asgeir, Thorleif, Thord, and Ivar, by desire of Harold the Tall, although the Greeks, on reflection, opposed it.” How this testimony fits in with the career of Harald Hardrada is now a matter of history which can go no further here.

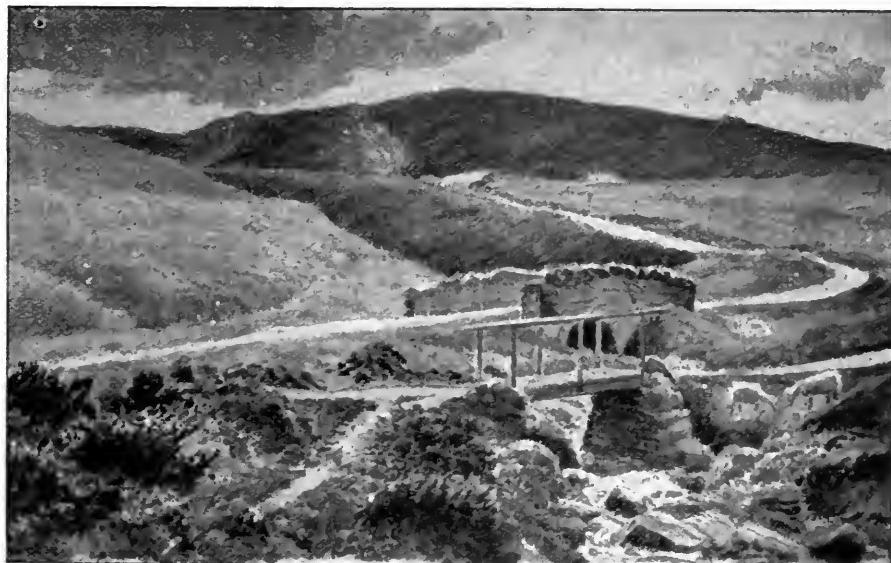
And now to go back to the cup and ring marks; a great many theories have been advanced, and I have none to add. There is a very interesting and full chapter on the subject in *Ilkley: Ancient and Modern*. The Rev. William Greenwell considers them symbolic representations, and in a large number of instances finds them connected with barrows, where the dead have been cremated, sometimes covering the deposit of bones, placed beneath it. Is it not possible that the markings on our moor indicate some adjacent place of sepulchre? Barrows have been opened containing remains of fire, bones, and ashes: but no marked stones were ever found in connection with them. Let us hope that further light will be shed upon these mysteries.

The cup and ring markings on Rombalds Moor have a close relation to the stone incising to be found in most parts of the world, and are probably evidences of a people existing, previous to the incursion of the Celtic races. The moor abounds with British remains, barrows, and ancient roads, and in this respect greatly resembles the position at Cawthorne, near Pickering, where British remains are abundant in the vicinity of the great Roman camps there. Whether attracted by the refinements of a superior civilisation, or cowering near for protection, does not appear very clear. More likely the Romans ‘pitched’ on the sites of the foe they overcame, to keep them in awe.

We turn with relief from conjecture to what is generally agreed upon, and that is, the delightful natural advantages of the moor. How exhilarating the air! We toil up from Ilkley to the highest point, one thousand three hundred and twenty-two feet, and are amply repaid when we reach the summit, and breathe “an ampler ether, a diviner air.” A bright, clear day and Ingleborough and Whernside are visible west; northward, Brimham Rocks and How Hill; the great plain of York, and York Minster itself, to the east. Standing at almost any point along the old natural wall of the Chevin and Rombalds Moor, there stretches a magnificent panorama, from

the cultivated pasture to the more romantic and sternер scenery. The billowy ridges of the moorland, and the bold outline of mountains; the scene rendered more charming by the diversity in contour of ghyll and valley, beautifully tree-clad, or the wind-swept and sterile heights of the bolder bluffs; whilst the rolling rise and dip of the brown moors in season becomes a mass of mingled colour—a delightful picture for the eye to rest upon.

We may now descend the gradual slope, and, turning our faces eastward, thread the narrow rocky valley where huge masses of millstone grit lie about



[T. Dawson.]

THE ROAD TO KEIGHLEY GATE.

'in most admired disorder' and in fantastic shapes; then still further descending, tread in the footsteps of the multitude, and from the summit of the 'Cow' feast on the prospect below: this, the most popular resort of the crowd, who display no vulgar taste in making the huge rock the climax of their pilgrimage. Immediately below nestles the village of Wheatley, officially misnamed Ben Rhydding, from that noble edifice immediately on the right.

Wheatley by its name speaks of other times and other manners, when it was the *wyte-lagh*, a seat of neutral territory, between the *burgh-lagh*, and the great station at Ilkley. The fine old Jacobean Hall, near Ben Rhydding

Station, remains as a testimony of this state of affairs ; aided by native intelligence, which still cannot avoid associating the place with power. The last story is that Cromwell slept at Wheatley, the night before the battle of Marston Moor. Well-authenticated facts prove this to be almost impossible, but that is of little consequence. In the native mind, Wheatley was a place where the avenging angel was to be found, therefore Cromwell must have slept there before he set forth to answer the 'call' for vengeance. Local tradition tells how Cromwell was staying at Wheatley Old Hall, when Prince Rupert was at Denton, neither dreaming of the near approach of the other. But how the leader of the Royalists could have tramped down the valley with his large army of sixteen thousand cavaliers, and Cromwell not known of their approach, is more than one can understand. The Wheatley Hall of the thirteenth century was that which the lawless Mauger le Vavasour of Denton burnt, when Robert de Boulton held it.

From the dwellings clustered below, the eye slowly travels up the opposite slope, richly wooded, to the grand stretch of moorland on the north side of the valley, broken into hollows and woody glens, and, turning westward, follows the slope to its highest point—Beamsley Beacon.

The broad flat surface of the Cow is covered with names and texts of Scripture, chiselled out by zealous pilgrims after their manner ; the only means, one may suppose, of transmitting their names to posterity. On the steep face of this rock the members of the Y.R.C. have found some excellent climbing, and an examination of the ledge and crack opposite the Calf will endorse the daring skill of the men who have made the ascent by that sheer cracked wall.

Turning westward, below lies the Tarn, a delightful resort in summer and a boon to skaters in winter ; still further along the boundary line of the moor, picturesque villas climb up the slopes one above another, and we see the road winding up Weary Hill and branching off to Heber's Ghyll, where flows the famous spring said to impart an extra brilliancy to the complexions of the ladies who are induced to use it.

In October, 1892, the Local Board of Ilkley purchased the manorial rights : to the thousands upon thousands throughout the country acquainted with Ilkley and its beauty-spots, this action on the part of the Board was welcome, especially to those who had knowledge of Heber's Ghyll and its chalybeate stream. Forty years ago the very existence of such a place as the Ghyll in Ilkley was almost unknown to outsiders ; it was not until 1883, when the valuable medicinal spring was discovered. Since then it has

gradually grown in favour, so much so that, whereas it was formerly visited only by the score, it is now inspected by thousands. A never-failing stream of clear, cold water gushes down the channel, forming frequent cascades as it dashes over the huge boulders confusedly scattered on the hillside. The scene has a wild beauty all its own, which continues to haunt the memory long after the eye has ceased to dwell upon it.

Dr. Collyer writes :—

Living so far away, but still so near, where all nearness counts, I have been scared more than once at the rumours which would float over to us that there was some latent purpose of enclosing the Moor, and barring out the folk who love to ramble there, as I have done, and drink in its wild and ever-fresh delight; but I drew a long breath when I read the good news, and said, ‘Ilkley is all right now, and need only guard wisely what she has taken into her own keeping, and that she will do.’ The time was well within my memory when the Old White Wells held the first place, and many a plunge I have had in them of a summer Sunday morning before breakfast. But the new time has brought the moors and uplands to the front, and the ‘Old Wells,’ as we say, ‘have taken a back seat.’ Thousands come who do not care for the baths; they want to breathe the fresh air, and wander far and wide to drink in the beauty of that great landscape, about to me the loveliest in all the world; and to go free, as the Indian on our plains.

A rare, lily-like plant, the *pyrola* or ‘wintergreen,’ grows (or did a few years ago) in Heber’s Ghyll, which is also rich in other wild flowers.

Immediately below the Cow three very fine trees welcome the cuckoo every spring—we hear a strange drumming noise overhead, caused by the rapid gyrations of the snipe; or the jarring note of the fern-owl, which lays its two oval marbled eggs on the bare ground here; the *sneep* of the moor-tit, restlessly flitting from stone to stone, is ever in our ears, and larks are soaring everywhere, raining a flood of melody from the blue empyrean. Clambering down the surrounding rocks, past the Calf (a huge block detached from the Cow and stranded on a lower platform), in five minutes we are on the road and wend our way eastward, skirting the moor and enjoying the grand prospect of Wharfedale East, Burley, Otley, beyond the viaducts of Arthington to the richly-wooded slopes of Harewood, and after a walk of one and a quarter miles or so, just before reaching the small hamlet of Burley Woodhead, we pass a small plantation on the left which is still known by the name of “Job’s Corner.”

Here beginneth the tale of a man, hight Job Senior. He was the natural son of a man hight Hacksworth, and his mother dwelt at Beckfoot, over by Olicana. In his earlier life he had worked on the steads, ploughed, mowed, and reaped, and was accounted of great strength, but afterwards fell into disorderly ways and was reckoned a man of no account; yet skilful in the building of walls, using great stones for that purpose. When getting ripe in years he came to Burley Woodhead, and was employed by the farmers there; but his

strength waned with the weight of years, and he lived as he might—but scantily,—and was very poor and needy, until he took to himself for wife, Mary, daughter of a man hight Barrett. She was a woman of substance, and had from her first husband a goodly little stead (now called Job's Corner). She was well advanced in years, but Job overlooked this, having an eye on the goods and chattels. The match, however, was not deemed a good one by Mary's kinsmen, and the story tells how, when the woman died, these kinsmen did busk themselves for valiant deeds, and harried Job's stead during his absence, making great breaches in the wall of his dwelling, so great as could not well be builded up again. Job was a man now getting ripe in years, and being alone and poor could not go to law for this great scathe, but took it much to heart, and made for himself a miserable dwelling-place out of the ruins. There was a man hight Kolyr, he dwelt over the moor at a place hight Whale-juice Steads. In his early days he had been a skilful worker in iron and wrought mightily with his hands, shaping many things in metals. He was very learned, read sagas, and became a mighty priest. He took ship to Vinland, and there grew great in speech, shaping many good thoughts for men thereby. Like Njal of old, he, too, suffered a great house burning, but still lives to write many sagas of Wharfe Vale. He tells that Job was a man of no spirit, that he was known as a hermit, meaning thereby a dweller in caves—remote,—and further that he was a man not to be desired for companionship, and looked better afar off. Kolyr is now out of this story.

After the destroying of his stead, Job cast a meal sack on his shoulders, fastened his girdle upon his loins, and went long journeys, leaning heavily upon two staves, one in each hand, calling at many steads, and singing many songs at the drinkings, and was made much of; so that many men rode to Burley to see him, and so he increased his substance; but was unlike other hermits, in that he chanted merry staves and drank much ale to his own hurt, which, indeed, in the end, proved the death of him, in that when faring one day to Sheeptown, and feeling weary he drank ale in which men for a trick upon him did mix mischievous potions which wrought him much ill; and his strength departing, he was carried to a house of refuge at Otley, in Wharfedale, where he died, aged seventy-seven, and was buried at Burley. His kinsmen took possession of the stead, and sold the piece of land, which is now planted with trees, and the heritage of Job passed from his house for ever. Now the rest of his mighty acts: how that he always drank his water and buttermilk warm, and did eat the potatoes he grew, and never washed his body, of his four voices and the wonders he wrought therewith, his apparel, and what a disreputable old vagabond he must have been, are all told in the saga of S. Baring Gould. Here endeth this story.

The following account is of a celebrated wise man of Rombalds Moor:—

In 1770, the noted wiseman of Rombalds Moor was consulted professionally by the Kendal and Penrith carrier, who made a pilgrimage to this popular soothsayer, in order to detect a thief, who had robbed his waggon. Having asked his question, and



JOB SENIOR, THE ILKLEY HERMIT.

paid his offering, he was dismissed with this consolatory assurance, that "if the thief did not restore the property before a certain day, it should be worse for him." The carrier's report of these ocular words had a wonderful effect, and, as it happened, a beneficial result with his credulous neighbours, for believing that the seer would certainly 'raise the devil,' to revenge the wronged, and that Satan, vexed at being disturbed for such a trifle, might probably 'raise the wind in his fury,' they prevented their thatched roofs from being torn off their houses by placing upon them harrows, and other heavy articles. Early in the day fixed for the restitution, namely, March 25th, a great hurricane that did much damage took place, which served to increase the high opinion previously entertained of wise Robin of Rombalds Moor.

In leaving Ilkley, who has not lingered on the Bridge, the most picturesque stone structure of its kind in Yorkshire? From this well-known



ILKLEY BRIDGE.

bridge, the brown October tints, of which Thomson so pleasantly sings, may be advantageously viewed, and trout caught too, if the bait be tempting. There is no river in Yorkshire more delightful to attend on and wander by, or, which gives better results for the use of the rod and fly. It is a clear,

wide stream (with olive green tint tipped by white lights and iridescent sparks), full of both trout and grayling. All who visit Ilkley are almost sure to go over the bridge, around which there is the loveliest of luxuriant foliage. The north bank of the river has of late years become shorn of its former beauty; the time is not far distant when we were wont to wander over park-like landscape, and through intricate forest paths; in such a situation stood Low Hall, a typical old home, standing by the edge of the wood, the huge walnut tree overshadowing its porch, gives to the place the dignity of old time. The barn, with its long flagged roof, sagged, and green with age, has an antique appearance, but for how long these old landmarks will remain, it is difficult to say; already sweeping improvements are hemming it in, and, probably the old house will not long remain respected. People of middle age can remember the time when Ilkley possessed thirty-six antique thatched cottages, similar in appearance to the one at the end of Church Street.



LOW HALL, ILKLEY.

It is a very pleasant walk, either by footpath or road, to Nessfield; on the south side of the river stands Holling Hall—anciently the seat of the Maudes, and afterwards the Hebers. These Maudes, or Mohauts—a name Latinised

as Monte Alto—were presumably of Cheshire origin; an ancient and honourable stock, not even beneath the Romellis and the Meschines. Simon de

Monte Alto married Matilda de Romelli, sister of Alice, Lady of Harewood. Simon, and his brother Adam de Muhalt, like true Norman knights, were both fined in 1316 for a misdemeanour, as of the Wapentake of Scirac. In the same year, Simon gave land in Kesevic to Pomfret Priory. Their footing in Wharfedale doubtless came from the Harewood fee. Simon was succeeded by his son Simon; one of the two being the leading witness to the charter of 'Warin,' chamberlain of the king, son of Gerold, confirming to the nuns of Arthington the donation which Lady Avice de Romelli gave them. We have not fixed upon the exact shoot which planted itself at Holling Hall, nor the time of its taking root, but as Alice Mand became prioress of Arthington in 1484, we need not scruple to allot her to this venerable mansion.



HOLLIN HALL, ILKLEY.

[A. Sutton.]

Here or there the Mandes clung to the dale with the persistency of blue blood. William Maud of Burley, gentleman, was buried in Otley church, in 1673. Since that time they have been heard of in Leeds as timber merchants. More in accordance, however, with the *sangre azul*, and earlier in point of time by some five centuries, we find Galfrid de Monte Alto in possession of the third part of the town of Lelay (Leathley), holding of the Earl of Albemarle.

Between Middleton and Nessfield are High and Low Austby, situated among the hills and old forest land delightful in rural seclusion, as if far remote from busy centres.

Soon we reach the village of Nessfield. The Domesday Survey says:—

“In Nacefield, Ganelbar had three carucates of land to be taxed, where there may be two ploughs, which land is held by service of William de Percie.”

This Ganelbar, the Thiane of Spofforth, owned vast possessions both in Wharfedale and the vale of the Nidd, previous to the Conquest, most of his lands being seized by William de Percy after 1066.

Nessfield is a charming little hillside hamlet, indeed a nest of clustering cottages, resting on the hollowed slope of a wooded hill, with here and there a Jacobean farmstead, cosy, solid, unpretentious, such as the hill and moors of Yorkshire can alone produce. Fairy Cottage is a quaint old structure, dating from the sixteenth century, in fact, the whole place is innate with peaceful, contented age. Below are babbling streams, glinting in the sunlight, above the trees the curling smoke of cottages ascends, impressing us with a sense of contentment and rest.

It is not improbable that in ‘Nace,’ as in ‘Knares’ of Knaresborough, we have a variant of the word ‘Cnorres’; the first fixed settlers in Nessfield being Celts; but the usual derivation is *Nes*, old Norse—a prominence, a nose.



The manor house of Nessfield was a seat of the Percys. Sir William Percy was granted a license to have a chapel in his manor house of Nessfield, on condition of supplying the altar of Ilkley Church with a pound of frankincense yearly. In 1322 Sir William settled the manor of Nessfield on his son William. Sir Robert, son of the second Sir William, was a distinguished naval officer, constantly engaged in the French and Scottish Wars. So we find that the old sea blood that had come in with the Viking had not corrupted under five centuries of inland residence; five

more centuries have passed since then, and it is as pure, as vigorous, and as venturesome as when the audacious Knut bade the flowing tide obey his will. The Plumpton were resident here. A Sir William Plumpton held

Middleton and Langbar under a quit rent of a root of ginger to Sir Patrick de Westwick.

On the left of the road is a mound with an impregnable front, rising some two hundred feet above the river, being the site of a British camp named Castleberg.

*"Old Castleberg, the torrent-wasted scar,
Uprears his head where Romans met iu war."*

Many coins and Roman ware have been found here. From many evidences it is more than likely that a Saxon or Danish stronghold afterwards stood on

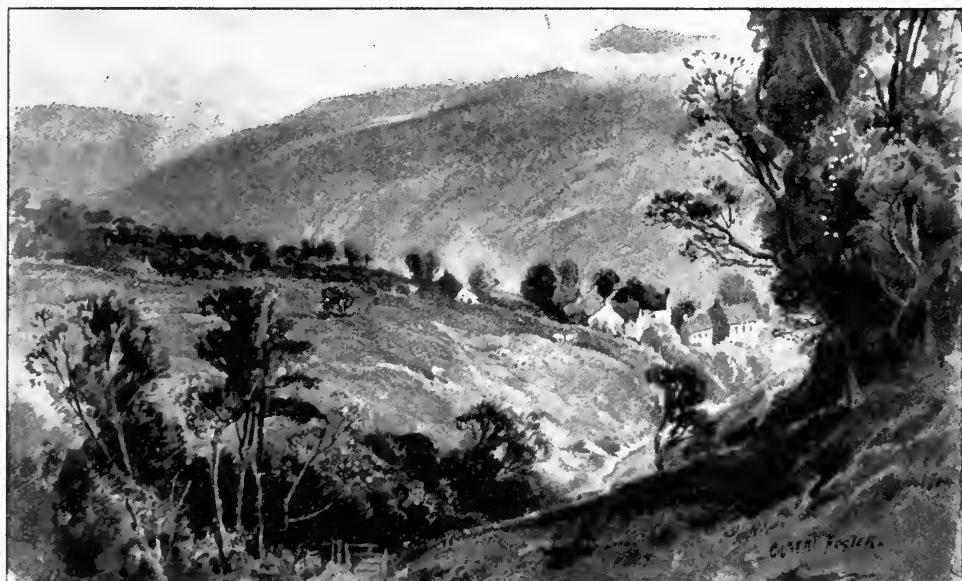


[*Gilbert Foster.*]

THE WHARFE NEAR ADDINGHAM.

the site of this camp. During the last century a large copper key, some two feet long, was found, supposed to be the key of the castle gates. From a military point of view the situation of this place is admirable, the west side with the river in front, which, after throwing its waters against the Scar, makes a bold sweeping curve in shape of a bow, completing a line of defence on the west and south; on the land side, and joining the river at each end, ran a deep trench and strong wall; traces of the former still remain.

Across the water, and seen to the best advantage, pictorially, from here, is the church tower situated by the river, and the uphill village of Addingham. Addingham was the border line between wild upland and cultivated valley, its very remoteness making to a large extent its history. As the name indicates, it was an Angle clan-station—the home of the tribe of Adda—beyond which the rule of the Celt was not disputed, until the advent of the Norsemen in the ninth century.



[*Gilbert Foster.*

THE VALE OF BEAMSLEY AND THE BEACON FROM THE GLEN SOUTH OF ADDINGHAM.

The church of St. Peter, a rectory anciently in the patronage of the Vavasours and Rythers, has some of the Norman arches of the earlier fabric still intact. One quaint feature is the picturesque footbridge over which people cross as their nearest way to church.

Since the railway was extended, and a station built here, the town has become more flourishing.

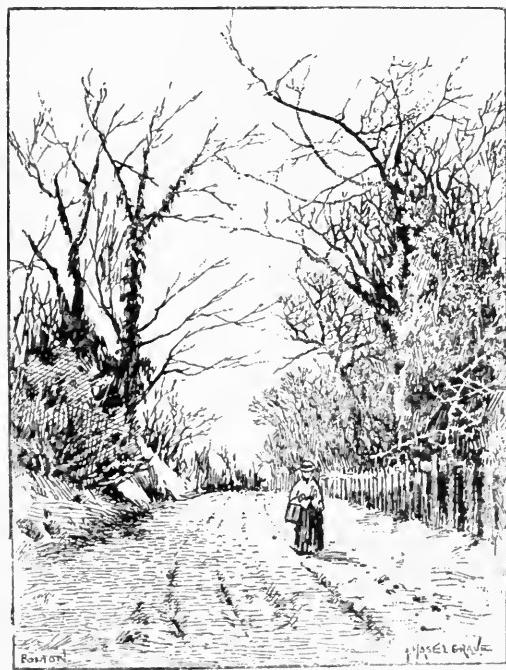
A mile west of this place are several barrows and other earthworks; the latter are the outcome of the struggle between the Anglians and the Celt.

At Cringles, a short distance from Addingham, is the site of two camps, and it commands views both into Wharfedale and Airedale, and a Roman

road, traces of which can still be seen, crossed south of the town by way of Streethouses, the first half of that name marking its track. From hence the Beacon, Hazlewood, Storriths, Beamsley, and Kex Beck can be viewed to advantage.

From Nessfield the path leads us through woods which slope upwards on our right into the sequestered dells which intersect the moors of Langbar and Howber; here situated pleasantly stands Currer Hall, an antique-looking seventeenth century mansion. On the opposite side are farms, meadows, and the shimmering tree-shaded Wharfe, beautiful in rich translucent brown, every stone and pebble standing clearly forth in the water. The road to Bolton is very interesting, either by woodland or river bank.

Half-a-mile from Bolton Bridge is a picturesque ravine down which a tiny stream meanders past interlacing treillage and rank vegetation. This glen was the late Duke of Devonshire's favourite walk. But it would be vain to attempt to describe all the beautiful spots on this reach of the river; the eye must perceive them, and the soul realise all the glories to understand it.



THE ROAD TO BOLTON.

Still following the narrow cartway, bordered by old stone walls and rustic fences, in springtime wild windflowers, primroses, and violets bloom; beside babbling streams and sparkling rills are grey lichen and ivy-covered trees; through such scenes we reach the old village of Beamsley; in Norman days in the possession of the Mauleverers, from which it passed by marriage to the Claphams. History says that John de Clapham, who took part in the Wars of the Roses, struck off the head of Jasper, Earl of Pembroke, in the porch of Banbury Church, where he had sought sanctuary from the fury of his enemies. The bloodthirsty Clapham soon

after paid the penalty of this ferocious deed; he was beheaded at Southampton by the Earl of Worcester, nicknamed the 'Butcher,' whose head was also soon after severed by the axe of the executioner—

“ When on the noblest of the land
Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand.”

BEAMSLEY.

The ancient name of the place was Bethemslay, ‘the fourth parte of which town William Mauleverer held of the Lord of Skipton, who held it of the kyng, and John Mauleverer held the fifth part for half a knyght's fee of



(E. Bogg.)

A RUSTIC COTTAGE, BEAMSLEY.

the heires of Percy, who held it of the kyng.’ The Mauleverers were a famous family, though they did survive under a nickname, given because they were ‘bad hare-hunters,’—*Mali-Leporarii*, as the solemn monkish chronicles will have it; but they did notable things in other walks of life. They preceded the Claphams, who are buried at Bolton Abbey, ‘bolt upright.’

Helto Mauleverer was one of the witnesses to the original charter to Bolton, so their position at that time was one of importance.*

Concerning the Claphams who came into Beamisley, as the complement of a previously husbandless maiden, the romances of the pedigree makers inform us that—

“Thomas Clapham, who married a daughter of Walter Calverley, was descended from Jonas Clapham, third son of Alphonso, duke of Lorraine, sixth son of Pharamond, king of France, and had given to him by one of our Saxon Princes, Clapham, near Lambeth.”

There is a deep drop in nomenclature from Alphonso and Pharamond to the homely Thomas. However, notwithstanding the strain of lowly names, Jonas Clapham, losing his lands for opposing the Conqueror, came north, discovered Clapham—presumably while seeking a cave in which to hide himself from the implacable Conqueror—where he built a tower and the town. Then after centuries had fled, Thomas of that ilk married Margaret, daughter of Walter Calverley, in 1442. They were the parents of John de Clapham, ‘that fierce esquire,’ whose ferocity has rendered his name, as written by the pen of Wordsworth, much more famous than the blood of Pharamond ever did. John was a general in the army of Warwick, the king-maker, and a vehement partisan of the house of Lancaster, who, two days after the battle of Danesmoor (fought 26th July, 1468), beheaded, with his own hands, Jasper, earl of Pembroke, in the church porch of Banbury. Wordsworth alludes to this in his *White Doe of Rylstone*.

Pass, pass who will you chantry door,
And thro' the chink in the fractured floor,
Look down and see a grisly sight,
A vault where the bodies are buried upright;
There face by face, and hand by hand,
The Claphams and Mauleverers stand;
And in his place, among son and sire,
Is John de Clapham, that fierce esquire,
A valiant man, and a name of dread,
In the ruthless wars of the White and Red,
Who dragged Earl Pembroke from Banbury Church
And smote off his head on the stones of the porch.

* A long retrospective glance gives an insight of the worth of these Mauleverers. When in 1326, the Priory of Bolton was arranging its tithe-interests in the parish of Skipton, it had to except the oblations, tithes and mortuaries of Sir William Mauleverer, his heirs, free-holders, and their own proper families. The Mauleverers were the founders of the Priory of Allerton Mauleverer, given to the Abbey of Marmontiers at Tours in France, by Richard Mauleverer, and confirmed by King Henry II.; on not a few critical occasions their hands have guided the affairs of this country when stern resolution was urgently required. They

The Claphams left Beamsley Hall early in the sixteenth century, and afterwards settled at Hunslet Hall, about 1588.

Beamsley, a delightful rural village where the memories of past generations linger, is still a place where the weary man of business may recruit his health, and rest his tired brain amidst the repose and beauty of its surroundings. High above towers the Beacon, in front are the brown waters of



[*Gilbert Foster.*

OLD BEAMSLEY.

the hurrying Wharfe. The quaint and curious arched bridge formerly spanning the stream, Kex Beck, has been replaced by a new structure. Resting near the walls of fallen cottages we listen to the thrush pouring forth his melodious song from the branches of an adjoining tree, and the

have several times served as sheriffs of Yorkshire. Sir Richard Mauleverer, Kt., the second baronet, was son of one of the men who signed King Charles' death warrant. It was fitting that they who married the daughter of such a race should be of the heroic mould; such as John de Clapham, the fierce esquire, was in his day.

warbling music of the blackbird comes from the copse beyond the meadow; from the rookery the noisy cawing of rooks is heard; down the peaceful vale floats the murmuring hum of the mill-wheel's song.

"Listen to the water-mill all the livelong day,
How the clicking of the wheel wears the hours away."

In the meadow lambs are full of frisk and gambol. If it be late spring, swallows skim along the surface of the stream; near us a little wren hops and chirps, not appearing in the least afraid.

"While from the hollow oak, whose naked roots
O'erhang a pensive rill, the busy bees
Hum drowsy lullabies."

How serenely Beamsley sleeps in these days of assured peace and greater happiness; little left now to suggest the storms and strifes that have agitated it! There is now little occasion for fierce esquires to guard its serene wildness; as the resort of those who seek solitary and scenic enjoyment, its own worth protects it.

The Domesday name of the place is 'Bomeslai'; it is also written in a less intelligible form, as Bedmeslaia.

There is an old tradition respecting this spot which tells that a large city once stood in the valley of the Wharfe hereabouts, but, on account of the wickedness of the inhabitants, it was swallowed up; similar to the fair cities which once stood on the sites of Semerwater and Gormire; but, unlike the latter, no lake spread above the sunken city: the earth opened its mouth, and the city and its inhabitants passed into oblivion, leaving no vestige to tell of its former presence.*

Towering high above this sylvan spot, and the most prominent object in the landscape, is Howber Hill, better known as Beamsley Beacon; in the time redundant, Howber Hill, which fixes the spot, and transmits the identification of it to our own times. The initial 'how' we may take as the Angle expression, the 'berg' was in time added by the Norsemen, and then came the later English 'hill' to complete the explanation—all these words having the same meaning. If we could only find the Celtic *tan* or *tyn* (what takes fire like tinder), what a complete linguistic chain we should obtain!

"The lurid blaze that calls forth matrons' wails,
Then war's fell light the peaceful gloom assails;
When to their cots the startled children fly,
And wrathful men the ruthless glare espy."

* This looks like a popular version of the Craven volcanic upheaval, derived from physical features which the rustic mind cannot understand as having occurred long before man peopled the dale.

A tramp to the summit, where, in olden days, blazed the beacon, fed with the dry dead ling, will more than repay the pedestrian. A stiff hour's pull from Bolton Bridge brings us to the top, where a grand scene enfolds. Far up the vale, the Wharfe, like a silver-winding serpent, flows between mountain slope and rocky woodland, past hoary Priory and ancient ferry, ever onwards it can be seen gracefully flowing past many a town and village,



KEX BECK.

[Edmund Bogg.]

until its mazy course is lost beyond Otley's rugged Chevin. On the slope of the adjoining moor stands picturesque Ilkley, the health-giving breeze wafted to its doors from the heather-clad hills. Further down are Burley and Otley, and the smoke arising from the busy centres in the opposite vale. Eastward, the eye wanders over moor and crag, beyond Ormscliff's giant rock, to the mighty minster and stately towers of York. North-east are the hills and moors of Pateley and Brimham; westward, amongst sheltering

fells, is ancient Skipton ; to the north-west, dimly loom the mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

Around this magnificent prospect are beauteous vales, extensive moorland, rocky steeps and pine-clad hills, winding roads ; tarn, reservoir and river glinting in the sunlight ; high over all, hill rises above hill like the pack clouds of sunset in the sky.

From the sides of the beacon flow sparkling rills, forming deep, sequestered vales, where nature is adorned in richest garments. Here, shielded from the biting blast the primrose blooms, and early flowers of spring first burst their petals. In such dells are found many sweet glimpses of nature, which have a soothing effect on the mind of the traveller, hiding themselves, as it were, from the gaze of the vulgar, and the noise and rush of the busy world. Passing along such a dell we arrive at the important tributary called Kex Beck, which rises on and drains the high moorlands between the Washburn and the Wharfe. Along the course of this stream is a mixture of wild grandeur, charming woodland, and pastoral beauty. When first we traversed its banks, and passed through the woods of Dearstones, its varied charms much impressed us ; the woods were then leafless, the spring flowers hiding their petals from the cold blasts of April. In July the change is wondrous, the woods are a perfect labyrinth, forming intricate bowers over rippling stream and shimmering pool, where glides the speckled trout. It is the time of haying ; the scent from new-mown fields, and the perfume of the woodbine and wild rose are delicious ; whilst fern, foxglove, and many other flowers add to its charms. North of the woods, near the hamlet of Dearstones, is a large rock, whose weight cannot be less than one hundred tons ; half of this rock has been cut asunder and removed for building purposes in this district. The late Duke, it is said, put a stop to its destruction.

How tenaciously the old names linger in these remotenesses, and the old features stand forth in full maturity, which we hope will be long before it enters upon the season of its green old age. In 1326 the Vicar of Skipton obtained the tithes of the mills of Bethemsley and of Draghton, and the sponsals of the forest and 'de Parcaria' (excepting mortuaries of the Lords of the castle of Skipton), and of all the tenants of the said religions on this side of the river of Kex becks, and excepting all tythes in Skipton park and in the forest. So it is in the easiest revival of the past that we are left to number the centuries of scenes enduring, while only man has changed, and that in an improvement of condition. 'Kecks' are the dry hollow stalks

of the hemlock and such plants. The word is yet living, though perhaps not in such use as when Gilbert Pilkington, a north countryman, as is evident by his name, parson of Tottenham, wrote his merry satire upon the tournaiment of chivalry, and told how :—

“ All the wyves of Tottenham cam to se that syght,
With wyspes and kexis rysches there lyght
To fetch home ther husbandes, that were thanm trouth plyght,
And som broght gret harwoes,
Ther husbandes hom to fetch ;
Sum on dores, and sum on heck,
Sum on hyrdylls and som on creek
And som on whele-barows.”

The whole being a scene which the neighbouring town of Skipton may often have witnessed.

Like the crags at Cragg Hall this mass of rock has been the origin of the hamlet. In the days of the Conquest, dissatisfaction and conspiracy, each of these crags has been a rendezvous where vengeance has been plotted, reprisal determined upon, or attack matured. The word ‘Dear’ or ‘Deer’ in this instance represents the Celtic *Dur*—water.

In the descent of the stream of history and the development of local affairs, this snug little nook has escaped even passing notice. The remoteness and obscurity referred to in its origin are as much its distinctiveness now as they were then. To any young poet sighing for touches with simple nature, we would recommend Dearstones as the haven of his desires. From Storrihs Hill and Hazelwood there are delightful vistas into the storied valley.

Some three-quarters of a mile beyond Bolton Bridge stands Beamsley Hospital, a place where the aged sisters are cared for. The building is circular, with a chapel in the centre, the rooms radiating from it; other cottages adjoin. The inscription over the entrance porch says :—

“ This almes-house was founded by that excellent Lady Margret Russell, Countesse of Cumberland, wife of George Clifford, third Earl of Cumberland, 1593, and was more perfectly finished by her only child, the Lady Annie Clifford, Countesse-Dowager of Pembroke, Dorsett, and Montgomery. ‘God’s name be praised.’ ”

Between the hospital and the bridge at Bolton, there can be found ample interest both to the antiquary and the lover of the picturesque. Passing the ancient hostelry, the ‘Red Lion,’ we reach the bridge at Bolton, which is a modern erection, no trace remaining of the ancient structure, built in 1314 by Eve-de-Laund (mother of the man who was the Prior in that year). The old bridge must long ago have perished, for the house adjoining the present

bridge on the opposite bank is called Ferry House (the place of ferry), previous to the present bridge being built. Portions of the walls, in many places two yards thick, date back over four centuries. Formerly, the house was divided by a thick oak partition, finely carved, the frame of which has been removed; the original top beam still remains, bearing the following inscription, carved in the solid oak :—

“Thou that passys by thys way,
One Ave Marie here thou'l say.”



Gilbert Foster.

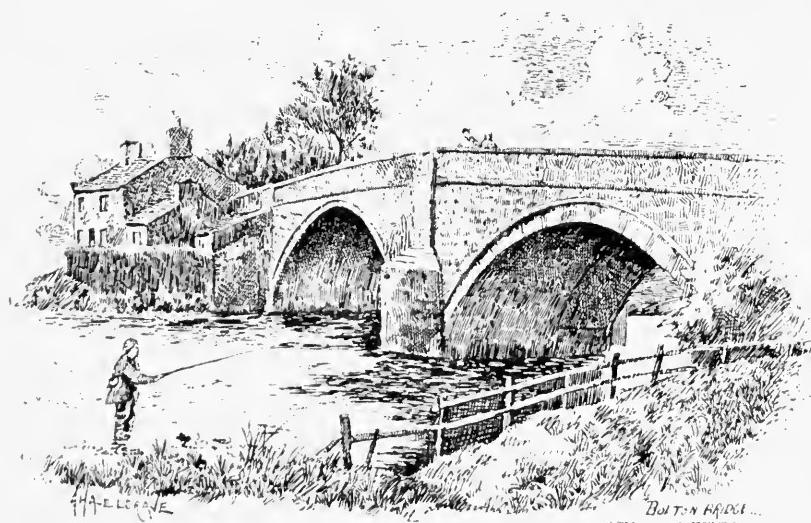
HAZELWOOD.

In monastic days this house has also been a chantry or chapel, which were often placed on or adjacent to bridges and ferries; the thickness of its walls and the strength of its foundations have prevented disaster during the time of high and raging floods.

We are now standing on historic ground. In the pasture land known as ‘Bridge’ or ‘Town’ Field the fiery Prince Rupert encamped in the last week of July, 1644, when on his way to York, and from thence to Marston

Moor. The site of the camp, it is said, was in a field of ripening corn almost ready for the sickle, emblematic of the fall (says one) which awaited the soldiers of that impetuous commander. The large elm, under whose shade Rupert and his staff dined, was standing nigh two centuries later.

"Prince Rupert has come, and the fame of his speed
Has spread with the breeze 'twixt the Aire and the Nidd;
There's foam on their steeds, for they travel in haste,
Who ride with the Prince, if they will not be last;
They climb the wild steeps of the dark Clitheroe,
They raced o'er the moors on the track of the roe,
They feasted in Skipton till dawning was nigh,
Then dashed to the Wharfe like hounds in full cry.
Then give them gay welcome from rampart and keep,
They'll sup in Knaresbro', in York they will sleep."



BOLTON BRIDGE AND FERRY HOUSE.

As we know, Cromwell managed to turn the tables on the above Rupert and his army, and then we have :—

" 20 August, 1648.—After the conjunction of that party which I brought with me out of Wales, with the northern forces about Knaresborough and Wetherby, hearing that the enemy was advanced with their army into Lancashire, we marched the next day, being the 13th of August, to Otley, having cast off our train and sent it to Knaresborough, because of the difficulty of marching there through Craven, and to the end we might with more expedition attend the evening's motion; and on the 14th to Skipton; the 15th to Gisburn; the 16th to Hodder Bridge over Ribble, where we held a council of war"—

to be followed by Preston battle. When the tidings of this ‘wonderful great success’ reached Prince Rupert, he was with his fleet in the Downs; he incontinently made off to Holland, ‘entered the Hague in thirty ships,’ and gave up his military pursuits. For Rupert the Reckless there was to be no more supping in Knaresborough or sleeping in York: the likes of him, with all his impetuosity and courage, were not the men to play long with Cromwell and Fairfax.*

Nearly a century ago, Joseph Gill, of New Hall Farm (where his ancestors have dwelt for four hundred years), turned up five cannon balls, when ploughing in the fields: query—How came they there? Have the balls been fired from cannon during Prince Rupert’s visit? There are other relics here, in shape of handmills, etc., and Mr. John Gill, the present owner, has in his possession, apart from old documents relating to parish affairs, agreements and wills, etc., a list of men called up in this district on the expected invasion of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Just below the bridge at Bolton a stream empties into the Wharfe, taking its rise on Eastby Moor; passing the village of Eastby from the meadows, looking very pretty: only its silent mill and broken windows are a picture of desolation. To the right lies Embsay, where a priory was founded by William Meschine, 1120. The canons, thirty years later, besought their first patron’s daughter, Alice, to build a priory in the more secluded vale of Bolton, within sound of the murmuring Wharfe.

The chief features of the village of Embsay for the antiquary are to be seen in the doorways, lintels, windows, late Jacobean and Queen Anne periods. The church is a new structure, and contains a good example of a Gothic screen in oak. A beautiful Georgian mansion reposes in quiet dignity under the moor.

Embsay Kirk doubtless registers the earliest religious foundation of this district, and was due to efforts of the Celtic church, and one of the most celebrated fairs or ‘wach,’ ‘wake,’ in Craven, in memory of St. Cuthbert, was for centuries kept alive here. On these ‘wacis’ (to wake) so called, or festivals of the church, the ‘Give-ale,’ was usually distributed from the church porch to the poor. On such festivals or fairs, the people remained wassailing in the churchyard, until from merriment it became a scene of awful tumult. Regarding this fair, and also his hunting rights, the Prior was called upon to show how he claimed free warren in Boulton, Kildewyk, Stede, Riddinges, How, Halton, Emmerseye, Esteley, Marton,

* 1643.—It was during Mr. Cottom’s mayoralty that Prince Rupert passed through Preston ‘in a hostile manner.’ Finding the authorities not favourable to the Royal cause, he took the Mayor and his two bailiffs (William Satten and James Benson) prisoners, and confined them for twelve weeks in Skipton Castle.—*History of Preston Guild.*

Scorthes, Wiggedon, Brandon, and Rither, and free chase in his woods of Berden, Spectes-howe, and Priourhawe, and fair and toll in Emmeseye without leave of the king. He answered by charter of King Henry III , 1256, granting to his predecessor and the Canons of Boulton in Craven, free warren for ever in all their domain lands above mentioned, and in Crachow, Malgam, Wyntewith, Strete, not being within the bounds of the king's forest. All the other tributes contained in the writ he claims from of old. As to Embsay fair on the vigil day and morrow of St. Cuthbert in September, he places himself *super propriam*. The king's advocate accused the Prior of increasing his hunting bounds over lands acquired later than the charter. The fair at Embsay he ridiculed, 'it was only a congregation of men called wach,' who came down from the hills, so the Prior arranged a fair there, and unjustly took toll.

Following up the old Fell Lane, where the wild rose and red campions bloom, from hence we climb to the summit of Embsay Crag, where York-shiremen may feel justly proud of their county—its varied character, its hills and dales, which appeal with irresistible force to their imagination, and unquestionably a factor in forming that manly and sturdy character for which they are famed. To be seated on this crag and view the landscape, is to be deeply impressed with the phases of scenic effect blended into the distance; as we look southwards we see Embsay nestling at the bottom, its huge limestone quarries denoting the staple industry of the place—to the right, the town of Skipton and its castle, full of historic associations. To the left, the old beacon hill and Ilkley (the *Olicanon* of the Romans), and other objects of deep interest to the antiquary and naturalist, the geologist, and lover of grand scenery.

The Halton Crag and Gill becks, which, having joined near Hambleton rock, flow as one into the Wharfe, are quite five miles in length. One rises above Crag House and flows more west than south for a mile before passing under the Skipton to Bolton highway, east of Far Skibeden at 'Holy Well' bridge; here a spring of repute (as the name tells) adding its living water to the beck, from which spot it at once swirls about and runs due east through Draughton bottoms. Curiously enough, in the tree-shaded gill here, in the dim, damp, mossy recesses by the water, and also in the gill wood of the stream's other branch, that shy, sacred, but native flower of the lily tribe, the Yellow Star-of-Bethlehem, grows freely, and can be seen when its flowers are open: these being green on the outside, and the leaves grass-blade like, are not easy to see at other times. Its six-spoke flower-wheels were first detected in 1893 by Mr. T. W. Edmondson, a Skipton native, now a Professor in the Columbia University of New York.

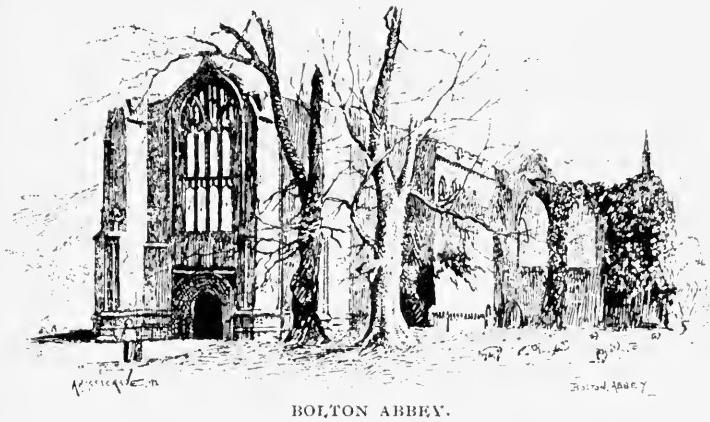
Passing onwards, other little rills swell the larger stream. On the right, perched on the slope of the hill, is the hamlet of Draughton, its whitewashed

walls contrasting with grey, sombre-toned roofs, and the dense green of the woods. A few hundred yards to the left from the Skipton road stands

Halton East, an old-world hamlet, very picturesque, and plentifully adorned with graceful birch and other trees. One old cottage is particu-

larly worthy of notice (although many claim our attention) for its antique porch, around and over which the ivy clings in close embrace. In this porch are curious nooks and niches, all of which had their use in the old days. It is the Sabbath—perfect peace prevails; with the exception of a few lazy dogs basking in the sunshine, and the sound of chirping birds, life and sound are absent.

The quarry, near Bolton Abbey station, affords the geologist a favourable opportunity for study of the mountain limestone. The contorted strata are probably the finest examples to be met with in the country; in places the layers of rock are upheaved perpendicularly or into angles or curves. The stream passes the station, and flows beneath the fine trees in the meadows, just south of the Devonshire Hotel, and immediately beyond joins the Wharfe.



CHAPTER VIII.

BOLTON.

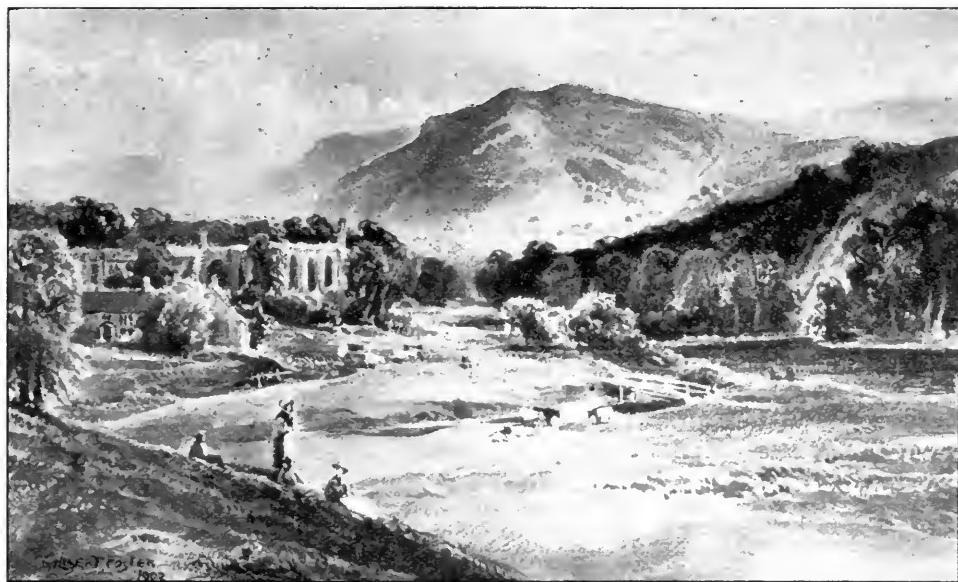
WE now enter upon a territory extending about five miles, through which the Wharfe winds, teeming with mediæval glamour, strange romance, and pathos, that has attracted the genius of men and women in all parts of the world. It is a shrine too sacred for the shouts of the multitude to disturb, spirit voices from an old world commingling with the murmuring sound of the Wharfe and the sighing of breezes through the woods. The old monkish legend of the boy Egremond, and the romantic story of the white doe, which animated the genius of Wordsworth, Rogers, and Inchbold, make the spot all the more classic and holy, and blend with the general fitness of things.

The Domesday form of the word is ‘Bodelton.’ Bosworth in his Saxon dictionary renders *Boll* as an abode or mansion, and cites “*thaer wals tha cyninges Ealdor boll*,” the word thus applied to a very superior dwelling. The early condition of the Boltons in Wharfedale entirely supports this idea. Place-names preserving the Norse *Boll*, or old English *Boll*, *Bolt*, *Byld*, are of much importance in determining the expansion of local occupation. *Bol* and *Boll* are very frequent in Danish local names, and even mark the line of Scandinavian settlements. ‘Built,’ that is, reclaimed and cultivated land, becomes an abode, especially in Norway, where *ból* answers to the Icelandic *jörd*, Danish *gåard*. The expression “*tak a boli*,” is to take a farm; similarly in Iceland, *ból* and *boali*, denote the lair or lying place of cattle, *ból* and *kvia-ból*, the place where sheep and cows are penned.

There is not to be found in England a tract of land more beautiful than the vale of Bolton. The nearest approach in scenic effect is Tintern, whose accessories are as fine as Bolton, but not its equal in combination, or in the beauty of its river banks, with their wondrous blending of the soft and gentle in the stern and wild. Rich in fertile meadows, adorned

with noble trees and deep retiring woodland, long, long vistas of the brown river hastening through them. The ruined priory church, and ancient gateway with its array of giant firs, the rich olive of the moorland, the green of the fields, the deep, silent woods and flashing river, over which the twilight broods softly, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, embrace a scene beautiful beyond description, and teeming with historic interest.

In the midst of a large forest, which stretched in Celtic days over hill and dale for many miles, was a clearing of trees: here stood the dwelling



[*Gilbert Foster.*

BOLTON FROM THE SOUTH.

of the chieftain, having around it the rude huts of his dependants. Their wants were few and simple: a patch of corn was sown, but their food was chiefly gained by hunting and fishing. Generations passed, the Romans came and went, curtailing, to some extent, the forest-like appearance of the country. After their departure the land reverted to its former condition, until the fair-haired Saxon took possession of the vale, and the sound of the woodman's axe was heard again. The margin of the river having been cleared of timber, cornfields and meadows succeeded, where flocks of sheep

and herds of cattle were pastured. In due course, the Lord of Skipton reared a hall on this spot, known as Bodeltun (Bolton). A church, with rough framed walls and timbered roof, was built. In those days wild cattle and red deer roamed the forest; in deepest recess and tangled thicket lurked the solitary boar. The eagle, and other birds of prey, swept wood and hill in search of food, while the forest rang with sounds of smaller birds and animals. In the rippling river, under the shade of the sombre forest, flocks of herons stood, statue-like, ready to strike the unwary fish. The forest glades rang with the noise of baying hounds, and the woods echoed with the blast of the hunter's horn and the call of huntsmen in swift pursuit of their wild denizens.

Centuries lapsed: the Normans appeared on the scene, the lands of the

Saxon Edwin were granted to Robert de Romille. Afterwards, by the marriage of William Meschine, a descendant of the Saxon Earl, to Cecilia, heiress of the Norman, the barony of Skipton reverted to the old lineage; this couple had an only daughter, Alicia, then married to William Fitz-Duncan, and, as the story goes, they had a son who adopted the name of Romilly, better known as the boy Egremond, who grew up a handsome youth, the joy of his mother's heart. The woods around the Wharfe, at Bar-dene, were ever a favourite hunting-ground of the Skipton lords: thitherwards, with huntsmen, young Romilly often went. In the midst of the woods is a narrow, rocky channel of the Wharfe, scooped out of the limestone rock,



Boltemley
1902

DOORWAY TO THE SOUTH TRANSEPT.

which here, for some distance, forms the solid bed of the river; through this pent-up channel the waters rush at furious speed. The narrow portion can easily be leapt, from which it has received its name of the 'Strid,' as the local inhabitants would have us believe; though, as a fact, the word 'Strid' is Norse, implying 'contention,' having nothing to do with striding.

"This striding place is called 'The Strid,'
A name it took of yore;
A thousand years hath borne that name,
And it shall a thousand more."

Tradition says that Romilly, returning from the chase, accompanied by a forester, was in the act of leaping over this fissure, with greyhound in leash: the animal dragging back, the boy of Egremond fell short, and was drowned in the seething waters. The forester saw his young master disappear in the chasm; hastening to the edge of the foaming flood in anguish, he scanned the swollen torrent in vain. Further down the river, the greyhound, the cause of the sad disaster, swam safely ashore. That night a fearful storm swept over the upper regions of the Wharfe; the floods rushed down, carrying forward the body of young Romilly. The forester broke the sad news to Lady Alicia in the following words:—"What is good for a bootless bene?" The mother, divining instantly some awful calamity had happened to her son, replied, "Endless sorrow."

"What is good for a bootless bene?"
With these dark words begin my tale:
And their meaning is—"Whence can comfort spring
When prayer is of no avail?"

Legend says that, as a monument and memorial of their son's death, the bereaved parents gave to the monks of Embsay that beautiful abbey site at Bolton, around which the river sweeps in graceful curve, and the rocky scar rises high above, crowned with wood and falling waters. No doubt the canons would rejoice at their removal from the bleak moors of Embsay to this earthly paradise. Soon

"The stately Priory was reared,
And Wharfe, as he moved along,
To vespers joined a mournful voice,
Nor failed at evensong."

The very learned tell us that this story of the drowning of the boy Egremond and the legend of the founding of the Priory is the fabrication of some old monk, who possibly discovered the main facts of the tale in some ancient Norse *Saga*, and adopted it to suit the occasion; from whence it has been handed down through the generations from sire to son. Even so the story

is far too precious to utterly discard. Science and historic investigation tend almost unceasingly to root out and cast aside old traditions, in all of which there is some germ of truth; to such it is a pleasure to pluck the ivy from the walls and leave the ruin a bare and bleached skeleton.

There are few monasteries of note whose origin are not associated with some legendary story, either tinged deeply with sorrow or pleasantly romantic. Of all such stories the most widely known and the most deeply pathetic is



THE BOY OF EGREMONT.

that connected with the foundation of Bolton. It has formed a theme for poets and artists, and it will long continue to be capable of exciting the sympathy and compassion of the multitude. It is the tale of a mother who found some alleviation of grief in devoting to the church a portion of that estate, of which the heir would never require aught save the spot in which he slept. Yet it is more than doubtful if the boy Egremont lost his life in

the seething waters of the Wharfe as described, for the chronicles state that he lived to man's estate, and was himself a party to the transfer of the lands at Bolton to the Priors of Embsay.

As we have stated, the Priory of Bolton was not an original foundation, it grew out of the College of St. Cuthbert of Embsay, founded by Cecilia de Meschine, with special reference to the fact that she and her son-in-law, William, nephew or grandson of Duncan, King of Scotland, offered the lands *per munum cultellum*, upon the altar. This symbol was chosen for fitness to its purpose; *the cultellus* was either a woodman's knife or the coulter of a plough, which is strong proof that the canons were expected to labour as well as to pray.

Robert de Romelli's daughter, the Lady Cecilia, married William le Meschine, younger brother of Ranulf, Earl of Chester, he died in 1129. Adeliza de Romelli, their daughter, became the wife of William, nephew of Duncan, King of Scotland, somewhere before 1120. The women of the house of Romelli were co-heiresses of the vast Skipton fee, reaching from the shores of the Solway to the Barony of Harewood, which it included.

The influence out of which the foundation of the Priory of Bolton grew was that of Archbishop Turstuns. In 1120, William le Meschine and the Lady Cecilia, his wife, heiress of the honour of Skipton, founded the College of St. Mary and St. Cuthbert at Embsay; appointing thereto, as prior, Reginald, prior of the church of Holy Trinity of Skipton, which, perhaps, intimates that the first intention was to make the church of Skipton collegiate. To the Embsay College, Cecilia gave the whole town of Childe-wic, she and her son-in-law offering the donation upon the altar of Embsay. We can easily understand what the surroundings of Embsay or Emmesay would be at that early period. It was a wild, bleak, upland country, where men, godly or not, ran their race remote from townsfolk. Previous to the transfer, the prior had loved to hunt about Haw Beck, and, as we have seen, he also obtained free chase in the woods of Barden, Specteshaw and Priour-hawe, beyond Halton, and so down to Bolton Bridge. A very pleasant hunting ground indeed, for once on the top of Halton Moor, the exquisite panorama of Wharfedale—a vision of loveliness—comes broadly into view. These summer advantages were all that could be desired, but in the wild days of winter, they were dreadfully reversed. Yet more than thirty years were endured at Embsay. The Lady Cecilia, the foundress, had passed away, succeeded by her daughter Adeliza, at that time a widow, with a son in full manhood, when the change to Bolton took place. Dictated it may

have been by the progress of the Cistercian order, centred at Fountains, though the remoteness and unsuitability of Embsay may have been one cause in bringing about the change, for the place was not to the liking of the monks, who had fixed their longings on the most beautiful spot to be



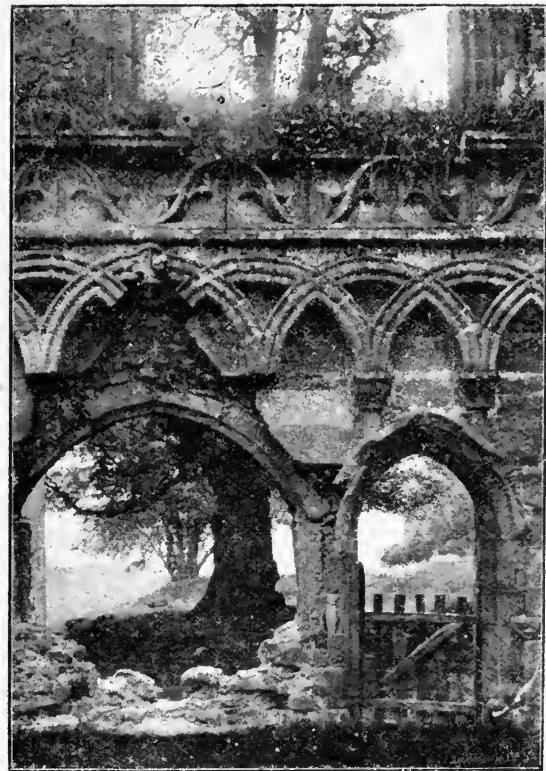
BOLTON WHARFE.

A REACH OF THE WHARFE, BOLTON.

found between the source and the outfall of the Wharfe. Here the oak and ash interlaced their branches with the darker green of the holly, and the bushy hazel, and here the white foam of the river is seen, flecking underneath beautiful masses of foliage before it emerges from the woods.

The translation from Embsay to Bolton came in 1154, by the assent, will, and ordination of the Lady Alicia de Romelli, their patroness. One of the witnesses to the gift is 'Willianu, my son, de Egremont'—the boy who, according to the legend, was drowned at the Strid. Be that as it may, the priory of Bolton slowly arose on the beautiful mead by the Wharfe. A century and more passed away whilst the work was in progress: it began in 1155, and the thirteenth century had nearly run its course before its completion.

On the removal of the convent to Bolton, the estates were increased by all



A PEEP FROM THE CHOIR.

(E. Bogg.

growing means of commencing building on an adequate scale, a distinct change was coming into the world of architecture. Of this, Bolton illustrates a most beautiful phase. The fine Norman arcading in the choir indicates the time of starting and how little was done before the new order had made itself felt. The 'bodel' must have served them for a quarter of a century before their church was fairly taken over for their dwelling.

From the architectural evidences of the choir much interesting information may be gathered. The fine east window has, at the time of its completion, been a very handsome specimen of early decorated architecture. The side windows of the choir show the same elaborate tracery. At the time when

the land between Possford and Spectebeck and the rivers Werfe and Walchesburn; then came all the town of Chyldewyke (whose name includes the Celtic *Kil*—a chapel, with the Teutonic *wic*—a village), with the tithes and oblations, and with the mill and all its soke, and the land they hold in the towns of Fernhill and Conanleia and Harewood. Adeliza makes this grant for the soul weal 'of myself, my father, mother, and ancestors.'

During the building of the priory and the domestic accessories, the canons would doubtless fix their abode in the old manor hall of the Saxons, which stood with its little chapel at the Bodeltun, when the Normans first appeared on the scene. Moreover, before

these windows were constructed, 1300-50, the very late Norman superstructure of the choir had been pulled down to the string course, just above the arcading—then the choir was more than doubled in length. In the new prolongation the previous arcading was copied, but having to be lower than the old work to provide depth for the splendid proportions of the new east window, the ornamental panel running beneath the two extreme side windows was inserted to keep the sills of the windows level. This has



[*T. Rishworth.*

BOLTON ABBEY FROM THE NORTH.

certainly introduced a very ornamental innovation: of the two series of arcading the western, and oldest, exhibits, in its alternating capitals, the transition period between the departing Norman and the coming Early English. The lofty transept arches and the north transept, as now remaining, are of the decorated period, and show that the priory, like the parish church of Skipton, owes its great structural development to the era of the early Cliffords. To the period to which the great features are due we may date the development of many parish churches in Upper Wharfedale.

Bolton, like many other monastic houses, got deeply into debt, and the canons had to scour the country with the Frere's formula, "Gif me than of thy goods to make our cloyster."

AN IMPRESSION.

Resting near the cradle bridge which spans the babbling, ever restless brook, visions of the ancient priory sweep across our mental gaze. The abbey of olden time stands forth in its architectural beauty. The sighing of the wind amongst leaves and branches, and the noise of the gurgling

river sound like the music of canons chanting their morning prayer. We see them pass along the cloisters to their daily routine of work, some go forth to fish, or to hunt and hawk in the surrounding forest. Other figures appear on the scene: the black-faced Clifford, the Percy, the Shepherd Lord, the Mauleverers, Rionellis, Claphams, and Nortons, with their retainers, also pass in procession before us, some of whom have left their names and deeds, for good or evil, emblazoned on the scroll of history, and at the end craved the favour of a little hallowed earth to rest their bones.

The vision of old-time vanishes, the choir and transept are roofless, its beautiful windows are gone, the hand of despoilers and Time have done their work. The canons have vanished, leaving not a trace behind save the hoary

ruin as a monument of their work and a funeral pile to their memory. And a noble pile it is; for in this remote dale where their life history was wrought out, they have left a church whose fragments rank among the treasures of the ecclesiastical world. As to the utility of their life, we have very little more than silence, yet we know they did more to civilise humanity than any other class of men. They exercised great hospitality towards the poor, and nursed the sick, apart from attending to their spiritual needs, and by their industry made desert places flourish abundantly. As to its grace



the priors have left a monument the world will never surpass, and cannot afford to neglect.

One of the most interesting lessons of the fabric is to be read in the interior architecture of the choir. The original Norman arcade, dating about 1170, shows the extent of the first church; the later extension, with the parapet between the arcade and the window sills, may be dated nearly two centuries after, and accords with the west front of the church. The alterations of this period gave that finish to the fabric which endured to the end of its existence. Prior Moynie, or Moon, commenced a western tower, but the day of extermination arrived too soon for his work to be brought to any degree of completion.

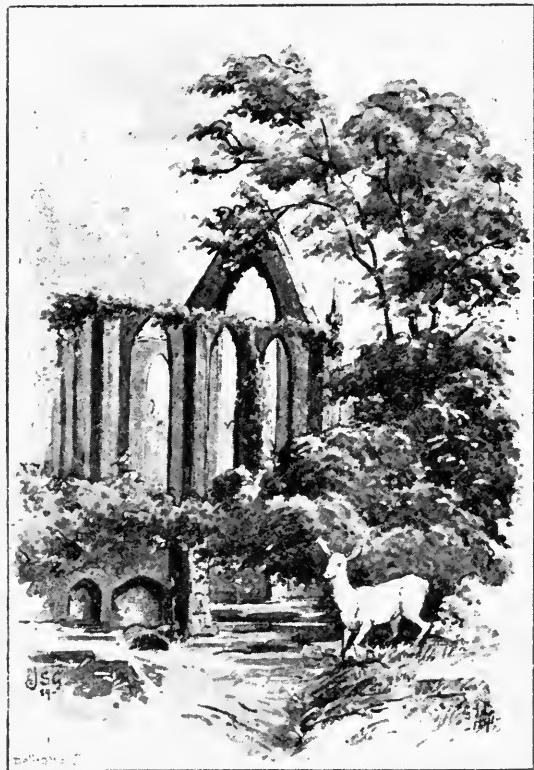
The Wharfe still flows by it in graceful windings, soothing the mind with its melody. The restless tributary brooklet, never tired, ripples and sings past margins and overhanging banks (where the globe flower blooms) until it is lost in the greater river. In its age the hoary ruin is not deserted—thousands annually visit this shrine—and not one, we should imagine, can fail to be deeply impressed with its charms and associations, and cherish the beautiful scene in their mind for ever, so imbued is it with the associations of the Mediæval.

Sauntering in the woods on a hot July day, the air being charged with a sultry oppression, suddenly a glare of lightning preceded rolling thunder, rumbling and echoing far and wide over the moorland fells. The rain fell in torrents, the amber waters of the Wharfe soon changed to a darker hue, as storm after storm washed the peat soil down by a thousand rills. At the Strid, there was to be heard a roar of rushing waters, wildly dashing through the rocky chasm, boiling in foam-flecked wrath from its iron jaws, battling against boulders, spreading a vapoury mist over rock and shivering branch; and giving the vale a weird and awe-inspiring form, for the mist wraith rolled up as if to fold one in its cold shroud. Here is the haunt of that mysterious creature ‘the water kelpie,’ whose chief delight is in the drowning of men. At flood times, this eerie spirit rises from the river in shape of a white horse, and unsuspected lures its victims into the chasm. The tragedy enacted here, that of young Romelli, was the first of a long series of like disasters, and has given a touch of human interest and sorrow to the scene. On this night, after the fury of the storm was past, the sun set with an almost southern splendour, his beams casting a lurid light over the western hills. The grand old ‘immemorial’ elms, with their mighty arms and delicate

tracery, were etched on the silver dome of heaven; beautiful clouds like wraiths from fairyland drifted across the hills.

On this night we wandered back by the waters of the Wharfe; leaves and branches were now silent, not a breath disturbed the almost solemn peace. The only sound came from the recurrent murmur of the still uneasy waters, the bleating of some stray sheep, the hooting of melancholy owls. Arriving within the precincts of the hoary sanctuary, no life was to be seen save the whirling bats who hide by day in its wall. There is a mysterious stillness in the twilight, our thoughts and feelings are tuned to the scene we are viewing. The old ruin, with the beautiful windows, mouldings, and tracery, seen through the sombre shades of night, has a natural tendency to throw on the mind scenes of the past. Visions of olden days steal o'er us; the noble priory stands replete in all its original stateliness, the bells ring, and people in the costume of old time appear. Slowly passing along the aisles go dim figures of canons, organ notes swell out, and choristers are chanting that solemn litany—Prayer of prayers. The spell of vesper, with its key—the old shrine—has opened for us that locked tomb of the past whose clasps are monkish hands tightly gripped in death over what it and the faith held for them in life. Let us glance further.

Down the dream vista, a sorrowful procession approaches the abbey: 'tis the burial of Alicia de Romelli. The brethren issue forth to meet the



THE WHITE DOE.

[G. T. Lowe.]

sad cortège, and the prior, with a palm branch, sprinkles thrice the bier with water from the Wharfe (which has been blessed) repeating, “*In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sanctus.* Peace to the soul of Alicia,” in deep, solemn tone; the canons respond, “*Amen.*” Along the bier-balk the prior leads to the house of prayer, this due to the munificence of the dead lady. A glorious light diffuses the sacred fane, coming through the purples, russets, antique ruby, cobalt, and amber shades of the glazed tracery of that mediæval time. How softly the light of tapestry hue streams upon the emblazoned pall of Alicia! One hears the prior recite the ‘Office for the Dead’ in the opening *Kyrie*, the *Gloria*, then the vaulted roof resounds to the lusty response, as the canons roll forth the *Credo*. Standing beside the casket, the prior extols the virtues of the dear departed: “Truly a mother in Israel—a faithful daughter of the Holy Faith.” The parchment on the brazen salver tells of the last gift of land to enrich the priory, and of incessant prayer for her soul’s peace. During the *Requiem* the prior bows before the exquisite tabernacle, surmounted by a golden cross. Large taper-lights illumine the reredos, revealing the rich art of the compartments—‘The Shepherds,’ and ‘The Magi, with their gifts to Mary and the Babe,’ and an incident from the saintly Cuthbert’s life. He reads the Offertory, approaches the centre, takes the Pyx containing the Sacred Host, elevates it thrice, makes the sign of the Holy Cross: all are prostrate; the tinkling of a bell, and the words *Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus*, tell the Host has been partaken of; in plaintive strain we hear the *Agnus Dei* chant, the Elevation of the Chalice. The Benediction is pronounced, all disperse, a grave within the chancel encloses the casket, and all that it contains of Alicia de Romelli, the foundress, of fair Bolton fane.

To pray at this shrine came chiefs from the noble houses of Percy, Clifford, Clapham, and Mauleverers, of whom not a few won honour and glory on the battlefield, and, returning, hung their emblazoned banners from the spacious roof. Some of those warriors who gave gold and lands for building and upholding the priory, now rest within its walls; no marble tombs or silent effigies remain to mark the spot where they sleep, but the priory is a sufficient memorial, speaking eloquently, while songs of heavenly praise still resound through its hallowed walls.*

* The chantry chapel of the Mauleverers and Claphams of Beamsley was situated at the east end of the aisle of the nave, beneath which was the family vault; tradition avers that those interred in this vault were placed in an upright position, and investigation (we are told) has confirmed this report.

" Bolton, in olden time a glorious pile,
Ancient and of architecture rare,
With turrets high, and fretted roof and aisle,
And wassail hall, and chapels raised for prayer;
Chambers with fair-wrought tapestry hung round,
And secret treasure—rooms of gathered gold,
And lonely cells and dungeons underground,
Where peace was prayed for oft and penance told."

Bolton Abbey is inseparably connected with that beautiful legend, "The White Doe," told so delightfully in verse by William Wordsworth, giving, as it were, a more naturalistic and pathetic interest to the classic ground of Bolton. And who is there who would not accept that touching passage as told in the "White Doe of Rylston," as a fit appendix to the sterner facts of his story?

In the sixteenth century there were living at Rylston, Richard Norton, his eight good sons, and his daughter Emily. The Nortons, an old family, had long inherited the lands and dwelt in the halls of Rylston. Of their old home not a stone remains, but the ground on which it stood still bears its imprints. On the summit of the gloomy fells overlooking Rylston still stand, gaunt and spectre-like, the ruins of an old watch tower built by the Nortons, which serves as the solitary memorial of that ancient family. In the rebellion, called the *Rising of the North*, the Nortons took an active part, and for this some of them were executed at York. Francis escaped for a time, but was overtaken and slain near his ancestral home by a troop of horse, who had been despatched for that object. This Francis lies buried in Bolton Abbey; previous to his death he had presented Emily, who was devotedly attached to this brother, a white faunck deer caught on the moors of Rylston. The orphan Emily, the last survivor of this family, came regularly to weep over the tomb of her brother, her only companion being the milk-white doe, the virgin *faunck* of the dappled race, that 'like an arrow flew.'

In these tales and traditions we are close in the footsteps of the imaginative Celt.

From Rylston to Bolton the distance is eight or nine miles. An old British track crosses Waterford Gill, then over the moors past Brayshaw Top, and the Skipton Road at Broad Park, then through Stank pastures to the vale of Bolton. Over this wild moorland track Emily passed and re-passed on her palfrey, followed by her attendant doe, when making the weekly pilgrimages to her brother's grave.

" Most to Bolton's sacred pile,
 On favouring nights she loved to go
 There ranged through cloister, court and aisle,
 Attended by the soft-paced Doe:

" Nor did she fear in the still moonshine
 To look upon Saint Mary's shrine,
 Nor on the lonely turf that showed
 Where Francis slept in his last abode."

Tradition says the exalted maiden never recovered from the dark depths of her grief, and after long wanderings over moor and fell to Bolton's stately church,



EMILY NORTON.

" At length, thus faintly, faintly tied
 To earth, she was set free and died.
 Thy soul, exalted Emily,
 Maid of the blasted family,
 Rose to the God from whom it came;
 In Rylston church her mortal frame
 Was buried by her mother's side."

The poet tells that long after Emily's death the doe was often to be seen rambling amongst the ruins. The place where she was wont to linger most was the grave her dear mistress had held sacred.*

“ Besides the ridge of a grassy grave
In quietness she lays her down;
Gently as a weary wave
Sinks, when the summer breeze hath died,
Against an anchored vessel's side.”

At the close of the service she is seen gliding like a ghost towards the towers of Rylston, and regularly returns on the Sabbath

“ When the bells
Are heard among the moorland dells.”

As one meditates here in the churchyard, Imagination pictures the white doe and the orphan Emily on their weekly pilgrimage to and from Bolton, and afterwards the white doe, emblem of purity, crossing the fells or gliding spirit-like amongst the graves.

Two years after the dissolution of monasteries the priory and estates were sold to Henry, Earl of Cumberland, for the sum of £2,490; since that date, time and the hand of violence have done much to mar the beautiful structure; shapely dressed stones, such as the mediæval craftsmen worked upon, are to be seen in the walls of many a farmhouse and garth around this district.† But if time has helped forward the progress of decay it has also softened and given to it that soft tone of mellow age, in full sympathy

* Inchbold, the artist, Swinburne's friend and poet himself, has painted it.

† After the battle of Myton in 1319, the same things happened at Sherburn, Ripon, and Otley. As many of the Archbishop's tenants were killed in that battle Melton orders William, the rural Dean of Sherburn, to take care to have their effects properly administered to. The full effect of the calamity, followed by a murrain, was most felt in the succeeding year. Writing from Helmsley, 26th October, 1320, Melton states that Bolton is so impoverished by the hostile incursion of the Scots—*hostilem incursum*, he says, which precludes a second visit and ravage—as well as by the general murrain, that it cannot support its canons. He asks the houses of their order to give temporary support to the homeless canons, receiving four marks a year for each. Brother William de Rotherham was to be sent to Worksop; Thomas de Manyngham to Nostell; Thomas de Coppelay to Thurgarton; Lawrence de Wath to Shelford; Robert de Rypon to Gysburn; Synion de Ottelay and Richard de Ottelay to Drax; John de Selby to Wartre; and Stephen de Thirneholm to Kirkham. Eight or nine of the canons are here provided for, probably the whole convent save the prior, and one or two canons who remained to reorganise their affairs. The names are a very welcome addition to our knowledge of the house. Coppelay became the next prior; Manyngham was appointed vicar of Skipton in 1342, vicar of Harewood in 1354, by exchange with Lawrence de Wath.

There were this year 1310, consumed at Bolton in Craven, one hundred and forty-seven stones of cheese made from ewe's milk.

with its surroundings, and from the earth the creeping ivy and a trail of 'Wandering Jew' have sprung into a beautiful mantle as if to hide the nakedness and desolation of the old ruin.

On the south side of the abbey are the outlines of buildings comprising the cloister and its external arrangements, the chapter house, vestibule, and the other domestic buildings; whilst the present rectory marks the site of the prior's lodgings.

Chapter houses were an indispensable adjunct to monasteries, and the approach was usually through the cloister, and thence through a large vestibule as at Bolton. This monastic council chamber was one of the most important rooms in the priory; it was where the canons met to deliberate on their affairs.

The nave of the priory is still used as a parish church, blending the associations of the past with the necessities of the living present; nor is the place less beautiful than of old. The pastureland is as reposeful, and the streams quite as alluring; the woods are almost as tangled and the moors as far reaching, and the grey curling mist, like some spirit wraith, still floats up from the river and plays hoodman blind with the fells. The red deer still roam the hills, and shaggy-haired, half-wild cattle (successors of the wild ox) still graze on the lush greensward by the margin of the river; the heron and otter still fish in the Wharfe, and the kingfisher darts to and fro along the shining river; it is only the owls haunting the ruin that seem to mournfully wail a *requiem* over bygone glories.

What a train of great men in art and letters have visited Bolton during the last century! Turner, Landseer, Cox, Girtin, and a host of others have tried in vain to fully depict its varied charms, whilst many poets have sung of its present beauties and past associations. Turner, ever after his first visit, entertained the most intense affection for Bolton (he was a most enthusiastic 'angler'), but the spirit of the place suited the genius in his nature. In his moods he was wont to wander up to wilder parts of the river above Barden, and there alone on lonely ground take in the wild grandeur of the scene.

This year 1521—Archbishop Melton visited in person at Bolton, Kildwick and Embsay. He hunted with a pack of hounds in his progress from parish to parish, and was entertained by the canons at a very heavy expense.

1521.—In the accounts of the Clifford family for this year is the following item:—"To the prior of Bolton for all man'r of Deuties in discharge of my Lord's conscience xiii. ivd."

Near to the abbey is the hall, one of the many homes of the Duke of Devonshire. A few hundred yards away is a beautiful fountain, erected in memory of Lord Frederick Cavendish, whose brutal murder in Phoenix Park sent a thrill of horror through Britain. Overtopping, and adjacent to the hall, are some majestic Scotch firs, their red scaly trunks glistening in the sunlight, or standing defiant of the wintry blast. In the vicinity of the priory are other noble trees, the one most venerable is the wych elm by the roadside ; for the associations of its youth, memory must leap the gulf of several centuries.



{W.E.T.}

THE WHARFE IN BOLTON WOODS

At a short distance above the great gateway of Bolton Priory stood the 'Prior's Oak,' which was felled about 1720, and sold for £70. According to the price of wood at that time, it could not contain less than one thousand four hundred feet of timber.

The ancient arch of the gateway to the Priory is still to be traced in the western wall of Bolton Hall. There is something very imposing in the

sight of this old arch, it conveys to the mind visions of ecclesiastical and baronial magnificence.

“ Here to its hospitable gate
In want or woe, the pilgrim came;
For at its portal pity sate,
To dry the tears of sin and shame.”

Beautiful indeed is the situation of Bolton’s venerable temple; the contour of river, the grouping of wood and fell is Nature’s own delightful handiwork.

Dr. Whitaker says :—

“ To the south all is soft and delicious, the eye reposes upon rich pastures, a moderate reach of the river, sufficiently tranquil to form a mirror to the sun, and the boundary hills beyond, neither too near, nor too lofty to exclude, even in winter, any portion of his rays.”

On the high sheer bank of the Wharfe, by the stepping-stones, and opposite to the east window of the Priory, is a curious example of the way in which what are called the ‘Yoredale’ rocks can be, and were, curved and twisted in that ineffectual volcanic upheaval, to which so much of the scenic variety of mid-Wharfedale is due. The plate-like scar limestone is down in the bed of the stream at the Strid; the less purely calcareous beds fill up the hill slopes of the ‘Valley of Desolation,’ and make the little waterfall there; while the hard gritstone or quern rock, which is only some eight hundred to one thousand feet above sea level at Ormescliffe, is found on Beamsley Beacon and Simon’s Seat, capping these at an elevation of over one thousand five hundred feet. The varying heights, now, are directly due to that Titanic up-thrust from below of the layers of the earth’s crust, which caused those contortions on the river bank just mentioned, which here, in sunlight, produce a wonderful iridescence as if inlaid with metals.

BOLTON Woods.

A ramble through the woods in springtime, when dells and banks are teeming with wild flowers, and the soft cerulean sky looks down on sparkling brooks, reminds us of the word Paradise. Sweet perfumes rise from the earth, clad in the brightest of emerald grass, garnished with many a variety of wild flower. There is the cowslip, primrose, hyacinth, columbine, dame’s rocket, pink campion, white stitchwort, violet, and forget-me-not—a garden in the woods—Nature’s own perfect work. Rivulet and rivulet rushing from the hills pass luxurious glades, where the wych-elm, oak, and

ash flourish ; the ever-gurgling river, where trout are leaping, passing between miniature isles and moss-grown boulders, forms a veritable Eldorado to natural treasure seekers.

It would be impossible to describe all the paths and spots of interest and beauty : here a hillside stream comes tumbling through green lacery, or a tiny waterfall leaps past moss cushions and bright flowers, or we turn to the soft green of the glades, the quivering mass of foliage, the mountains swathed in sunlight, the long vistas of woodland, the delightful curving of the Wharfe under precipitous slopes and woodland heights ; all combine to make an Eden of loveliness.

POSSFORTH GILL,

better known as the ‘Valley of Desolation,’ received the latter name after a tremendous thunderstorm, which burst over the vale and moors above, early in the last century. In its fury, large oaks and other timbered trees were levelled to the ground, or blasted, and the bridges swept away : hence the name of ‘Desolation.’

The canons of Bolton acquired this land at a very early period. In one of her first charters after the removal, ‘Alicia de Romelli’ gives them all the land between ‘Poseford and Spectebeck and the rivers of Werfe and Walchesburn.’

This glen is perhaps the most beautiful and romantic in Wharfedale ; and is, further, notable for the rare and graceful wood Fescue—a tall, drooping grass which grows here luxuriantly.

A path, with many steep ascents, winds with the glen, through woodland groves, to the upper part above the waterfall ; immediately below this fall the land opens out into a basin-like form. The vastness of the high fells, the deep blue of the skies can be seen through intervening trees, and the brook glittering deep below ; again, one can look over the tree tops to the stream and hear the sound of its waters as it falls into limpid pools. Beyond this, on the sides of the Deer Park, gladdened by warm flushes of sunlight, a strange contrast is afforded by the weird, skeleton arms of blasted oak trees, and old stunted thorns nearer its base. Sometimes on the hill, one may see the forked antlers of the wild deer, still found on this romantic spot—a remnant of those stately creatures which once roamed from Bolton to Longstrothdale over the vast forest, whose breadth reached from Skipton to Knaresborough, the hunting ground of canons, and the chiefs of many a noble house.

One of the feeders of Possforth Gill rises towards the foot of Simon's Seat.

The skyline of the moors at the head of Possforth is grand, solitary, and impressive. To understand the wide expanse of these moors, you need to traverse them, and as an old lady at the West End remarked, "you'll have to go 'shock and shackle.'" The district is now to be recognised, not as the land between Possford and Speetebeck, but as Pockstones Moor, having by that name some association with the Pucks, who came to tease the sweet Titanias in their moonlight dances.

Speetebeck, which needs little to change it into Spectrebeck, seems to have altered its name into Harden Beck, though it still runs into Walchesburn. How close the kinship between these place-names, and the merry elves of fairyland !



IN THE VALLEY OF DESOLATION.

Gilbert Foster.

Now onward and downwards through the sombre forest glade until we reach the bank of the Wharfe, and in our progress we are ever arrested by exquisite pictures of the sylvan landscape, the river islands, and the rich brown reaches of the stream winding its way, or ever anon falling foaming beneath dark masses of leafage. Still upward we obtain the first glimpse of Barden Tower, and a magnificent vista of sunlit river and forest gorge to grey castellated walls looming large at the lofty fell's foot. Soon we arrive at the deepest recess, where in flood-time the fury of rushing waters resembles liquid chaos. Here the boy Egremont took his last leap.

"He sprang in glee—for what cared he
That the river was strong, and the rocks were steep;
But the greyhound in the leash hung back,
And checked him in his leap."

We might, on looking through this wild valley scene, imagine it was some fairy scene, yet this is the Strid, that historic gorge of the Wharfe, where the waters foam and swirl through that prisoned way, which has formed the shroud of many victims to the treacherous leap. The demon steed or water kelpie is to be seen shadowy in the grey dawn of the evening, a sure presage of disaster.

The most brilliant description would not picture to the mind the rushing torrent gurgling and roaring through its pent-up channel, leaving marks of devastation at high floods in water-worn rocks and uprooted trees.*

Still passing through woods, where many aged trunks give that appearance of a primitive forest, we might summarize our description of this rich scene of woodland, through which the swift river journeys in shade and sunlight, now by rock and underwood where roses and honeysuckle, primrose and harebell, mingle their beauty with dense undergrowth, as a Turneresque dream of unrivalled forest and river grandeur. This vale is beautiful at all seasons—in winter, when crystals and icicles droop from the trees, and hoar frost is besprinkled around, then the scene is enchanting; in spring and

* THE STRID.—On the whole, looking to the fact of the place so called being a narrow place, two paces in width which may be stridden, we follow Skeat, and the generally accepted view that it acquired its name from Anglo-Saxon *stridan*, to stride, to outpace, to strive after swiftness, etc., in which alone lies the idea of 'contention.' Yet in the sound of the goit of water itself—noisy and harsh, we get a connection with stridency, which Latin root-term may have been introduced by the ecclesiastics of the Priory, or during its erection, as with the legends, etc. Skeat and Lathom define *stride*, as 'a long step taken with violence,' which precisely fits the conditions of the Strid. The idea of contention (strife) only came in, as in the sense of *rivalry* between two men (Old Dutch, *strevēn*), who, in walking side by side, strive to outpace one another, and so take long strides. There is none of that fight between two things here: it is the stream alone that makes a forced long rush between narrow walls.

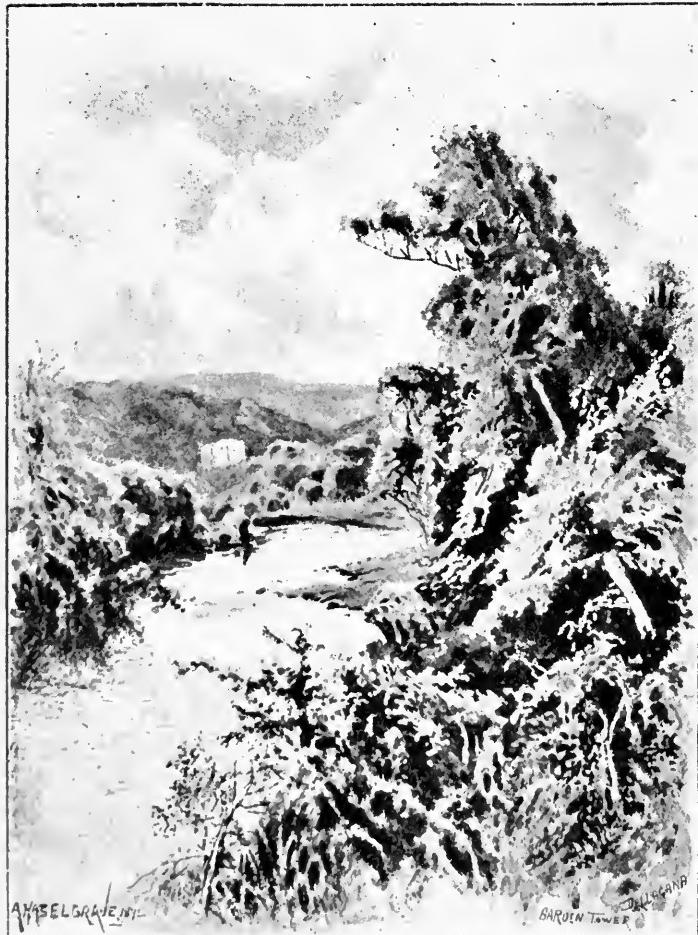
summer time these woods are famed for beauty; but, in autumn, with her golden tints, crisp brown leaves, and delightful views and varied contrasts, the vale of Bolton is the classic grove of Tempe.

Soon we arrive at the grey ruins of

BARDEN,

in ancient times the valley of the wild boar. It may be that the initial syllable of this word refers to the Saxon *Bar*, a boar: if so the word refers to a valley known as the haunt of boars, which was their especial lair, for the word has never been applied to the moor.

Around this spot memories of olden days linger appropriately. This tower for the lords of Skipton was generally a hunting seat; for the good Lord Clifford, or 'Shepherd Lord,' as a place of fixed residence. Around the boyhood of this gentle lord hangs a halo of romance, — one



BARDEN TOWER FROM THE EAST BANK.

(A. Haselgrave.)

born of the great struggle between the houses of York and Lancaster, when the nation was torn astunder by the fury of civil strife.

Henry, Lord Clifford, was the son of John, Lord Clifford, who, from his ferocious and bloodthirsty deeds, received the name of the 'Blackfaced Clifford.' The Cliffords were a family of very noble standing, descended from Richard, fourth Duke of Normandy. Through union with the heiress of the De Viponts, the seat of the Cliffords became established at Skipton, in the picturesque district of Craven; the first of them settled here was killed at Bannockburn and buried in Bolton Abbey. At the battle of



THE SHEPHERD LORD AND ANNIE ST. JOHN.

Wakefield, the 'Butcher Clifford' slew in cold blood the young Earl of Rutland. As the story runs, the boy being caught near the field of battle, Clifford demanded his name; the dismayed youth fell on his knees, held up his hands, craving for mercy, and in this attitude was slain by the fierce soldier. Soon after, the bloodthirsty career of this Clifford was ended at Dittondale, near Towton. In a skirmish with the Yorkists on the eve of the great fight, Clifford took off his gorget to permit of his taking a draught of water from the brook; whilst in the act of drinking, an arrow struck him in the throat, and avenged the death of the young Earl of Rutland. The following day the great fight on Towton Moor blasted the hopes of the Lancastrians, leaving the house of York triumphant.

When Lady Clifford received tidings of the disaster, and the death of her lord, she was afraid lest her children should fall into the clutches of the revengeful Edward, and their lives be sacrificed as an atonement for the cruelties committed by their father. Disguised as a farmer's wife, she fled from the halls of Skipton to her father's house at Londesborough, where the young lord was given into the care of a faithful shepherd, under whose charge he remained till his fourteenth year. About this time a rumour was current at court of the Clifford heir being alive, and in hiding at Londesburgh. His anxious mother then sent him for safety, in company of shepherds, to Threkeld, where, as a herdsman, he spent many years of his life, his home being a rough thatched cottage on the solitary moors; here he partook of the same food, wore the same clothes, and took part in all the labour and games of a borderer. Thus he lived until his thirty-second year; ignorant that he was the rightful heir to the lands and castle of Skipton. He could neither read nor write, for they durst not bring him up in any kind of learning, lest his birth should be discovered; he afterwards learnt to write his name only!

The battle of Bosworth Field and the death of Richard III. made way for the accession of Richmond as Henry VII., whose politic marriage with the heiress of York united the rival roses after many fearful battles, the extinction of half the nobility, and most of the best and bravest of the people. The change permitted the lowly shepherd to be called from his moorland home to the honours of his family, and the noble possessions of the Cliffords. Brought up to a rural life, the memory of which he cherished, he neglected the baronial Hall of his fathers for the more secluded woods and moors of Barden, the keep of which he considerably enlarged. This forest lodge he seems to have loved better than his stately castles.

“ Love had he seen in huts where poor men lie ;
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

“ Glad were the vales, and every cottage hearth,
The shepherd Lord was honoured more and more ;
And ages after he was laid in earth,
‘ The good Lord Clifford ’ was the name he bore.”

An old historian says : “ After he came to his estate he did exceedingly delight in astronomy, and the contemplation of the course of the stars. He built a great part of Barden Tower, and there he lived much; which it is thought he did the rather because in that place he had furnished himself with instruments for that study. He was a plain man, and came seldom to

Court ; but when he was called thither to sit as a Peer of the Realm, it is reported he behaved himself wisely, like a good Englishman."

During the Scottish war of 1513, then in his sixtieth year, he commanded the men of Craven at the battle of Flodden Field, when Upper Wharfedale and Langstrothdale re-echoed with the pomp and tramp of feudal warfare for the last time. Away over the valleys the fiery messages sped, for the dalesmen to arm for battle, from Penigent to Pendle Hill, and one can almost hear the rattle of pikes and clang of armour as the Craven men marched north to

"The stern strife and carnage drear
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield."

We are told the men of Craven bore themselves well and did good service for their country in this furious battle, where—

"Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well."

Obstinate was the fight, the slaughter dreadful ; the Scottish king was slain, and the contest not ended at nightfall. Dispirited by the loss of their king, in gloomy despair the remnant of the Scottish army retreated under cover of darkness, with the royal banner, torn and stained



BARDEN TOWER.

[J. Manham.]

with the blood of their monarch, whom they left on the fatal field amongst thousands of slain—

"Heaped and pent,
Rider and horse, friend and foe, in one red burial blent."

In the archives of Skipton Castle, the names of the Craven men who fell on the field of Flodden were preserved in memory of this fight. The Lister family at Barden, and the Blands of Woodhouse, have each still in their possession a halberd used by an ancestor at this famous fight.

The Shepherd Lord died at the age of seventy, and lies buried in the choir of Bolton Abbey. He was greatly troubled during his last years by the wild and disgraceful conduct of his son Henry, who gathered together a band of profligate characters, and became a source of terror to the district, even robbing the priors of Bolton and other houses of religion. The lines of the poet represent such a scene—

“Now, Prior Moyne! We must away
To the greenwood, ere the break of day,
And thou with us shalt go!
The priest is loth, but yield he must,
Or pay one hundred marks on trust.

With muckle wrath and woe,
The bag is brought, the coin is told,
And doubly-cursed the sinner bold
Who robbed the Church, and filch'd her gold.”

Prior Moone or Moyne was not only the last prior of Bolton, but a very good fellow into the bargain. He was born at Preston, and, dying in 1521, was buried at Catton. His will is extant and contains some curious bequests. He gives to his brother Henry's wife his best gown but one, but for whom he reserved his best, he does not tell. To the noble Clifford he leaves neither worldly goods nor ecclesiastical dependencies, probably having dismissed him from his memory, with a sigh (let us hope) rather than with any harsher sentiment. However, young Clifford was a great favourite at the court of Henry VIII., and a personal friend of that monarch. He was the eleventh lord of Skipton, and his marriage with the Lady Margaret Percy much increased the possessions of the Clifffords. We have other knowledge of this rascal in later years; notably an amusing one in the will of George Gynning, a Bohemian confederate of his reiving days. George was a forester, probably in the Forest of Knaresborough. He seems to have had scarcely anything to leave but jackets of his livery; no doubt he continued through life to be a reprobate, as he makes no provision for his soul, then customary. His will is dated 14th January, 1542. After giving directions to be buried at Knaresborough, he proceeds—

To William, my sunne, a violet jaket sleeveles gray and my bowe,
my sunne, a grene jaket yt John Feethams gaff me and a gray jaket with sleves and a
leather dowlet and a pair of hose clothe and a blacke bownet. To Richerd, my sunne,

a grene jaket yt my Lordes of Cumberlade gaff me and an other grene jaket and a pair
of hose clothe and a doo-skyn newe dight.

The Lord of Cumberland referred to was the eleventh baron and first earl, the wild scampish character, who, in his younger days, put himself at the head of the forest outlaws, because his father refused to supply him with what he deemed a sufficient allowance to meet his extravagances, and, although he afterwards reformed, he was ever an ardent sportsman with hawks and hounds, and as such likely enough to give George Gynning a 'jaket.' There are interesting items in this lord's will. Amongst other bequests, he left to his daughter Elizabeth (who afterwards married Sir Christopher Metcalfe of Nappa) one thousand pounds if she married a baron, or eight hundred marks if she married a knight; with Elizabeth, love and eight hundred marks were evidently better than the one thousand pounds without that sentiment.

A letter of the old lord, his father, is extant, in which he complains in very moving terms of his son's degeneracy and misconduct. The young scapegrace, wishing to make his father know from experience the inconvenience of being scantily supplied with money, enjoined his tenantry in Craven not to pay their rents, and beat one of them, Henry Popely—who ventured to disobey him—so severely with his own hand, that he lay for long while in peril of death. He spoiled his father's houses, &c., 'feloniously took away his proper goods,' as the old lord quaintly observes, 'apparelling himself and his horse all the time in cloth of gold and goldsmith's work, more like a duke than a poor baron's son.' He likewise took a particular aversion to the religious orders, 'shamefully beating their tenants and their servants, in such wise as some whole towns were fain to keep the churches both night and day, and durst not come at their own houses.' Whilst engaged in these ignoble practices—less dissonant, however, to the manners of his age than to those of ours—he wooed, won, and married a daughter of the Percy of Northumberland; and it is conjectured, upon very plausible grounds, that his courtship and marriage with a lady of the highest rank, under such disadvantages on his part, gave rise to the beautiful old ballad of "The Nut Brown Mayde."

Some time after his father's death, he was created Earl of Cumberland, and journeyed to London in princely fashion, to be installed in his new dignity. The total cost of his outfit was £87 4s. 3d., a very considerable sum in those days, and contains so many 'girdles of russet velvet, shoes, girdles, etc., including robes of crimson, velvet, etc.,' ermine and a bugle horn tipped with silver, at six shillings and eightpence the ounce. His retinue consisted of thirty-three servants, all arrayed in new laced coats, faced with satin, and embroidered with the cognisances of the family. They were ten days in riding to London, and he stayed at Derby Place, now the Herald's College. Altogether the entire expense amounted to £376 9s. od., or fully £1,500 present money value.

Barden Tower is now but a shell of its former self. A tablet on the south side states that the tower was restored by Lady Annie Clifford, 1658.

This Barden Tower was repayrd by the Ladie Anne Clifford, Countesse Dowager of Pembroke, Dorsett, and Montgomery, Baroness Clifford Westmerland and Bescie, Lady of the Honor of Skipton in Craven, and

High Sheriffesse by inheritance of the Countie of Westmerland, in the yeres 1658 and 1659, after it had layne ruinous ever since about 1589, when her mother then lay in ill and was great with child with her till now that it was repayrd by the said Lady. Is Chapt. 58, v. 12.
God's Name be Praised.

This extraordinary lady, a great repairer of castles belonging to her house, also restored seven churches and founded two hospitals. She sent the following reply to one of the Secretaries of State, who requested her help for the Government candidate for the borough of Appleby:—

"I have been bullied by a usurper, I have been neglected by a court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject; your man shan't stand."

She was a good and godly woman, whose pious actions and benevolent endowments have given to her name an odour of sanctity which will last through all generations.*

The footnote given (from the "Heraldry of York Minster") throws very much of new light on the environments of Barden in the past, and especially of the climatic conditions then prevailing, which made possible the use of things that could not be raised there now. The hurst beech (horn-

* "Barden was truly a good inheritance both in extent and value, for though every portion thereof had not been brought under cultivation, yet even from the wide tracts of forest, there was something more substantial to be gained than the pleasures of the chase. They were under the charge of bailiffs, who (in each bailiwick, as it was called) had their staff of foresters, verderers, regarders, agistors, and woodwards, who collected and annually accounted for the profits of waifs, agistments, pannage (*i.e.* money for the pasture of hogs on the acorns, etc.), husset (*i.e.*, French *houssai*—a plantation of hollies, and perhaps other trees, for we have the word preserved in Anglo-Saxon, *hurst*, a wood), the croppings of which formed a principal article of winter fodder for cattle as well as sheep, and was valuable, as appears from an entry in Henry Younge's, the forester of Barden's book, A.D., 1437: 'of husset sold to the amount of IV. iiis. viiid.' (at least fifty pounds of our money), also of bark croppings, turbery (peat turf), and bee-stock. For in the old economy of the forest, wild bee-stocks were always an object of attention, and in France, as well as in England, officers called *Bigres* or *Bigri* (a byke was a bee's nest in Chaucer's day), perhaps from *Apigeri* (bee-keepers) were appointed specially for pursuing the bees and securing their wax and honey. And it is to be remembered that those rugged districts, now stripped of their woods, are spoken of in the Comptos of Bolton as far from destitute of timber. The manor and chase of Barden comprised three thousand two hundred and fifty-two acres. The forest of Skipton, which comprised an area of six miles by four, or fifteen thousand three hundred and sixty acres, seems to have been enclosed from very early times with a pale, a practice indeed, introduced by the Norman Lord. Here the mast bearing and bacciferous trees, particularly the *Arbutus*, were planted; and herein were nourished the stag, the wild boar, the fallow deer, the roe, and the oryx (or the wild bull), which, indeed, during the winter were fed with beans, even as the few remaining deer above Bolton are fed still. There was many a 'toft and croft' also, as they were called (*i.e.*, a homestead with a space of clear ground around it), where sheep browsed among the brushwood and glades. And so the forest furnished support for those who dwelt in it, either by fair means or foul."

beam) certainly survives still, in twisty grey-armed age, in one or two sheltered spots; the mast-beech has found the limestone slopes congenial; but the Arbutus—the strawberry-bearing laurel mentioned—has long disappeared, being much tenderer than the holly, and this even is decimated in hard winters, and grows less among the underwood than it did of yore. Husset (*hurst*—set, contracted) was the undergrowth of the planted woods, and though said to have its derivation in the French word (*houssaié*), for a plantation of holly trees, a plural of *houx*, the holm or hulver, here, other trees were doubtless included. The first young leaves of the holm are pointless, certainly, but neither sheep nor cattle will munch—and so cut the mouth with—the low-down spiny leafage of such a pricklebush, any more than they will the old whin or furze. In Anglo-Saxon *hurst* meant a planted wood—no connection with the northern word ‘shaw,’ and even the terms *hors*, *huss*, have been applied to what grows thick and rank, like grass or brush, or to the husks, parings, or shavings of anything green.

[*Burnard Evans.*

A STRETCH OF THE WHARFE.

Mr. Lister, late tenant of Barden Tower, well remembers his grandmother, who died about seventy years ago, at the age of ninety. In her days of girlhood the tower was complete and furnished. In the large hall a grand ball and supper was given every Christmas to the gentry and farmers of the district. Mrs. Betsy Lister was the eighteenth century hostess at these yearly gatherings. After the tower was unroofed and the furniture removed, this custom was continued at the adjoining farm. The farm has now disappeared; the festive gathering which had birth in the tower gradually grew less until it died some seventy years ago.

Adjoining the tower is the chapel and a farmhouse, the roof of which is supported by large oaken beams; its walls, of immense thickness, date from the thirteenth century. The house, re-roofed some two hundred and fifty years ago, forms with the chapel a most curious bit of architecture, the tower of the sanctuary acting as front room and bedrooms for the farm. The porch has evidently been built with an idea of refuge and defence. The place is unique, with its curious oaken beams and huge fireplace, mullions and diamond-shaped panes, a picture of the past, perfumed with the odour of antiquity, recalling those old Flemish interiors painted by Gerard Dhow, Jan Steen, Adrian Van Ostade, etc.

Within the limits of Barden there were six foresters' lodges, the names and sites of which still remain. For all through the centuries, from the Roman occupation to the Act of Inclosure, the chase was a happy hunting-ground. Barden Tower, the principal of the forest lodges, was enlarged and fortified as mentioned by the Shepherd Lord.

It requires no great stretch of imagination to conjure up before us scenes enacted on this spot centuries ago: the march to Flodden, the return of the Barden men proudly bearing the standard of the Cliffords, that which waved first and highest over Scotland's broken fortunes



BOLTON ABBEY

(From a Picture by Burnard Evans.)

when the victory was secured. Perchance it is the morning of the chase, the shrill blast of the horn calls forth a gallant party intent on pursuing the wolf and wild boar to their lair. The swift stag is fleeing through forest glade, eagerly pursued by huntsmen. The scene changes, it is the night of the chase; from the adjoining tower the light of torches flares forth; sweet strains of song burst from its halls, other sounds of feast and revelry come as shadows of the past. The wolf, boar, oryx (or wild bull), the fallow deer, roe, and stag have long been extinct at Barden, as also the gallants who loved the fierce chase; no hunters dwell there now, but in the autumn men stalk the moors, dealing death and destruction among the timid grouse.

The old grey hunting tower appears ghost-like and shadowy in the fading light, standing sentinel above the sombre forest. Strange voices of the past come crowding and murmuring up the fell road, ghosts of an old age glide on to the visionary stage; great men and imposing cavalcades have passed and repassed between this tower and Skipton; but we cannot hearken to the cry of old time, we have to travel far to-night.

Several families residing at Barden tell us their ancestors have dwelt here since Norman days. The Darnboroughs and De Maines took part in the Conquest, and the Listers and Gills have dwelt on the same spot for near seven hundred years. The claim of the Listers will be most readily admitted, for the ancestor who gave them that name had it himself from his trade—he was a dyer.

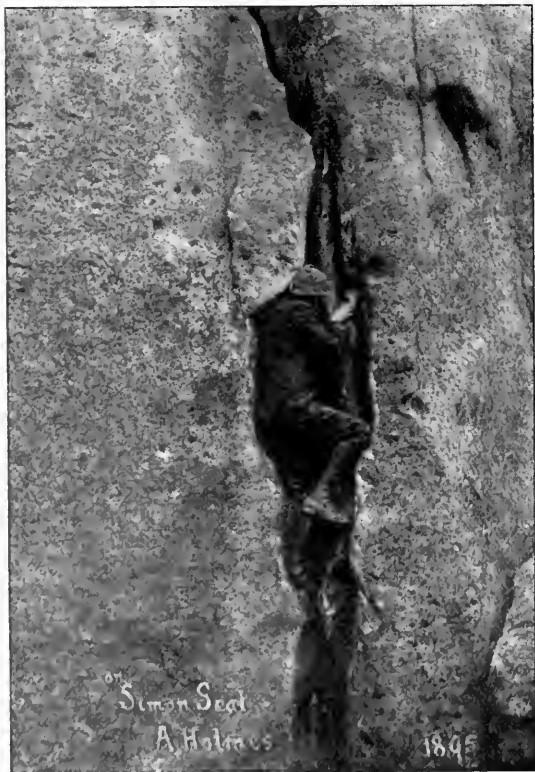
One of the grandest pictures in Wharfedale is to be obtained on the highway between Bolton and Barden. I have looked on this scene under a wonderful sky and cloud effect at eventide, when the spirit of the hills brooded ominously over the valley, or anon whisked an eerie grey shade over the heights. Under such aspect the scene verily throws a spell over one's mind, for then the old chase appears like some lonesome forest land inhabited by strange gnomes, fairy folk, and wizards, as told in old romance. Away from the gorge, at the foot of Howgill, the Wharfe can be seen glistening like silver, anon dark and sombre in its passage through meadow or neath woods. Wild sweeping storm clouds circle low over the far-reaching fells: surely this is not Wharfedale of to-day, for the mind is borne backward through the centuries to the primeval forest, and to the hunting scenes of old.

BARDEN BECK

rises on Cracoe and Thorpe Fells, and, after a course of some four miles through wild moorland scenery, passes under the Skipton road; thence to

the Wharfe, the glen is of great beauty. In the reservoirs, aqueducts, and miles of tubing laid for the conveyance of water to the great centres, we see the skilled hand of modern progress in a broad setting of the most characteristic natural antique. The six miles from Barden to Skipton is a fine, invigorating walk, and will give pleasure to all who love wild grandeur and boldness of contour, tinted by the subtle shades of heather-clad moors.

Gill Beck, which word stamps the presence and supremacy of the Norseman almost to the extent of making him an explorer, rises on Barden Fells and passes through rugged moorland scenes; thence the rivulet enters a wood-grown ravine of singular charm and interest. Near the roadway is a pretty cascade, grey and lichenized rocks and large decayed trunks lie athwart the stream; the tall bracken, mingled with dense intergrowth, droop their fronds earthwards, resplendent in autumn glory of saffron, purple, and coppery gold. From cranny and crag venerable trees throw their gigantic limbs across the gorge, from which, driven by the wind, showers of crisp leaves fall to replenish the earth; and with the mournful chirp of birds all



Simon's Seat
A. Holmes

A. Holmes.

SIMON'S SEAT.

tell annually the story of the departing year.

"The leaves they were crisped and sere,

The leaves they were withering and sere."

Yet nature is seldom more beautiful than when arrayed in her golden robe of autumn.

Nearly opposite to Barden is the lofty hill, Simon's Seat (one thousand five hundred and ninety-two feet), its dark, rocky brow standing forth from the heather spreading away for many a mile, beautiful in the time of bloom, and when light and shadow alternately sweep over valley and moorland. The rocks are similar in type to those of Ormescliff, and the steep side facing Skyreholme affords about half-a-dozen good climbs. The one shown was first climbed by A. Holmes, of Keighley, and all have been ascended



THE WHARFE NEAR APPLETREEWICK.

from time to time by the members of the Y.R.C. From Simon's Seat,* across Roggan Moor to West End in Washburndale reveals a fine expanse of heather and undulated land. Rogan Hall, one of the Duke's shooting boxes, has within its enclosure a rocking-stone.

* As to the names, Simon's Seat and Earl's Seat, are they owing to some land squabble or division between husbands of the Romelli heiresses? Earl's Seat would answer to an allotment to the Earl of Albemarle; Simon's Seat to Simon de Monte Alto, who were brothers-in-law at the end of the twelfth century; one the husband of Cecilia de Romelli, the other of Matilda.

Redshaw Gill, towards Blubberhouse Moor, is a very pretty bit of tree-clad slope, as it has been for centuries, for the word is compounded of the Celtic *Rhyd*, a ford, and the Norse *Skogr*, a wood. Here is another rocking-stone on the crest which marks the end of Redshaw; it may be reached the more easily from Blubberhouse. But looking west, below us and far away, the Wharfe glistens like crystal; yonder, she sweeps through the vale of Burnsall; still beyond is the modest church of Linton, and the green woods around Netherside. Miles upwards can be seen the cliff-basin of the Wharfe, its rocky side teeming with rills and streams, on whose banks rest secluded hamlets or rural cots.

A very long time ago, a party of hunters found on Simon's Seat a child, a few days old, nearly dead with cold and hunger. It is said they all joined in its maintenance and upbringing, the child being ever after known as 'Simon Amang-us.' The child grew up, married, and sons were born to him, and so to this day Amanghams dwell in Craven. If that is a fact which dalespeople have preserved, it must be put back many centuries and may carry in it an index to the circumstances which gave name to Simon's Seat and Earl's Seat.*

Leaving Barden, with all our retrospect of gorgeous hunting scenes, of knightly gallantry, and the captivating lures of 'faire ladyes who take to hounds,' we cross the bridge and follow the road on the east of the river, past old steads, with their crofts reaching towards the Wharfe.

On the slope of the opposite bank lies the sequestered and out-of-the-world hamlet of Drebley, whose history of occupation reaches back for a thousand years. Perhaps few hamlets slumber more peacefully and serenely than Drebley.† The first rays of morning gild its walls, and the departing

* The following is another version of the story:—Once upon a time, it is said that a shepherd found an infant boy on the top of the mountain. Prompted by a kindly feeling, which was evidently lacking in those who had left the child to starve and die, the good shepherd took him to his home, where he clothed and fed him, and gave him the name of Simon. Possessed of barely sufficient with which to keep himself, the poor shepherd found he had put on his own shoulders a burden he could not very well bear. Other kind shepherds saw this and volunteered assistance. It was arranged that Simon should be kept "aman'g 'em"—that is, that each should contribute to the boy's maintenance. He grew up, and was afterwards known as Simon Amanghem.

† There is some deeper hidden meaning in this place-name than the simple derivation which comes first to the mind. [The *e* more correctly *i*, as in dribble.] Drebley—the wet, moist, or dripping place, field, or enclosure; perchance because exposed to the east, the hamlet so-called being situated on the east scarp of Barden Fell, a quarter of a mile off the west bank road from Barden to Burnsall.

orb of day flings a mellow radiance on its roofs, whilst the breezes, wafted over miles of heather, intermingled with the aroma of surrounding pine woods, confers a healthy salubrity on its homesteads.

The Wharfe is the most beautiful river in Yorkshire. This statement can only be properly understood by those who wander leisurely along its banks from its outfall to its source; and not the least picturesque stretches lie between Barden and Burnsall, above which are vistas of wild fell-land, hill rising over hill to the heights of Whernside. The aroma of pine woods, and the sniff of heather, or new-mown hay, is sweet, whilst the hurrying river adds a lullaby to the ear. In the sound of tinkling wavelets we seem to catch the song of mirth; and in the tranquil flow, the even joy of life; other sounds of the water suggest the wailing sob of a long-pent sorrow. Such are the similes the music of the river delicately reveals.



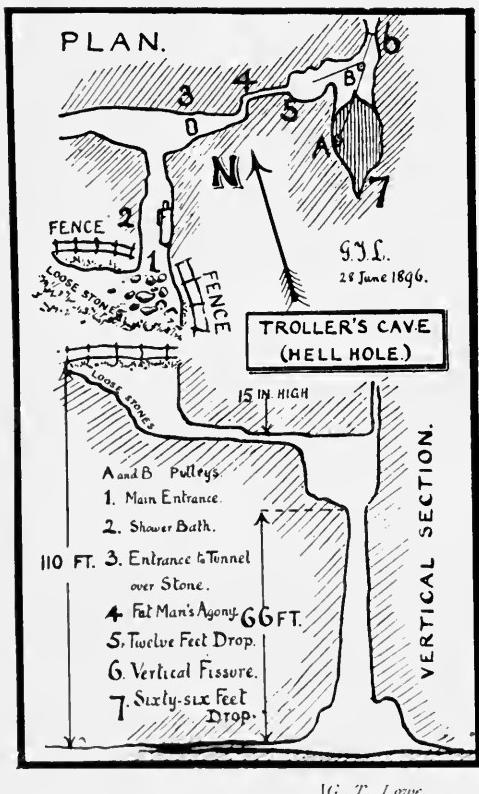
PERCIVAL HALL.

[A. Haselgrave.]

Some two miles from Barden we reach Howgill Bridge, a most pleasant spot, near to which the tree-shaded stream joins the river. A path on our right leads us to Skyreholme, Percival Hall, Trollers' Gill, and Stump Cross Cavern. As such a collection of names abundantly testifies, we are plunging into a district where the elegancies of modern life and the artificialities of high society have had but little influence. If this be not a spot 'where untamed Nature holds its glorious sway,' such a spot would be difficult to find.

TROLLERS' GILL.

Passing the hamlet of Skyreholme, which, notwithstanding the great water-wheel that works the paper mill, said to be the largest wheel in the north of England, gives us the impression of having seen days more prosperous—one of those places Dr. Whitaker describes as “contaminated by a cotton mill”; certainly to a lover of wild nature even as a paper mill it does seem to somewhat mar the harmony of the surroundings; half a mile onwards we cross the stream which flows from Trollers' Gill—the Gordale of Appletreewick—one of the most romantic spots in Wharfedale; in olden time the haunt of fairy and barguest. Some few hundred yards above the Gill stands Percival Hall, known locally as Parse or Passable Hall with much more trustworthiness than is the due of the modern appellation, although the old words are held to be the common way of expressing the name Percival in Yorkshire; even though we are told the hall was once the residence of a parson, Heyl, from whom it received the name of Parson's Hall. It is Jacobean in style, and full of interest from its curious old millions, and the associations of its predecessor, which probably housed the Plantagenet dalesmen: this, as the villagers declare, giving freshness to an old story growing somewhat dim to them. The hall is noted as having been the resting-place of Nevison, the highwayman.



After passing the small lake at the entrance to the Gill, we suddenly find ourselves in a basin shut in by lofty hills: a place of wonder, away from

the busy world—a bit of Swiss-land thrown into Wharfedale—so striking is the contrast to the other parts of the dale.

Following the stream to where it rushes through the gloomy ravine—on bright days a dreary spot ; in stormy weather terrible, when the wind howls down the chasm, and the waters rush in fury over huge blocks of limestone, aweing the timid ones. There are many legends of barguests, spectre-hounds, and gnomes dwelling in this region. Although the spectre-hounds are children of the imagination one cannot wonder at the belief of the peasantry who have seen the spot in its most fearsome aspects. The last time we passed, night was approaching, a fleecy vapour curling into ghostly shapes, dark patches of mountain looming mysteriously and uncannily; waiting, as it were, to swoop down on the unwary traveller. The following tale is the origin of the ballad of Trollers' Gill.*

THE LEGEND OF THE TROLLERS' GILL.

" Many years ago there dwelt at Skirethornes one John Lambert, a sceptic, so far as barguest was concerned. One night, after drinking more than was good, he sallied forth with a stout stick, vowed to have a blow at a barguest. Lambert met one who was very properly walking on the right side of the road. John attacked the spectre, but only to receive so severe a crush as to bring on an illness, from which he died." Such is the origin of "The Legend of the Trollers' Gill"—a legend that is none the worse from the fact that Cromwell's Major-General Lambert, a Craven-bred man, was of this ilk.

" From Burnsall's tower the midnight hour
Had tolled; and all was still

Save the music sweet, to the tiny feet
Of the elfin band, from fairyland,

That tripped on the rounded hill.

" And before his eyes did the dark gill rise,
No moon-ray pierc'd its gloom;

And his steps around, did the waters
sound,

Like a voice from a haunted tomb.

" And a whirlwind swept by, and stormy
grew the sky,

While the torrent louder roared;

And a lurid flame o'er the Troller's
stalwart frame

From each cleft of the gill was poured.

" That funeral psalm, in the evening calm,

Which echo'd the dell around,

Was his dirge o'er whose grave blue harebells wave,

Who call'd on the Spectre Hound."

" On what intent is the Troller bent ?

And where is the Troller bound ?

To the horrid gill of the eerie hill,

To call on the Spectre Hound.

" And a dreadful thing from the cliff did
spring,

Its wild bark thrill'd around;

And a fiendish glow flash'd forth. I trow,

From the eyes of the Spectre Hound.

" By shepherd men, where the horrid glen
Doth its rugged jaws expand,

A corse was found, where a dark yew
frown'd,

And marks were impress't on the dead
man's breast,

But they seemed not by mortal hand.

* Trolds (Norwegian)—dwarfs who dwell in the mountains; Greig, the great Norwegian composer, has named his villa the Trold-haujen.

The barguest, in the guise of spectre-hounds, etc., seems to have appeared in varied forms in almost every county in England, and, according to oral tradition, Yorkshire in the past has been greatly infested by the apparition of the spectre-dogs, and Wharfedale particularly so. In the Isle of Man it is known as the "Mauthe Doog," *morte*, or 'Death-dog.' The spectre-hound in Wharfedale was a huge, black hound, gaunt, shaggy, and diabolical of aspect, with bared fangs, and eyes which shone like balls of fire. It appears to have been quite harmless if not molested, but woe to the person who attacked it, for in nearly every instance (according to testimony) the doom of such was sealed; as John Lambert of Skirethorns found to his sorrow when he went forth to do battle with the one whose haunt was at 'Trollers' Gill.

A friend of the writer, whose home was near Skyreholme, was late one evening crossing from Dry Gill to the above-named place. There was no beaten track, but he had often passed that way before, it being a near cut to his home. On this occasion the night was dark, and he had not proceeded far over the moor before a storm, which had long been brewing, suddenly burst overhead. Amid the roar of the elements he was completely lost. In fear and trembling, hurrying onwards, not knowing whither, two more steps and he would have dropped nearly a hundred feet into a boiling torrent below. But, at that moment, to save him from destruction, a brilliant flash of lightning illuminated the scene—sufficient to disclose the hideous chasm. Shuddering with horror, he managed to drag himself a few feet from the brink; then, falling to the ground, he lay until the storm had spent its fury. In the grey dawn of a July morn, nearly 'perished' with cold, he managed to drag himself home, profoundly glad to have escaped the fiery jaws of the Spectre Hound!

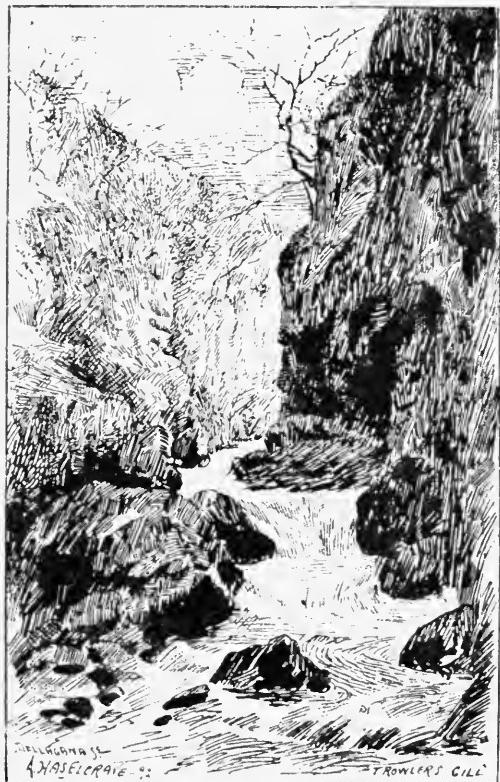
TROLLERS' CAVE (HELL HOLE), NEAR TROLLERS' GILL, APPLETREEWICK.—Recently the first known descent of this cave was made by Messrs. S. W. Cuttriss, T. S. Booth, J. W. Swithinbank, G. T. Lowe, L. Moore, and C. Scriven. The previously explored entrance and narrow tunnel presented a little difficulty owing to the extremely limited space afforded for passing along the impedimenta. At the head of the final pitch the working room is very cramped. A buttress of rock having several natural holes right through proved just the thing for fixing the tackle. One end of a doubled rope was tied securely round an ice-axe and strong walking-stick, and the other passed through a hole in the rock low down over the cavity, carried up twelve feet, and then brought out through another hole at the top. This end hung well over the pit and was fastened to a snatch-block, which in turn was lashed to a 'piton' driven firmly into a crack about seven feet from the narrow ledge forming the lip of the mouth of the hole.

Far into the vertical fissure at our backs an iron crowbar was wedged, and to this another block was fixed with a rope long enough to allow it to clear the angle of the rock. This arrangement enabled the main line to be worked from the small chamber at the foot of the twelve-foot drop. A hand line was also attached to the crowbar. The main line thus passed over the pulley at the piton on to the other one on the crowbar, and thence into the hands of the men in the chamber. Ordinary sea-fowlers' breeches were used at the end of the rope for the descent, and served the purpose admirably. Very little water was encountered. The walls of the shaft are very friable in places and broken into small ledges, here and there big enough to afford a temporary rest for the feet. A serrated knife-edge of

rock divides the face, by which one performs the descent for some distance in the middle portion. The actual depth from the tackle is sixty-six feet sheer, from the outer surface one hundred and ten feet. There was a shallow pool of water at the bottom, which opens out into a small oblong chamber roughly broken into two parts by an arch of rock. There were few stalactites and very little calcareous deposit. A few narrow fissures may be followed for about fifty feet; but practically there appears to be no outlet. Beyond the excitement of the passages and the engineering of the expedition the result of the exploration was somewhat disappointing; but we saw, we surmised, we found out—and are now satisfied.

Troll, or Trollers' Gill, has its rise on Craven Moor, near the now Dry Gill, where the caverns are, and, like other streams in this district, was intermittent in force of water until the New Dam and Skyrholme reservoir were constructed. It runs a course, even now, like

the gnomes it is named after—swift and forbidding at one time, gay and sportive at another, and anon hid under some frowning rock, or shoulder of brushwood. Its five miles' troll is very varied. Its name may connect with the German *troller*, to roll audibly (*i.e.*, the Gill with a voluble, rolling, stone-trundling stream in its bed; and the now little used word 'troll' means, as well as gnome or evil fairy, to ramble. We, however, in view of the traditions that strongly centre here, would fain think that Troll or Trolly Gill was so called from Fairy Forces (good or mostly bad), with which, as we have seen, this locality was especially credited. The gill is not likely to have got its title from a flower of the field with a Latinised fairy name, so the curious fact that all down Troll's Gill the Trolls bloom (*Trollius Europaeus*) grows in golden gem-like tufts among the stones and moss, where the fairy holy water can sprinkle its moisture-loving leaves, must be held to bear strongly in favour of the elfin fantasy theory. Who cares? —the legends are bewitching, the flower is beauteous, the gill, the glen, and its stream, all alike, beautiful; the last, with the Troll's flower here, the silver-plumed cotton grass there, the bronzy Queen's cushion moss everywhere, kissing its sparkling hem as it wilders by, are veritably 'a joy for ever.'



TROWLERS' GILL.

Where the stream's depression shallows into the moor at Dry Gill, and the high-pike, from Hebden to Greenhow Keld (the spring) Houses, cuts across the green lime-grass slope, the remarkable caverns of Stump Cross are situated. Doubtless water, following the Craven

upheaval and disruption of the strata, forced its way through them at one time, as Troll Beck, and, indeed, all the lateral streams of this part of Wharfedale and Howsteandale over Great Wham either do yet, or have done. Such caves are a feature of the geology of this district: many layers of lime-rock and crumbling stone with different degrees of resistance to the action of water, the most forceful of natural elements. These spar caves extend three-quarters of a mile shallowly underground from an entrance like the adit to a mine. They were hit upon by accident in 1860, whilst prospecting for lead, and certainly merit a visit when passing along that classic Appian Way of Wharfedale, whereover John Wesley, the St. Paul of his time, rode horseback to Pateley, after preaching in Grassington on the May Day of 1780.

Following the course of the stream we arrive at the 'Grouse Inn,' where refreshments can be obtained before proceeding to these wonderful caverns of Stump Cross, some few hundred yards away. The cave, discovered by the Newbolds, is adorned by an endless variety of stalactites, which, when lightly struck, emit sweet musical sounds. Several parts of the cave have received appropriate names, such as 'Fairy Fountain,' 'The Pillars,' 'The Snow Drift,' 'The Crystal Column and Church,' etc.

GREENHOW HILL

stands some one thousand three hundred and twenty feet above sea level, and is the seat of an old lead-mining industry. The name of this formidable hill, now celebrated as the home of Private Learoyd, one of Rudyard Kipling's " Soldiers Three," affords a curious instance of redundancy in place-names, arising when the original meaning of a term has been forgotten. Greenhow is from the Norse combination *Groen-haugr*, which means the hill with trees on it, in brief, the 'treed hill.'

This village is scattered irregularly, by the sides of the highway leading from Skipton to Pateley Bridge. In the days of the mining industry, the place would, no doubt, present a busy appearance. Since the stoppage of the mines many of the houses are tenantless and falling to ruins, consequently presenting a forlorn appearance. The church of St. Mary's, erected 1857, is situated at a greater altitude than any other in Yorkshire. On account of its exposed situation trees and vegetation are scant. At the upper end of the village, in olden times, stood the 'Craven Crosse,' showing the division of lands of the houses of Mowbray and Clifford.

We catch a glimpse of the old life hereabouts in 1386, when the Abbot of Fountains had confirmed to him the free chase of Brimbim in the 'march' of Nidderdale, and ample profits and liberties in the said district, and in the chase of Kirkby, granted by John de Mowbray. Among the great hunters of the day, his reverence the abbot was not the least of those partial to the

sport, nor are we the less edified for knowing that here we tread in the footprints he left during the pursuit of his pleasure.

Part of the toll-bar, demolished some seventy years ago, still remains.

In the early part of the last century, crow 'coals' were conveyed from Ingleton to Pateley and Ripon, etc., on the backs of ponies, called 'Jagger' ponies; fifty of these animals being in charge of two men. On Greenhow's Hill the ponies were unloaded, and turned on the moor for the night. In summer time, the drivers, wrapped in rugs, slept on the heath. An aged inhabitant, who passed some ninety years at Greenhow, told many quaint stories of her young days, recounting traditions which only dwell in the memory of the aged. Speaking of her school days and the present system, she said: "A'll tell ye wat, maister, ther wasn't sike deed aboot gaing tut school wen ah wur a lass, an varry little ah gat; I 'ad to be t'lad for me fadder."*

Craven Keld, a small watercourse at this village, is the extremity of Wharfe's valley in this direction.

Returning by the way of 'Dry Gill' wild solitudes of moorland stretch away on our right for a dozen miles, one vast upland of heather-clad moor and shaggy fell.

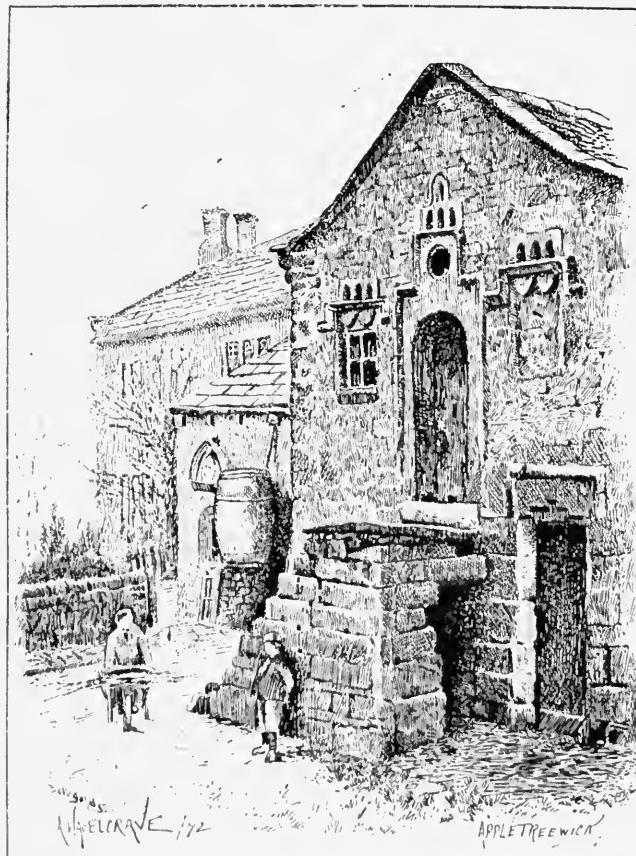
About 'Nursa Knott and Apron-full of stones,' the old legend is "that the devil, for some reason anxious to fill up Dibb Gill, was carrying these ponderous crags in his apron, when, stumbling over Nursa Knott, the strings broke and the crags fell." Legend also says, "should the crags be removed they will be carried by some invisible power back to their original position." This is another touch of Celto-Norse lore, with the old-world Norse myth *Wada* or Wade at the root of it. The apron full of stones was similarly spilt in the North Riding about Mulgrave.

Hid among the moors is Grimwith, indicating a settlement of Grim, a Danish chieftain. The word Grimwith means 'Grim's Wood,' and therefore distinguishes it from the wood of some other owner.

* On the 'treed-hill' Greenhow elevation, as the footnote on Barden showed for the Bolton demesne, areas well wooded with a primeval scrub of oak and hazel, birch and mountain ash, are now stripped of all greenery higher than the bent and cotton-grass. The plantations of so-called 'pine'—that is, larches and spruce-fir—which we see nowadays, were all 'set' as 'cover' for game and ornamental shelter, within the last hundred and fifty years or so, when large territorial owners like the Duke of Devonshire's predecessors began to see a market value in wide stretches and sweeps of peat moor and heatherland. But for all that, modern geology and botany, by examining the layers of peat even less than six feet below the present surface, have proved, in the unearthing of semi-fossilized seeds, twigs, etc., that the 'moss' was once a woodland of varied tree growth.

Leaving the Hebden and Grassington road, we follow the highway to Appletreewick, an interesting village, both as concerns history and architecture. Of the four syllables composing the name of Appletreewick, all but the last are Celtic, the *A-faill-tre* indicates a village or residence at the pool. Ignorant of the meaning of this combination, the Norseman finished the word by adding the designation of 'wick,' which also means a village or station; and we have a name which tells us a few plain things about successive occupants in the past.

In 1086 the manor of 'Apletrevic' was owned by the Thanes, Dolfin and Orme, but was soon after in the hands of the Romilles. In the fourteenth century the manor passed by purchase to the monks of Bolton. At the dissolution of monasteries it came into the possession of the Crown, and was granted by Henry VIII. to Sir Christopher Hales, who sold it to Sir John Yorke, Lord Mayor of London.



AN OLD HOUSE, APPLETREEWICK.

In the early part of the seventeenth century, a feud arose between Sir John Yorke and the Lord of Skipton, regarding the right of free warren and chase by Sir John in his lands of Appletreewick; the Lord of Skipton

contending that the manor was within boundary of the ancient forest of Skipton, the right of chase solely belonging to the Cliffords; that he and his ancestors had kept deer and keepers in that part of the forest from time immemorial, and that whenever Sir John had taken any of the Appletreewick deer he had been guilty of raiding. In spite of all remonstrance, Sir John and his servants still continued to hunt and kill the lord's stags. Soon after, a regular *fracas* ensued between the rival houses, in which the Skipton men were soundly trounced by Sir John Yorke's servants, for which he was fined by the Star Chamber two hundred pounds, and two of his servants were heavily fined.

At the entrance to the village is a rare old mansion, said to have been once the home of the Craven family, sheltered from the road by a massive-limbed elm,—a meeting place of the villagers, the scene of many a palaver: which certainly lends additional interest to the scene. The dining hall contains a balcony, in olden days used by minstrels enlivening the scene, and entertaining the noble host and his friends by strains vocal or stringed.

The hall is very striking from its antique oaken door, thickly studded with iron, and windows with innumerable diamond-shaped panes. It doubtless stands on the site of an older structure dating from Norman times.

In winter time, Appletreewick, to many, will seem perhaps drear and uninteresting, standing at the foot of savage uplands. Yet, to look down the village street, when the gloaming of a summer's evening softens all the sharp outlines, and cattle wander by themselves up the street at milking time from pasture, then the old uphill village has a charm and beauty wholly its own. In its street stands a curious old building (*see sketch*) once used, it is said, as a chapel by the monks of Bolton (but that is a debatable question, for the structure is only early Jacobean), now doing duty as the village Institute.

The Low Hall formerly belonged to the Prestons. One Thomas Preston, whose initials were to be seen in diamond plaster work in the south end wing of the hall, was a wild, dissolute man, betting, swearing, and drinking to great excess. After his death the peasantry believed his spirit was—

“Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day, confined to fast in fire
Till the foul crimes done in his days of Nature
Were burnt and purged away.”

Unearthly sounds were often heard; the old pewter in the oaken rack rattled most mysteriously, doors banged fearsonely, the rafters often creaking from

no apparent cause. On stormy nights hollow sepulchral groans proceeded from the roof. Things at length got to such a pass that the affrighted inmates had to place the disturber in Dibb's Gill, ever since known as 'Preston's Well.'

In olden days, Appletreewick Fair, granted by charter to the prior of Bolton in 1311, and celebrated far and wide, was held on the land lying between this village and the Wharfe; the spot is still known as 'Sheeper Hills.' We may surmise that this fair was not merely of local celebrity, but of such general importance as to give the place a repute far beyond the limits of Wharfedale, not excepting its lower and more convenient parts. Scotch ponies, cattle from the borders, and large droves of sheep were exposed there for sale. The Blands of Woodhouse, an old yeoman family, were great importers of Scotch ponies. Apart from cattle and every kind of farm implements and domestic utensils, cloth and dress goods, cutlery, and vast quantities of onions were disposed of. Nearly all the houses in the village, on fair days, had a bush attached to their walls, a sign to indicate that during the market they were houses of refreshment. The state of trade in the upper parts of the dale, more than five centuries ago, must have been rather surprising; there was a briskness and stability which we recognise in the unimpeachable evidence of the Poll Tax of 1379.

From this record we might assume that Appletreewick was a centre of the clothing business. It contained five master tailors of substantial condition, headed by John Young, senior and junior. Henry of Gyremont was a resident fuller; Alice Webster, Agnes Toller, and Alice Slynger, were weavers: so the manufacture of cloth was also carried on in the town. Grassington had two tailors and a weaver; Lynton, a fuller; Brynsale, a weaver and a tailor; as also had Conyngston in Kettlewelldale, and William Ffyschier, who was a slater. Considering that a good coat was then expected to last twenty years—men bequeathing them to their sons and even grandsons—it is rather interesting to inquire how the services of these 'sartorial artists' were continuously occupied. Arnecliffe, too far away for the lower tradesmen, had the great man of the trade settled within its bounds, in the person of John Dene, *emptor lanarum*, a wool-stapler, who, as he paid a tax of three shillings and fourpence, was evidently a person of some consequence.

In respect of its other tradesmen, Appletreewick was also metropolitan: Henry Richardson, cobbler; Henry Johnson, carpenter; John Smerton, 'mawer'; Henry Tele, milner, were substantial men; while the pride of consequence centred in the 'sergeant' and general autocrat, with only one

drawback : he is named in the return—John Adam-son Tom-son, although his name may not have bothered the tax scribe as it does us. What was the sergeant called where men spoke his name ? His father was clearly Adam O'Toms, so we come to the conclusion that the officer, John Adamson Tomson, when divested of his dignity and the accessories of his office, was Jack O'Adam O'Toms. "Rather a sudden pull up, that, Sammy!" as Mr. Weller, senior, observed ; but obviously life had its tribulations then, as well as now.



[F. Dean]

LOOKING WEST UP THE VALLEY OF THE WHARFE FROM THE FOOT OF SIMON'S SEAT.

In 1293 James of Esseton claimed for free mine of lead and iron, and gallows in Appletreewick. John of Esseton gave him the manor of Appletreewick, with four bovates of land and a culture called Kalegarth, together with the mines, as he received and held those tenements by gift of Edward, the illustrious King of England.

Once on a time a stranger enquired of a native the way to Appletreewick, who replied: "Whya, thier isn't sike a spot i' aw t'daal. Aw've been

bred an' born at Hou'lll, an' a nivver heerd on it afore; bud gang an' ax t'Ranter chapel-keeper, he'll 'appen naw. 'Appen ye want Apterick? If ye dew, it's ower t'll yonner."

The two miles forward to Burnsall is a most delightful walk. On the right is the last of several conical-shaped hills that stretch across the basin of the Wharfe, from Cracoe to Hartlington. This great barrier mound is composed of limestone rock and 'glacial drift,' a rubble of earth with imbedded fragments of stone, left by the floods or melting glaciers of the prehistoric Ice Age—the same waters that scooped away the receding base of Kilnsey Crag higher up the dale. This hill is called the Kale. On the top is a circular mound raised in time of war, evidently indicating the Celtic *cae*, or fortress, which has given rise to the 'cae hill,' that only needs explanation to revive interest in the past. By the roadside is an outhouse bearing the following inscription:—

"1512, CABIN THATCHED,
AND HOUSE SLATED, 1755,
NEXT FOR CATTLE,
1881 WAS TRANSLATED."

About a century ago, one Robert Bland, of Low Woodhouse, bought the old house and barn, with several tenements, known as High Woodhouse, of Christopher Malthouse, of Minskip, and sold them some years later to Michael Gill, of Lead Hall, Towton. In the documentary evidence relating to High Woodhouse, the cabin and barn is mentioned as being thatched in 1512; whilst it appears Michael Gill had it slated in 1755. In 1881, J. A. Bland, now of the Manor House, Burnsall, formerly of Low Woodhouse, and grandson of the above Robert Bland, finding the barn in a ruinous state, demolished it, and converted the cottage into an outhouse for cattle, but leaving the doorway and windows intact. Hence the reason of Mr. Bland's historical rhyming inscription.

We now pass on our left the ancient hamlet of Low Woodhouse, but a vestige of former days, as the traces on the surface show. Within the last century many ruins have been carted away, and the foundations of buildings laid bare.

The manor house of the seventeenth century, with its many mullions, presents a beautiful picture, while just on the edge of the meadows the river dashes past a long stretch of woodland in eager haste to reach the beauties of the lower dale.

"A lovely village once it was,
Which few in Wharfedale could surpass;
But now its walls are all gone down—
The place they stood on scarcely known."—S. BLAND.

As an adjunct to the clan-station at Hartlington, this Woodhouse tells the same tale that all the Woodhouses tell. It was planted on the confines

of Angle domination as a watch-house and safeguard against possibly troublesome neighbours—in this instance the Celts residing at Appletreewick, and having one of their defensive stations on the Kale hill.

The Blands, formerly of Woodhouse, are amongst the oldest yeoman families of the district. They were settled here before the Burnsall Register mentions their name, and this commences May 12th, 1558, with an entry of a marriage of William Bland, of Woodhouse, to Mary Preston, of Appletreewick. The Blands were of Woodhouse and Hartlington Hall. Bland Gill, an offshoot of Trollers' Gill, also recalls the memory of their name. The present J. S. Bland can remember the good old times when most of the products of the soil were conveyed on the backs of Jagger ponies, and when the Eldin fuel ('fuel' or peat) was dug up on the moors and brought down to the valley in the antique spindle-sided peat-cart. The jagger did not use grease for the wheels, but carried a tin wherewith to throw water on the wheels when they became heated.

HARTLINGTON.

Standing by the banks of the little river Dibb is one of the most ancient spots in the neighbourhood. In Domesday the name is written 'Herlintone,' and indicates the 'ton' of an Anglian clan. The river-name on the other hand is Celtic, being the same as *dub*, meaning a deep pool of water; probably the original name given to this identical reach above the falls. It has kinship with the 'Deeps' and 'Deepings' found in Lincolnshire and the district of the Norfolk 'broads.' Soon after the Survey, De Ketel Hertlintun was residing here, ancestor of a long line bearing his name, the last male representative dying in the latter part of the fifteenth century.

Henry, son of William de Hertlington, lord of this village, gave the right of free passage for carriages, cattle, etc., the one through the middle moor of Hertlington, as the highway leads from Gathorp (Gate-up) through the high road to Hebden Moor, being six perches in breadth, of twenty feet to the perch. The other, as the road leads from Hebden quite to Faungkarle, was of the same breadth; and this William de Hertlington, lord hereof, and Henry, his son, confirmed in A.D. 1376, and again in 1378.

Dr. Whitaker says that at "Hartlington once lived a man named Walters, who, on a certain night, was awakened out of his sleep by a voice calling, 'Arise, Walters, and save life!' He obeyed the call,—took bow and quiver. Some impulse led him to a remote part of Appletreewick pastures, where he found a young lady, a daughter of the Clifford, struggling with ruffians. Walters sped his arrows so well that the ruffians fled, and left the lady uninjured. For this timely service the man received a small estate, which his descendants long enjoyed."

Waters (not Walters) appears to have resided on the Woodhouse side of the Dibble, and not in the hamlet of Hartlington. At any rate a person

of this name had lands given to him by the Cliffords, and the 'laith' known as Waters' 'laith' is still standing, bearing their inscription. It is said that a descendant of this man, being guilty of some criminal offence, fled to the West Indies to escape punishment, and there died, leaving land to trustees, the income of which was to be devoted to the conversion of the

natives; this was locally known as the 'Negro lands' charity, and also as the Doxill's or Dowall's estate, which contains one hundred and twenty-six acres, twenty-three perches.

The Doxill's Estate in Appletreewick and Burnsall yields about eighty pounds a year, the rental of lands which formed part of the ancient manor of Woodhouse, owned by Lady Adeliza de Romille, granted afterwards by Henry de Neville to the Priory of Marton-in-Richmondshire. At the dissolution, Woodhouse and 'Dowcills' were granted to Henry, Earl of Cumberland (1542), and sold or given by Francis, Fourth Earl of Cumberland, to John Waters, who built a substantial house at Woodhouse, his initials appearing on the old fireplace thus—I. W. 1635. Tradition says that this John Waters or his son, having fallen into disgrace, fled, and ultimately settled in the West Indies, where he died, having



bequeathed the 'Dowcills' to the Society for the Conversion of the Negroes in the West Indies.*

The manor of Hartlington passed, by marriage of Elizabeth, a co-heiress, to the Metcalfs of Nappa, and is now divided: one part owned by the Wilsons of Eshton; the other by Colonel Dawson of the Royal Artillery. The latter has built himself a stately residence on a commanding plateau,

* From a Paper communicated by Charles H. L. Wood, Oughtershaw Hall.

just above the river Dibb, with a fine outlook over the Wharfe country. By the roadside at Hartlington, an ancient kiln for drying corn was lately discovered. Evidences of bygone occupation are plentiful here; the spot where the manor hall of the Hertlingstons stood is still called 'Hall Garth,' here are traces of the foundations of the fishponds, and Chapel Hill marks the site of an ancient chapel, whilst the name of Cross Hill is on the high road adjoining. An old inn, now destroyed, which stood by the side of the Dibb, bore the sign of 'Spout Yat'; both here and at Woodhouse several querns or hand-mills have been found. In olden time, large numbers of salmon annually ascended the Dibb. A family, who took their name from the stream, are several times mentioned in connection with Bolton and Fountains, and were yeomen miners dwelling higher up the bank of the little river. On Hartlington Rakes, above the old mill, are old sheep walks, and on Appletreewick Kale are the evidences of a British camp.

Trunla and Grinwith are irregular sportive feeders of the little river Dibb. Trunla, at least, was so named from a Scandinavian root *trauna*, to run away, from the water playing truant from its allotted bed so often. Jamieson gives the Scots *trane*, as meaning to go from home, and the streams appear and disappear several times in the limestones. The Dibb is a beautiful mountain stream, has its source some five miles away amongst moorlands, and for some distance runs its sinuous course in a narrow gorgelet. After passing beneath the Pateley road, at the Devil's or Dibble Bridge, its middle course runs for quite a mile in a deep arc-like gorge, narrow, but well wooded and finely picturesque, ever hastening and leaping over pretty cascades, to where the old mill-wheel sings its busy lay; beautiful with all the accessories of nature, it hurries on under overhanging trees, passing beneath the bridge at Hartlington, and then soon joining the Wharfe.

Standing on the bridge in the early autumn, the writer was much interested by the beauty of the scene. The tints were a commingling of green and golden; no wind disturbed the branches casting their shade over the stream, silently the crisp, brown leaves fell into the hurrying water which danced and glistened in the sunlight. Through the branches spread the curling smoke of cottages, the whole giving an air of repose to this secluded spot.

Before entering the village of Burnsall, let us follow the road which passes Barden above the left bank of the river—a very enjoyable route. There, in the sweet vale below, and far away o'er moors, hills, and crags,

spreads a picture of wonderful contrast. It is evening, the woods resound with the song of birds, the winding river reflects the golden gleam of the departing orb. Up the far hillside a deserted road turns and crosses the wild-looking moors; here and there giant crags, deep ravines, and gulfs lend



mystery to the scene ; whilst the sky-line of dark moorlands and the crest of mighty hills define the horizon. Now we are passing the lustrous greens of the fir-wood, where birds chant their choral vespers. From the village rise the sounds of merry children ; on the fells the plaintive bleating of sheep and the harsh cries of the muircocks are heard. Soon we are arrested by the beauty of Burnsall, situated at the foot of sheltering hills, half-circled by the bright river which lends additional charm to the loveliest village of the dale.* Passing Fell House, finely situated for receiving the salubrious breezes wafted over the moors to its doors, we drop down the steep hill road and rest on the beautiful green washed by the brown river.

* A fearful accident happened at the old Saw Mill, near this spot (in the sixties of the nineteenth century), to a Burnsall man, whose wonderful recovery was told by the Rev. A. W. G. Moore, of Spalding, in a London contemporary, 1891. At the time of the accident, the reverend gentleman was curate of Burnsall, and for many nights watched by the bedside of the poor fellow, whilst hovering on the verge of death. How strange is life—the strongest are cut down without a moment's warning ! Yet this man still lives, whose life years ago was kept alight by the smallest spark, which the faintest breeze would have extinguished.

CHAPTER IX.

BURNSALL AND GRASSINGTON DISTRICT,

ANCIENTLY Brinshall and Brineshale, ‘the hall by the burn,’ as several writers tell us, but what seems preferable, the hall of some headman named Brun, or chieftain bearing the clan title of *Beorn* (*Bjorn*, Norse, *Beorn*, Anglian), a headman or ruler. The affix *Sal* in Danish means the chief room or hall—the Teutonic *Saal* carries the same meaning. So we may assume that the germ of this town was a ‘hall’ in the Teutonic days, a residence where government was kept up and punishment meted out to offenders. Such an establishment implies domination, and circumstances point to such a state of things, which lasted through Norman and mediæval times up to the early Georgian period. To the dissatisfied Celt, thrust from his homeland to the wild bleak uplands, such a hall would be a necessity, and in later centuries, when it was the fashion somewhat assiduously followed to ‘lift a good, red deer,’ the ‘justice-room’ at the hall would not lack occupation. When we add all the little shortcomings of the community the later squire had to adjust, the necessity for the hall increases—it is no longer a dwelling-place, its uses enter into the chronicle of our civilization. Of such a chronicle, Burnsall forms an interesting chapter, for the *Sal* or *Saal* has been that of a *Beorn*, or leading chieftain; the village being thereby the capital of the district. To this position in the Skipton fee Burnsall had an undisputed right, and a superior dignity survives to this day.

Although the history of this place does not appear in the records beyond the eleventh century,* when that prime favourite, Robert de Romelli, took possession of the Skipton fee, yet the many relics and vestiges time has left, some of which are to be seen in the church of St. Wilfrid, prove both the importance and the antiquity of Burnsall.

* The Domesday Book briefly states, in Brineshale and Drebeliae (Burnsall and Drebley) Dringlet had two carucates and two oxgangs to be taxed; and record states that they were all laid waste during the rebellion of the Anglians, and after conquest by Normans.

It is to be regretted that the present church, as a structure, is not representative of the antiquity of the Establishment. The oldest visible part is the tower (with the exception of slight indications of earlier work at the east end), a fine specimen of decorated architecture erected about 1400; of the remaining parts some portions are nearly two centuries later.

The situation of Burnsall village and green is most charming, every feature the eye rests upon is full of interest, be it the old inn, or the new hydro (sign of the times), the bridge, the cottages, facing on to the green with their little garden plots, the brown river, tinged with its moorland source, singing its song of joyous freedom, the wide circling fells, or pasture-land in the valley at our feet,—all alike are delightful. Sunset adds further beauty, when the hills become suffused with a warm, soft, crimson glow, night deepens, the peaceful calm pervading the valley, soothing by its magical spell the restless spirit of the wanderer, then the place appears in all verity ‘a haunt of ancient peace.’

In front of the green, with its maypole erected in 1862, stands the yellow-washed inn. Entering for rest and refreshment we listen to the chat of peasants, while fishermen relate their astounding captures of fish, until the savoury odour of trout takes possession of our appetite. How pleasant it was in the old time, after our meal, to sit in the cosy parlour perfumed with sweet-scented flowers, fresh gathered from their native dells, and obtain through the old mullions, screened with plants, glimpses of mountain, wood, and meadow, and see through this framing the brown river hastening onward, soon to be abruptly turned by the high fells, which the sunset rays bathe in gold!

After a stroll through the village, where many quaint houses of the seventeenth century, with porch and mullions, still remain, we saunter through lush meadows by the river, on whose opposite bank hangs a screen of living green. The beauty of the village from this spot appeals to all lovers of rural scenes. At our feet the babbling stream glinting in the sunlight, beyond the meadow, cottages nestle and the old church rears its massive tower, the whole impressing us with its content and rest, so much needed by the weary man of business

“ Seeking the sweet, fresh scene of calm repose,
Where nature smiles, and flowers their bloom disclose.”

Upwards we hear the loud noise of rushing water. On our left is the old Grammar School and church, whose walls still bear inscriptions recounting the generosity and perpetuating the memory of a noble patron. The

wooded steeps on the opposite bank, where lovers often whisper, and whistling sandpipers haunt and nest, are named 'St. Wilfrid's Scar.'

We are now reaching the heart of the district that Wilfrid retrieved from paganism and gave over to Christianity from his monastery at 'Hrepum,' with such lasting effect as to keep his name green to the present day, though



[W. Brown.]

BURNSALL FROM THE SOUTH.

his earthly labours were consummated eleven centuries ago. As so often happens in the case of these scars and holy wells, that have obtained the individual recognition of the church, we are disposed to believe that the energetic evangelist here gave his name to a station, well known as having been a point of Druidic worship. Past 'Loup' or 'Leap Scar,' having its origin in the Celtic *hupp*, a smaller hill than those surrounding it (also called *hope*), the vale embosoms a belt of sweet woodland. Here is a spring named

ST. HELEN'S WELL.,

because dedicated to Helena, mother of Constantine the Great. This pious lady, supposed to have been a daughter of the Celtic race, was held in great reverence by the early British Church, though probably of obscure parentage. She founded the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem. Many wells in various parts of England, formerly held sacred, still bear her name; moreover in the North of England, and in Yorkshire especially, a number of churches were dedicated to her. It is quite reasonable to suppose that Loup Scar was the scene of Druidic worship, to which the wells of the Saints Helena and Margaret add strong confirmatory evidence. To a Druid's altar a well was essential, the frequently recurring Halikeld presumably designating such wells. In pagan ceremonial and symbol water played an important part; nearly every river, stream, and well had its presiding goddess or nymph, to whom oblations were due. As objects of adoration, these wells obtained a great share of attention, which was not interfered with until Christianity had obtained a predominating influence, when, by the canons of King Edgar, the priests were ordered to wean their flocks from such false practice, and a Saint's name allotted to the wells. The efforts of the early fathers seem to have met with small success, the wells were afterwards chosen for the scene of baptism, thus giving a new direction of thought and adoration regarding them.

Nearer the village, and within the glebe, is the well, dedicated to that pure and noble Saxon lady, Margaret, wife of Malcolm Canmore, King of Scotland. The history of her life shines out with brilliant lustre from the gloomy scenes of desolation and war. Born in 1046, during her life she endowed many religious houses. Of Saxon lineage, her memory was held in great reverence for centuries. The tomb of St. Margaret at Dunfermline is the only shrine which connects Scotland with the great company of English saints south of the Tweed.

An old-time custom at Burnsall was that of visiting the saints' wells, St. Margaret's and St. Helen's. Before the Reformation, young people used to meet at these fountains to perform certain ceremonies; the wells on these occasions being decorated with garlands. Sometimes there was an altar, upon which the devotees could lay offerings of flowers, or other gifts. It was a common practice also to drop sugar into the wells to propitiate the presiding saint—hence the numerous 'sugar wells,' which still retain their

name while their former use is entirely forgotten. The priest usually headed the processionists in their visits to these springs.

Well worship is a curious survival of paganism continued down to the nineteenth century, and not even to-day quite obsolete. The Kirk of Scotland in the seventeenth century set its face strenuously against what it deemed such popish practices.

"The Presbtrie hearing that ther are sume resorting to superstitious wells for obteining helth to sick and distracted persons, as also that ther are some that sends them and gives advices to goe that way, for preventing, whereof in all tyme coming the Presbtrie ordiened that whosoever shall be found guiltie of the premiss, that they mak ther publick repentance in sackcloth befor the congregation, and ordained this Act to be intimat in all the kirks of the Presbtrie."

A further report states that "whosoever shall frequent such suspect places for to seek their health are to be fined half-a-dollar, mak publick repentance before the congregation and thence banished the parish."

Let us now return to the village church, whose noble tower adds interest and character to the vale. Around those walls, and within sound of the murmuring river, repose near the scene of their earthly labours all that is mortal in man. To all

right-thinking people an old village church and its burial ground have a reverential charm. We love to gaze on the venerable relics and examine the crumbling walls, and so it should be; for, besides containing the remains of our ancestors, they remind us of early Christian struggles, and, like the links of a chain, teach us the history connecting the past with the present.



BURNSALL CHURCH.

Thinking thus, in the faint twilight, the writer passed through the time-worn lych-gate, with its old stones and worm-eaten joists, around which

the ivy has firmly fastened, giving this, now scarce, relic a time-honoured appearance. Amongst grass-grown graves, and other memorials of the dead, we lingered: the scene and hour were impressive—not a sound was to be heard save the whispering of leaves and the faint murmur of the hurrying river, which, during its flow for unnumbered centuries, has witnessed many strange and curious ceremonies.

The parish of Burnsall includes Thorpe, Hartlington, and Appletreewick. The church is dedicated to St. Wilfrid of Ripon, whose career was a stormy one: three times expelled from his bishopric, vainly seeking Papal interference, for the spiritual power of Rome was then unknown to the bold Northumbrians, who laughed to scorn the idea of the Pope intermeddling; and so the prelate was cast forth an exile and a wanderer. Though full of vanity and ambition, Wilfrid ever shone under adversity—spending his days of exile in evangelising the heathen. In his days of prosperity, he was intractable and haughty, caressed and flattered at Rome, and smitten by her refinements, he was totally unfitted to reign as spiritual head over half-wild Northumbrians. About the year 690, when his age was verging on seventy, a synod was held on the banks of the Nidd, probably at or near the modern Knaresborough, when Elfsleda, an abbess, pleaded his cause so well that the young king, son of Brihtwald, restored Wilfrid to the see of Hexham, and the abbey at Ripon, where he spent peacefully the remaining four years of his life. Wilfrid was no doubt buried at Ripon, which, in his lifetime, he had loved above all other places. Beneath the church at the latter town is the ancient crypt, the most perfect and curious relic of the opening chapters of Christianity in England; it contains St. Wilfrid's Needle, the singular ceremonies connected with which are well known; the coming of Robert the Hermit to Knaresborough was no fortuitous thing, but obviously the following up of a tradition of Druidical worship; St. Grimbold's Crag, as its seat, affording a parallel to Loup Scar. St. Robert's Chapel, which we know to have been founded in the wood of Siveinsco, had near it a 'halikeld,' and was in proximity to a grove such as the Druids loved, known as the Celts' wood or 'Siveinskogr,' in the Norse days. Wilfrid's great work of conversion had been prepared for the Celts of this district, who could claim to have got their Christianity from forefathers who had received it from the earliest of the apostles.

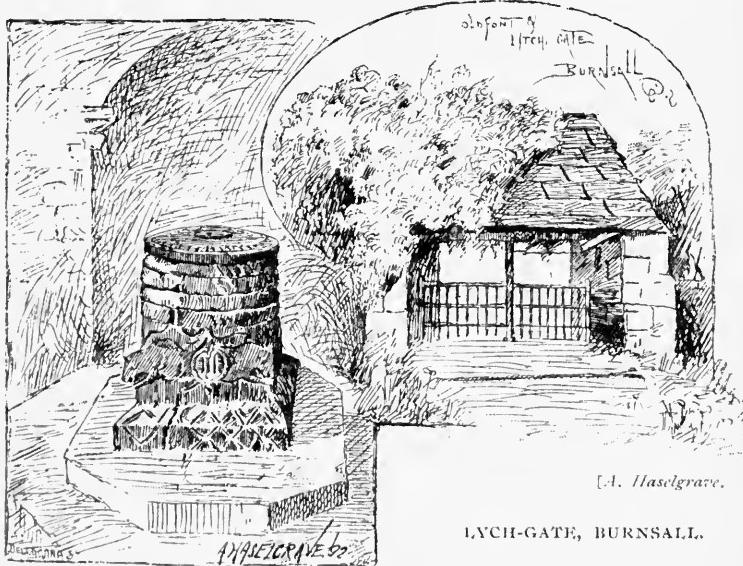
The oldest parts of the church of Burnsall date from the twelfth century, later portions from the fourteenth, and consist of two aisles, nave and chancel. Several remnants of ancient crosses have been found, closely allied to Runic work; but the greatest treasure is the Norse font, on which is carved a representation of a sea-horse and other symbols of heathen mythology, marking the transition from heathenism to Christianity, characteristic of the period when the light of Christian truth shone in strange contrast side by side with old pagan beliefs of the war-loving Scandinavians. And so this semi-mythical beast was placed on the font as a symbol to protect the church against the power of darkness. It conveys a subtle meaning, and transports the mind to the dim time of pagan antiquity and the struggle between it and the new faith, when it was necessary for the latter to use the form or symbol of Water-Power as something the heathen would alone

understand. But the time at length came when the Christian need no longer inscribe upon the fonts, symbols of a faith he was trying to destroy. The base of the font represents Norman diaper ornamentation, similar to that at Selby and Ryther. This may be assigned to a period not later than 1150, and was then done to befit its removal from the older temple to the grander fane which Norman taste was substituting for its rude predecessor. The fragments of crosses are partly covered with red lead—one of the oldest colours known, and greatly used by the earlier inhabitants of Britain—made from the skimmings of lead; this colour has stood the test of ten centuries. A Viking effigy, of crude workmanship, represents an age long anterior to the Crusaders, who date from the twelfth century.

Judging from the many Anglo-Norse remains the present church replaced one of Anglian origin, dating from the ninth century. During the restoration, a very ancient piece

of sculptured work in alabaster was found, representing the "Adoration of the Magi," the work of an Italian artist, period twelfth century, probably brought from Italy by some crusading warrior returning from the battle-fields of Palestine, and who may have presented the sculpture as a gift to his native church. This rare piece of ancient art is to be seen with other relics in the sanctuary.*

* These venerable reliques have survived the rebuilding, at least, of two structures, and, being genuine remains of the primitive church, should be religiously preserved.



AN OLD FONT.

LYCH-GATE, BURNSALL.

[A. Haselgrave.]

The list of rectors dates from the thirteenth century. A stone tablet records that—"This Church was Repaired and Butified at thonlie costes and charges of Sir Willm. Craven, Knight and Alderm. of the Citie of London, and late Lord Mayre of the same. Anno dñi. 1612."

Burnsall, in past ages, must have held many sainted men, for we are told that in the early days of the Church those who had lived a life of conspicuous piety were interred within its walls. When digging under the tower end, some years ago, twenty-seven skulls were found, which may find explanation in the ancient custom.

In the churchyard, which slopes gently down towards the river, is a stone pillar, surmounted by a dial. Here, in olden days, stood the church-yard cross; from which 'Billy' Pickersgill, the parish clerk, nicknamed 'Dabbish-it,' from his habit of using that ejaculation, announced to the congregation, as they passed through the graveyard, the coming events of the week:—"Oyez! oyez! oyez! This is ta give all of ye notice that a vestry meeting will be held at Brigg end ta morn at neet, to appoint t' owerseers an t' surveyors, an' examinin t' books." A noted bellringer, Old Billy was also named 'Captain of the belfry.' In past days the Burnsall ringers were noted for their performances. One, who has now passed to the majority, said, "I have often listened to their sweet music on clear, moonlight summer nights, when a gentle breeze wafted the silvery sounds up the dale, and myriad mountain echoes prolonged the melody."

Some years after Billy Pickersgill's death, Peter Riley officiated as sexton and clerk, and was also famous on the double bass. Once during a service, when the only persons present were the preacher and sexton, the clergyman began, "Dearly beloved brethren," but Peter cried out, "Nay, nay, ye moant say 'brethren,' ye mun say 'dearly beloved Pete!'" Of another remarkable character, Parson Alcock, many droll stories are related. On one occasion some mischievous person mixed the leaves of his sermon: after delivering two pages he came to a long pause; then, addressing the congregation, said, "Someone has mixed my sermon,—however, I will read it as it is and you can digest it when you get home."* Another familiar figure in those parts was Billy Bolton, knife-grinder, entertainer and a

* The Rev. Patrick Stewart was once placed in the same awkward position. On opening his manuscript he found the first page or two had been eaten away. "My brethren," he said, "I find the mice have made free with the beginning of my sermon, so that I caunot tell you where the text is to be found; but we will just begin where the mice have left off, and find out the text as we go along."

performer on the bagpipes. Billy was doubtless the last of the ancient type of wandering minstrels. He lies buried at Burnsall, and over his grave is a memorial in the shape of a neat cross, erected at the suggestion of Mr. John Bland, and bearing this inscription :

"In memory of William Bolton, the dales' minstrel, who died September 1st, 1881, aged 85 years. This tribute of respect was erected by some of the minstrel's many friends in the dales of North, East, and West Yorkshire."

There are still in this district many families whose ancestors have dwelt here for centuries. In some of our large towns—and Leeds is one of them—



[P. M. Grimshaw.]

BURNSALL, FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

the names of the old dalesmen are those of our most prominent citizens. Wool was originally the cause of their migration and prosperity. Leeds of the eighteenth century found its most prosperous cloth merchants in the sons of the yeomen, whose successors still survive hereabout.

In the churchyard will be noticed the village stocks, which are of stone; as the burial-ground was enlarged some years ago, they may have stood

outside its boundary. Another memorial of past days is the lych-gate (*lych* meaning dead); here, in pre-Reformation days, the corpse rested while certain rites were performed.

Adjoining the churchyard is the old Grammar School, founded by Sir William Craven. William Craven was born at Appletreewick, 'of poor parentage,' as the report runs, though not perhaps in this instance with strict accuracy, and was apprenticed by the parish to a woolstapler. The family of Craven held land in Appletreewick at a very early period. His grandfather, John Craven, was a substantial yeoman, cultivating his own land. His father, William, was a yeoman also, and husband of Beatrice Hunter; their boy William, the third son, being sent into trade to win a fortune larger than a yeoman's estate could provide. At the expiration of his term he went to London, taking a situation in a silk mercer's business; afterwards becoming a tradesman on his own account, fortune so favouring him that his rise to wealth and dignity was very rapid. In 1611, the lad who had left his home by the banks of the Wharfe was chosen for the highest of civic honours, being made Lord Mayor of London, later obtaining the order of knighthood; a stone tablet on the walls of the Grammar School records—

**William Craven,
Alderman of London,
Founder of
this Schoole,
Anno dñi., 1602.**

First and last of the family who engaged in trade, he became the founder of a noble house (the Earls of Craven); he died in London in 1618, and was buried in the church of St. Andrew's, Leadenhall Street. William, his eldest son, gallant soldier as ever drew sword, learnt the art of war under Gustavus Adolphus and William, Prince of Orange, the two greatest champions of Protestant Europe. This heroic ancestor of the family has made his name immortal in the romance of Love and War. Like a true knight of old, he fought for the beautiful Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I., who was married to the Count Palatine, afterwards elected king of Bohemia. Poor Frederick and Elizabeth! their short-lived dignity saw but the phantom of Royalty, for with the strong hand of Austria upon them they were driven from the throne of Bohemia and became exiles and wanderers, dependent on the chivalric sympathy of the cavaliers. The devotion and courage of these men who gathered around the banner of the fallen monarch, chiefly on account of the charms and virtues of his British wife, shine out conspicuously; foremost among them was the Earl of Craven.

His adherents were foiled in their hopes, however ; the unhappy king died, and his widow returned to England, where it is said she privately married her gallant champion, and to whom she bequeathed a fine collection of paintings, chiefly portraits, which still adorn the long gallery at Combe Abbey. Amongst the cavaliers who fell fighting in Elizabeth's cause was young Fairfax from Denton by the Wharfe, which fact Prince Rupert generously remembered in his march through Wharfedale.*

A few of the genuine old Craven homesteads, with pent-roof porches and mullioned windows, still remain in the sheltered hollow by the bright river, and possess all the charm peculiar to a Cravenland village. The Red Lion, facing the green, and the Fell House, finely situated on the outskirts on the Barden road, also Bland's at the Manor House, have accommodation for those who wish to visit this idyllic place.

The following appeared in the *Times* some years ago, speaking well for the longevity of the inhabitants in this district :—

"SIR,—It was my privilege recently to join my sister and three elder brothers at our usual yearly meeting. My sister was born Oct. 3rd, 1791, aged 92; first brother born Nov. 20th, 1793, aged 90; second brother born April 13th, 1797, aged 86; third brother born Oct. 29th, 1806, aged 77; myself born Dec. 10th, 1808, aged 75. One Stockdale family of five, whose united ages reach 420 years, or an average of 84 years each."

LOUP SCAR

is a gigantic rock of limestone, through which the angry river has worn its track, and still battles defiantly with huge boulders, that in vain impede its progress. In flood-time this place is a scene of wild grandeur—a roar of swirling waters lashed into foam through impact with overhanging cliffs, on the top of which, like ragged sentinels, storm-swept trees look down the abyss. Fittingly, for it is the last scene of a murder.

Rather more than a century has fled since "Tom Lee" chose this spot for the final hiding-place of his victim. On two occasions had the body been secreted ; but the murderer was still fearful lest its hiding-place should be discovered.

Just after midnight, when all at Grassington but the guilty pair had retired to rest, Lee, accompanied by his wife and leading a pony, glided out

* When Prince Rupert passed down Wharfedale with his army (1644), he lodged at Denton, the home of the Fairfaxses, for the night, and found hung in the great parlour a portrait of John Fairfax who had met his death at the siege of Frankenthal, when fighting for his mother. To the honour of Prince Rupert, the sight of that face saved the mansion of the Parliamentary leader from destruction.

of the village. Dark storm-clouds swept across the moor, obscuring the light of the moon. Arriving at the solitary grave, he again unearthened his victim, which he placed in a sack and threw across the pony's back, crossed the moors above Hebden, and on to Burnsall, where the body, attached to large stones, was hurled into the river.

Retribution was afoot and on the murderer's track. That night a young man from Grassington, who, visiting his lady-love, had lingered as lovers will, was returning home by the banks of the river, lost in a reverie of bliss, when he was arrested by the sound of a voice exclaiming, "Tha thief, tha'll show his legs; cover 'em up!" Peering down from the opposite bank, he



Gilbert Foster.

THE GRASS-WOOD MURDER.

heard the splash of the falling body; just at that moment the clouds parted and the moon shone full on the guilty pair. The chain of evidence was fast closing round the murderer, for, as the young man proceeded to Grassington, he soliloquized: "Begow, but this licks me, it dew, a cud amost swear at it wur Tom Lee an' is wife, an' alin sewer that wur 'is galliway." Thus wondering, he journeyed on, little dreaming, for the moment, that the heavy splash hid a foul crime.

Hid amongst the hills, midway between Burnsall and Linton, is the quiet hamlet of Thorpe, access to which can be obtained by either road or footpath from Burnsall; and high above a deep ravine, on the opposite bank of the river, stands Hebden village. A day can be profitably spent by the strong of limb in visiting this locality and the disused mines and moorlands beyond. Before turning aside let us look backward. On our right rise rocky and precipitous fells; in front, and frowning on the vale beneath, is Simon's Seat, covered with a mist-wreath of raining cloud, which seems to envelop it in one mass of circling gloom. Suddenly the heavens open, and a marvellous gleam of glorious light is reflected from sun-gilded clouds, shedding dazzling hues on the rugged slopes, as transient as beautiful.

Crossing the river by a rickety swing-bridge, near to where the moorland stream empties into the Wharfe, and past the flax mills, now silent, we reach

HEBDEN,

a deep ravine, running from the bed of the Wharfe up to the lofty moorland ridge, separating Craven from Netherdale.* In the thirteenth century, the manor of Hebden was possessed by a William de Hebden, a descendant of the Thane Uctred, son of Dolfin, passing in the fifteenth century to the Tempests. Thruskell, or Thor's Well, takes its personal distinction from Thor, the god of war; a relic of Norse days. Thor, the ancient and highly venerated god in the Pantheon of Scandinavian mythology, appears to have been looked up to and worshipped as the controlling principle of thunder—the gigantic being to fight against or combat evil in all its personified forms; to disperse dragons, evil spirits, and demons; and was propitiated to protect the dead from the powers of darkness and the desecration of the tomb. There are numbers of places with the prefix *Thurs* and *Thor*—Thurscross

* It is worthy of remark, that by the unsophisticated natives of the dale, the valley of the Nidd, in its mountainous portion at least, is always called Netherdale and not Nidderdale. The difference has a meaning which seeks for an explanation, probably not to be found. Netherdale is of Norse speech, and means the lower dale; Nidderdale means the valley of the river Nidd. What reference the 'lower' or Netherdale has to an upper dale, and which dale that is, is the matter seeking solution; doubtless the Wharfe, longer and uppermost. Then again, the composition of the word Nidderdale is curious in itself. If the first syllable has reference to the river Nidd, how about the addition of 'er'? Is it a variant of the Norse *á*, water? We know that as late as the time of King John, and in some cases much later, the valley of the Wharfe is very frequently called Whervesdale, when a parallel idea or reason appears to assert itself. The two compounds seem to show that when the Norseman established himself, the Celtic names of the rivers were in use, to which he added his own word *á*, as having to him and his people the clearer signification of river.

or Thorscross, above Blubberhouses on the Washburn, concerning which there is a tradition that, 'lang-syne,' a city stood up in Thurscross. Doubtless there may be some truth in the story, for the place may have been a camp or stronghold of the Brigantes.

The deep ravine, on the high west shelf of which Hebden is situated and down which a brawling moorland beck comes swirling, is very picturesque. Few vestiges are left of the ancient manor hall of the Hebdens, a family who held sway here all through the mediaeval period.

The Ibbotsons are a very old Craven family, and the story runs that a yeoman of this stock took charger and rode with a Craven contingent to the Flodden Fight. The family seems to have prospered, and the Ibbotson charities are well known in the



[P. M. Grimshawe.]

THE WHARFE NEAR HEBDEN.

district. "In the name of God, amen, I, Robert Ibbotson, of Skirethorns, late of Hebden, in the parish of Linton, and county of York, yeoman, being in a weak disposition of health, but of sound and perfect memory, thanks be to the Almighty God for the same, do make and ordain this, my last Will and Testament, in the manner and for the following, etc." He gives all his house, tenements, etc., then standing in Hebden, to Henry Ibbotson, of Threshfield, for his natural life. After that, to his heirs male, lawfully begotten, if there are any, and if such are not found, to any Ibbotsons for ever. Out of which is to be paid yearly the sum of two pounds, to be divided between four of the poorest widows in Hebden; also two pounds is to be given and divided in like manner at Grassington. And then follows provisions empowering the churchwardens and overseers to enforce the occupiers to pay the amounts specified

in case of default. He also leaves forty pounds, the income from which is to be used by Peter Pulman, of Skirethorns, and his executors, for the putting out one apprentice every year, male or female, in Linton, of the name of Ibbotson, and especially of the name and blood, and if not any found of name or blood, then to any other poor boy or girl of the parish of Hebden firstly, and secondly of the parish of Grassington. Dated 3rd October, 1723, signed, Robert Ibbotson, witnessed, John Alcock, Wm. Darwen, Jeremiah Stockdale. Part of aforesaid monies were lent to Thomas Carlisle, of Hetton, on mortgage, and will provide for the aforesaid executors to administer the same, and use income as aforesaid.

The architecture of Hebden has greatly changed during the last thirty years; formerly the houses were in a ruinous condition and many tenantless, giving the place a forlorn and desolate aspect. To-day the village wears a clean and well-built appearance, but not all the evidences of its antiquity have been swept away, for several interesting features still exist in its quaint Jacobean homesteads. The high commanding situation of this village makes it a most desirable place of residence.

The old Primitive School, which stood on the village green, was eclipsed only by the Primitive teacher, Thomas Howsam, who taught at Hebden some thirty-five or forty years ago; an old soldier, who had been wounded in the wars. The school fee was one halfpenny per week. In a lower story, under the eastern end of the building, was the ancient 'Kilnhorn.' In this miserable hovel, Hannah Stackhouse, a wretched and depraved relative of the great Biblical scholar, the Rev. Thomas Stackhouse, died in great poverty.

The new church, dedicated to St. Peter, is delightfully situated on the high ground, and looks down on the vale of the Wharfe. Although its walls contain no crumbling stone, sculptured effigy, or heraldic devices interwoven with historical lore for the antiquary to muse over, yet the harmony of its interior and the romantic scenery exterior, amply amend for the newness.

Elbolton and Stebden, with a background of dark serrate fell, loom out grandly. In the opposite direction, the grey walls of Burnsall village, with its winding river, soon to be lost amid a rocky woodland gorge and mist-clad hills, form a feast for the eyes of the beholder.

Lead mining formerly gave employment to many people, but, having now become unprofitable, this has led to a decrease of the inhabitants—hence of late the many tenantless houses. A few hundred yards beyond the village, the water falls some twenty feet over the limestone scarp, forming a very pretty foss. Further upwards by the rivulet is Hole Bottom Farm. Here dwelt the Bowdins. The family were famous musicians, and lately

retained possession of the old fiddle used by an ancestor in the eighteenth century; it bears the name of Calusac, No. 96, 1789. The seven brothers, Henry, Thomas, Dick, Orlando, Horatio, Augustine, and Daniel, with the father, were an orchestra in themselves. The old homestead stands in a sweet green-turfed vale, down which at some period a brawling torrent has leapt, adorned on one side by a gigantic ash. On the opposite side it is sheltered by a beech and sycamore, from whose spreading branches the birds carol many a lay.



FALLS IN THE HERBEN VALLEY.

Away upwards, we climb in the shadow of immense rocks; the large mass which poises over the valley is named the Rocking Stone, and can be moved, the natives say, by a slight pressure. This, like the Logan stones on the Chevin, is so cunningly fitted one piece upon the other that if the upper one is touched in a certain spot with the finger, it will move, but no strength of man could otherwise move it. A friend of the writer in his youth, with quite a crowd of other young men, was wont to try repeatedly to hurl the Logan on Chevin from its pivot, but in vain.

Upwards still, the mines are reached. Curious old holes and shafts are seen near the torrent, here flowing over a shelf-like series of rocks. Though now no longer worked, the pretty plant, the lead wort, like a cushion of moss begemmed with silvery stars, still blooms plentifully on the spoil heaps.

Still higher, all signs of humanity are left behind, and we tread the wild, wild moorland; even the stone walls which spoil many a rugged landscape are absent. In autumn, when nature broods sombrely over a scene of rugged grandeur, this ravine, in its moorland setting, is strikingly picturesque. The leafless trees stretch stark and spectre-like in the grey moving mist, huge wall-like cliffs, shattered, like some old giant's fortress, hold majestic sway over the scene, as if to bar the progress to the higher dale, whilst the deep orange bracken, the green and golden mingling of moss, and the brown swirling beek, confer a wonderful variety of colour and tone on the whole picture.



IN THE HEBDEN GILL, BURNSALL, FELL IN THE BACKGROUND.

The only sounds are the screech of the lapwing, the burr of startled grouse, and the continual noise of the stream dashing over its rock-strewn course. Onwards still, passing the birthplace of the moorland rill, we stand on the bleak moorland ridge, the water-parting of the Nidd and Wharfe. How delightful are the breezes! We breathe the air of freedom and purity while

resting on the heather, now in late August a glorious sea of purple, hills everywhere around rising higher and higher, until the scene is terminated by the hoary head of Whernside looming amongst the clouds.

There are many chasms and mine-holes where a person might disappear for ever on this land of mountain and of flood. Some are a great depth. The most wonderful is one with a stream course at the bottom, its waters rising and falling, so the natives say, like a tidal river.

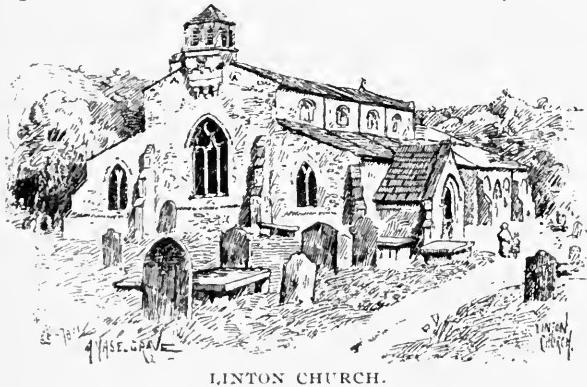
The lengthening shadows tell us evening approaches, so we turn our steps towards the dwellings of humanity. The glorious orb is gently sinking to the west, a holy calm pervades the wide moorland, the sky becomes more beautiful, and a flood of crimson and gold tinges all objects with purple. The heather-bell and the furze gleam with sparkling light; the short grass becomes a golden green, the fleeces of sheep grazing on the far-off hillsides look like spots of pearl. The horizon is spread with cumulus clouds in fantastic shape like temples, pinnacles, and battlements, suggesting a golden city. Then, behind the fir wood on the brow of yonder hill, the great orb lingers, now only like a censer of never-dying fire, partly obscured by the woods around Netherside. A last look, and the all life-giving planet sinks behind the far-off crags, leaving us still reflections of departed glory; the after-beams light the jagged edges of fleecy clouds now shading into soft grey. The golden green of the sky changes into purple, and the vale is mantled in shady tints; the distant hills stand out boldly in dark blue—peace reigns; the only sounds are those of belated bees humming their way homewards, the chirping of insects, and bats whirling in search of food.

We have now reached the meadows where the soft-eyed kine are resting contentedly; the distant sound of evening bells indicates the busy haunts of life. At such moments nature teaches us to become children of God, and then the old Bible stories come back to memory.

Thus musing and descending gently, I find myself on the banks of the Wharfe. Suddenly a splash arrests my attention; amongst all this peace in nature there is war—a large otter, in the hush of the night, is chasing the speckled trout; a swift plunge, and the greedy beast has seized his victim—only a few ripples on the surface remain to tell of capture and death. And so it is with all of us, we poor creatures. But must it be always thus? Shall the strongest always carry the victory? Who can say? But I am drifting. So, crossing the stepping-stones, where the river curves gracefully,

and through the meadows, towards the hamlet resting amid the hills. Climbing over the brow of the fell we look down on the old hamlet with its cluster of homesteads and see the reek ascending, giving a touch of pathos and tenderness to the scene. Here we find the farmer's wife busy preparing supper. After enjoying the ample repast and a chat, we stroll through the village with the farmer and then follow the old fell road and thence by the path across the fields to the church by the river, and rest on one of the lichen-covered gravestones.

How silent the place is, deserted by all but its harvest of dead, the only sound coming from the Wharfe, washing the edge of God's acre! On this sacred ground we ponder upon the short duration of life, death, eternity, and resurrection—like the past sunset, hoping to behold the rising of that glorious



LINTON CHURCH.

orb once more, through God's love for all His creation.

Linton Church, dedicated to St. Michael, stands on the south bank of the Wharfe, half a mile from the town of Grassington. The parish includes Linton, Grassington, Threshfield with Skyrutherford, and Hebden. The church consists of chancel, nave, aisles, and a turret containing one bell. It was thoroughly restored in 1861. The registers date from 1561. It is said that the churches dedicated to St. Michael are generally situated on the summit of some steep and isolated hill; in this instance, the church is isolated, but the hill is wanting, where in Pagan days the sacred fires were kindled and sacrifices offered in honour of the solar deity. The general interior of the church architecture is much more striking than the exterior. Two Norman arches divide the north aisle from the nave.* Although the style of architecture is decorated, the original building was doubtless very early Norman, and of much smaller dimensions. Apart from the circular arches few remains of the older building are to be seen, although the main features of the present edifice, if not the entire structure externally, are not much anterior to 1330. In the south aisle are two sepulchral recesses, but

* These arches are said to resemble those in the west cloister of Fountains Abbey.

the effigies they once contained have disappeared. At the east end of the south aisle is the original stone altar, on which are carved five crosses, emblematic of the five wounds of Christ. Near this stone is a brass plate bearing the following inscription :

HERE LYETH THE BODIE OF
MR. THOMAS HAMMOND,
OF THRESHFIELD HALL, WHO DYED THE
24TH DAY OF MARCH, ANNO DOMINI, 1685.
AND WAS BVRIED THE 27TH OF
THE SAID MARCH, ANNO DOMINI, 1685.

The care with which ‘the said March’ is kept before the eye of the reader is to avoid the confusion the old style of time-computation often gives rise to.

The vestry contains Norman work, also an old oak chest with three locks of different construction, and a key for each churchwarden, all the wardens having in olden times to be at their appointed place before the chest could be opened. The font is early Norman.

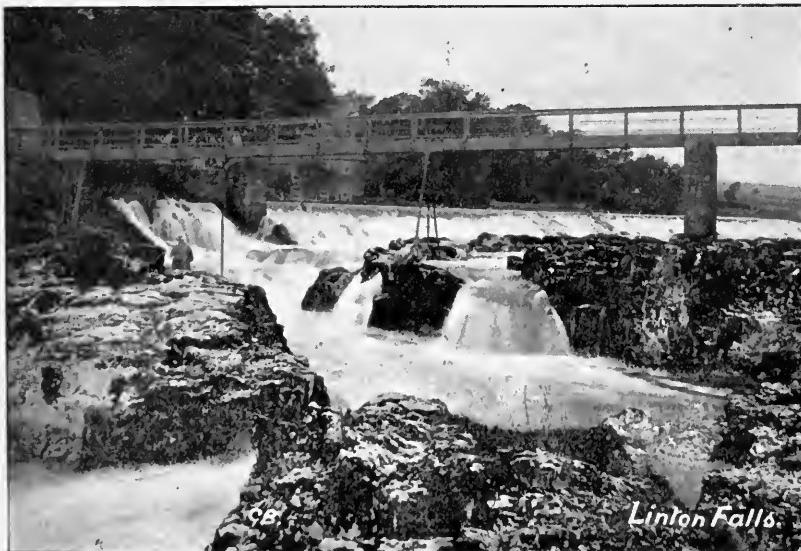
About 1780 the Rev. Benjamin Smith, nephew of the great Sir Isaac Newton, was rector of Linton. The living was not much to his liking, nor his flock to his taste. Regarding them with contempt, he says in a letter to his friend, “I have been driven to herd with baptised brutes.” Yet to his credit it is recorded that he was ever charitable. On one occasion, when a farmer pleaded poverty for the non-payment of tithes, he said, “I believe you, poor fellow; take your own time.” Another time, well knowing the poverty of the parties, he refused the marriage fee. He was ever a prominent figure among the dancing members of the Old Assembly Rooms, Leeds; a parson whose abilities lay, to a great extent, in his feet. He had devoted a great part of his life to the study of this art, and visited many countries on the continent to make himself conversant with the various styles. His great ambition was dancing, and at last he reached the reputation, not of being the greatest thinker, like his uncle, but of the most elegant dancer in England.* A stone within the altar rails points to the resting-place of this cure of souls.

In the churchyard, by the porch, stands the old sundial, surrounded by crumbling memorials and rank vegetation. Looking east, the prospect

* To keep himself in practice he daily exercised in his house to the music of a native fiddler, the dancer with his face to a mirror, the violinist looking in an opposite direction. Once the fiddler had the curiosity to look over his shoulder at the parson’s steps, but the mirror gave notice of his daring impudence, and without time for apology he was kicked to the door.

is charming. On the north side the burial-ground is confined by the Wharfe, which in flood times swells up to the graves.

Entering the consecrated spot, on the evening of a day of storm, when the swollen Wharfe was roaring and dashing over its rocky bed, we observed on its surface, besides timber and other things swept away in its fury, great flakes of white froth-like snow drifts. From the interior of the sacred edifice, sweet and solemn music rose from the pealing organ, a soothing contrast to the wild anger of the howling waters. Further upwards, at Linton Mills, the river presented a weird and savage appearance. Over huge rock and



[Grimshaw.

LINTON FALLS.

beetling crag the torrent boils and roars with the irresistible rage of a mighty giant, leaping in wild bounds with a deafening sound to the bed below. On a boisterous night, when the moon now and again flashes on the falling waters from behind the edges of jagged cloud, a sight more impressive, sublime, and magnificent in scenic effect, would be difficult to find.

Crossing the river by the foot-bridge at Linton Mills, a few minutes walk along the Kirk-path brings us to

GRASSINGTON,

the old form of whose name is Gersington. Finely situated on the sloping

shelf above the Wharfe, it is sheltered by lofty moors from the cold blasts of the north.

The place has a peculiarity entirely its own, differing greatly from the neighbouring villages on the river. No spreading green with maypole, or stately church with hoary tower seen through spreading branches, meets the eye of the visitor, and yet one glance is sufficient to reveal to us that the capital of the upper dale, in quiet dignity, lies before us. Standing high and dry it is healthy and agreeable, receiving the soft breezes from the sunny south, whilst the outlook across valley and moorland is bold and extensive. Old-time grey dwellings of various types, form, and description, are thrown into every conceivable position.

Like many other places, Grassington has seen better days, but the tide of prosperity is again flowing. It came into the hands of Nigel de Plumpton, who died in 1205. A Sir William de Plumpton held Middleton and Langbar under a quit rent of a root of ginger to Sir Patrick de Westwick. By its connection with the Plumptons, Grassington retains some of the best feudal associations, both in their romantic and in their sterner senses. Sir Peter de Plumpton, the nephew of Orm of Nessfield, had for wife Helena, and sons Nigel (his heir) and Gilbert, who in 1184 was the hero of the elopement with the daughter of Roger Guilewash—"In the night he broke through six doors in the abode of the girl's father, and took from him a hunting horn and a headstall, etc., together with the said maiden, who was a great heiress." Edward I. granted Robert de Plumpton a weekly market on the Friday and a yearly fair of three days, on the vigil and morrow of St. Michael, at his manor of Gersington. This knight also had gallows erected in the town in 1293, which may have been due to the lawlessness of the unruly dalesmen; it is to be hoped victims were few.

The market-place, where the mart and celebrated fairs were held, still lends interest to the place. Grassington Feast, a century ago one of the most celebrated in Craven, was kept up many days, during which revelry ran riot. 'Clock dressings,' so named from friends being invited to 'cunn and dress t'clock, etc.,' saek racing, bell racing, mummuring, hasty pudding eaters, sword dancers, pace eggers, pole climbing, soaped pigs to catch, added to which were badger and bull baiting.

The theatre, for which Grassington at that time was famous, gave on those occasions some most startling examples of tragedy and comedy. The old barn, which provided the arena, is still standing just off the village

street. Foremost among the striking characters who annually visited Gers顿 feast was Frank King, the Skipton minstrel. Frank deplored the falling away of the feast, caused principally by the stoppage of the mines; a saying of his was "that he should be in at its death." He was one of those characters you only meet with once in a while, being nearly blind, had a peculiar stare, and was lame of a leg, his limp causing the comment that few kings had more ups and downs. King had an aged mother, a superior sort of person, to whom he was very much attached; from her he learnt the old-world ballads which made him so popular. He had several fiddles,



GRASSINGTON SQUARE.

[Grimshaw.]

to each of which he gave a personal name, Fanny, Betsy, Peggy, and Sally. Betsy was used on rowdy occasions such as Grassington Feast, when she often had her strings greased by the rough miners applying a tallow candle. Probably it was on such an occasion when the Grassingtonians carried him shoulder-height around the town, to the cry of "Francis the First, King of the Fiddlers." Fanny was used at ordinary times; Peggy for a wedding and village dance; Sally on swell occasions and private dances at gentlemen's houses. Dr. Dixon says: "We once encountered King at a village feast, and, fancying he had a better fiddle than usual, we said, 'What fiddle

is that?" "It's Peggy," said he; "Betsy has broken her back and gone to the doctor; I've lent Fanny to the organist, and so I was obliged to bring Peggy." There were two places the minstrel hated, Rylstone and the city of York. His enmity against the first originated in his family having been ejected from a cottage there. In the old city he is said to have been flogged, which injury he never forgot. His journeys often took him beyond the village of Rylstone, but by using a footpath crossing opposite Norton tower, and thence through the green lane to Cracoe, he managed to evade the detested village. If by any means he was obliged to pass through, no sooner was he clear of the houses than, as a mark of contempt for the hated place, he would throw the dust and dirt from his feet behind him, exclaiming, "I'll allus dea it—I'll nivver tak owt fra t'city o' Troy." One thing he did not object to 'tak,' and that was 'a glass o' rum an' watter, hot.'

The minstrel's death was a sad one. One evening, after leaving a festive gathering near Gargrave, he mistook his path, fell into the canal and was drowned. Poor King's resting-place is in Gargrave churchyard.

The manager of the theatre above referred to was old Tom Airey, the Grassington and Skipton carrier; an original character in his way, whose



GRASSINGTON.

Credit to
[A. Haselgrave.

besom maker, Tim Coats, Frankland of Hetton, and Lupton from Hebden, were two whose names afterwards became celebrated, the famous tragedian, Edmund Kean, and the beautiful Miss Harriet Mellon, who in due course became the Duchess of St. Albans, and who entertained and held social

great ambition
was strutting the
boards, crying, "A
hoss, a hoss, wh'll
hev me kindum fur
a *hoss*!" or, "Ye
damons o' deeth,
cum sattle mi
swurd," or again,
"Wat pump, wat
paggyantry is thare
heer." Besides
many local actors,
such as Bill Cliff
the Skipton poet,
Jack Solomon the

revelry at her mansion close to Regent Square. She was known to give as many as three balls in a week, and was so fabulously rich that rumour said her hair was curled in *papillotes* of bank-notes. There was also a Miss Rodwell, a native of Leeds, and others.

In after years, when Kean was in the height of his celebrity, walking the boards at the Theatre Royal, Leeds (then in Hunslet Lane), Tom Airey paid his old colleague a final visit—the pleasure was mutual. On parting, Kean said, “ If the Grassington Theatre was open now, I would give you a turn.”

Some years later a splendid chariot drew up at the Devonshire Hotel, Skipton, its occupant being the Duchess of St. Albans, who, as Miss Mellon, more than a quarter of a century previous, the enamoured of all hearts, had trod the rough boards of the Skipton and Grassington stage. When Miss Rodwell, her former partner, called upon her, the Duchess embraced and kissed her affectionately, at the same time remarking, “ I am glad you have called to see me. Do tell me about the old theatre and the actors. What has become of Tom Airey and the rest?”—afterwards accompanying Miss Rodwell to the theatre in the Hole-in-the-Wall yard. On saying good-bye, she placed a five-pound note in the hands of the dressmaker, and with a kindly “ God bless you,” the two parted for ever.*

* **THE SAILOR AND THE ACTRESS.**—‘When I was a poor girl,’ said the Duchess of St. Albans, working very hard for my thirty shillings a week, I went down to Liverpool during the holidays, where I was always well received. I was to perform in a new piece, something like those pretty little affecting dramas they get up now at our minor theatres; and in my character I represented a poor, friendless orphan girl, reduced to the most wretched poverty. A heartless tradesman prosecutes the sad heroine for a heavy debt, and insists on putting her into prison, unless some one will be bail for her. The girl replies—“ Then I have no hope; I have not a friend in the world.” “ What, will no one be bail for you, to save you from going to prison? ” asks the stern creditor. “ I have told you I have not a friend on earth,” was my reply. But just as I was uttering the words, I saw a sailor in the upper gallery springing over the railing, letting himself down from one tier to another, until he bounded clear over the orchestra and footlights, and placed himself beside me in a moment. “ Yes, you shall have *one* friend at least, my poor young woman,” said he, with the greatest expression in his honest sunburnt countenance; “ I will go bail for you to any amount. And as for *you*, ” turning to the frightened actor, “ if you don’t bear a hand and shift your moorings, you lubber, it will be worse for you when I come athwart your bows.” Every creature in the house rose; the uproar was indescribable—peals of laughter, screams of terror, cheers from his tawny messmates in the gallery, preparatory scrapings of violins from the orchestra; and amidst the universal din there stood the unconscious cause of it, sheltering me, “ the poor distressed young woman,” and breathing defiance and destruction against my mimic persecutor. He was only persuaded to relinquish his care of me, by the manager pretending to arrive and rescue me, with a profusion of theatrical banknotes.’

Tom Airey never forgot the drama, but often treated his friends to a Shakespearian recital. Many years postmaster of Grassington, he died greatly respected, and lies buried in Linton churchyard, by the sounding Wharfe.

Although Grassington suffered greatly from the stoppage of the lead mines, it has now become popular as a health resort. As a native female quaintly remarked, "We've gotten t' tellygraf; all 'at we're shot nah is t' raelwey, an' then 'appen we'd keep ahr men at hoam." The conclusion does not seem to accord with the fact, but the people at Grassington are quite

above the ordinary rules of logic. Now the railway has come, do the men stay at home?

Grassington contains four good inns, and several boarding-houses, where visitors may find accommodation. There is a grey, old-world aspect about the place, in character with the stern fells and moorland by which it is surrounded. Few of the houses are earlier than the seventeenth century, yet they possess many picturesque features in their rude and thick limestone walling, heavy mullions, and curious marking on door lintels, of which Chapman's Temperance Hotel is a curious example of a double cross within a circle flanked by two reversed hearts. Grassington



[T. Dawson.

GRASSINGTON OLD HALL.

Our illustrious, if now forgotten, townswoman, Miss Rodwell, as the friend of Miss Mellon, evidently deserves recognition in the annals of our local stage. In the twenties, Richard Rodwell was a tailor and clothes dealer at 21, Vicar Lane. It must be the pleasure of some more fortunate annalist to connect our heroine with the stock of the tailor.

Old Hall, with perhaps an existing fragment at Chapel House, is the oldest in the district. It is a fine Elizabethan building raised on the site, and perhaps retaining very slight evidences of the early mediæval structure of the Plumptons, who held the manor in the thirteenth and fourteenth century.

Some colour is perhaps given to the absentee holding of the Plumptons by the returns of the Poll Tax of 1379. The Old Hall, then in the hands of John de Scardeburgh, whose name suggests a nautical connection, described as a 'firmarius,' but what he paid rent for we are not told. The amount of his tax was three shillings and fourpence, his position was, therefore, that of a Franklin of substantial condition. His holding may have included the working of the lead mines, but we have no record of that. The then owner of the estates was Sir Robert Plumpton, the naval officer, whose career was too active for shore-residence. The only people then in the town above the rank of peasant are a smith, two tailors, and a weaver.

Legend says that the hall possessed a chapel. Some years ago, a holy water basin was discovered, and a vessel closely resembling a fount was to be seen near its walls. In those early days, there was no bridge over the Wharfe at Grassington, and when there came a great 'cresset of waters,' the communication with Linton church on the other side of the river would be cut off, hence the reason for a chapel in this manor hall of the Plumptons. There is a tradition, that in pre-Norman times the town of Grassington stood on Lea Green, and one or more cottages existed there up to the first years of the last century.

As a populated district, Grassington bears many vestiges of vast antiquity. To Mr. Bailey Harker, an indefatigable worker in the interests of the town, these discoveries are mainly due. The remains nearest to Grassington Town Head, namely in High Close pastures, have been variously described as British, Roman, and Saxon, and by one antiquarian, with very little discretion or discernment, as patches of old cultivated land. It, however, requires no stretch of imagination to understand that a considerable population have been settled on the high ground between Grassington and Conistone, at the beginning of the historic period. Leaving the questions of pre-Celtic population to the more astute historian to unravel, we find this district to have been a rallying ground of the Brigantes, who would not accept the yoke of the invaders.* The position chosen is one of considerable advantage. Situated on a commanding plateau, with wild hills rising to the height of nearly two thousand feet behind, to the north; on the east it is protected by

* See *Old Kingdom of Elmet*, Chap. II.

a deep ravine; to the south and west by the broad valley of the Wharfe. The camp covers an area of about eighty acres. The lines of the entrenchments and the foundation, and the walls are very irregular, and not characteristic of Roman work. Supposing that the latter people had been in permanent occupation here, the remains of their camp would have been identical with that at Bainbridge, Ilkley, and Adel; in fact, all the camps of these conquerors follow one systematic plan, and seldom exceed more than five acres in extent. All this anciently occupied district, both in the Pastures and in Grass Wood, belongs to a period anterior to the Roman invasion, which afterwards became considerably augmented in population by the flight to the hill country of the Brigantes before the advance of the Roman legions. Still it is possible that Roman military may have garrisoned Grassington. If so, outlines of their station have been broken up, and obliterated by the occupation of the Anglians and Norsemen of later centuries.*



DRUIDS' CIRCLE.

[E. Bogg.]

On the south side of the ancient settlement there is a circle of stones, the scene of a supposed sacred Druidical enclosure. Barrows and other artificial mounds have, during the last ten years, been excavated on Conistone Moor and High Close Pasture, under the guidance of the Rev. Bailey Harker,

Mr. John Crowther, and Mr. Ernest E. Speight; most of which have revealed to the excavator bones of men, utensils, and objects used in the far-off centuries.

* About two years ago, when excavating in the Hebden road, a short distance from Grassington town end, a well-constructed paved road was struck below the surface, bearing all the evidences of Roman work.

In 1893 systematic excavations were made in Coniston and Lea Green pastures. On many of the hills in North Wharfedale, barrows and enclosures exist, and will prove interesting when completely explored. Lea Green is situated in the shelter of high ridges. In many places charcoal and other evidences of fire were come across, especially in the corners of the inner enclosures. In one place a quantity of lead slag, and the remains of smelting operations were excavated. Bones of the ox, stag, sheep, hog, goat, and dog were plentiful. The remains of millstones, querns, and a few household implements, including a bone spoon, were found. Several barrows appear near this part of the ground; in one an almost perfect human skeleton was discovered, buried in the usual crouching position in a central grave, and the greater part of four human skeletons were found in another grave, as well as fragments of rude pottery, a circular button of jet, flint arrow head and splinter, and, what is distinctly rare in British barrows, an iron knife, four inches long, an iron pin, and fragments of a bone handle, with an iron rivet. In another barrow more human remains were found, with a bronze ring and pin of an ornamental type. The tumulus in High Close pasture yielded a British urn, containing a human skull, flint arrow head and scraper, wild boar's tusk and teeth, and other bones of now extinct beasts; another mound, portions of the skeletons of five human beings, and very fine specimens of barbed flint arrows and stone hammers, etc.

The remains found in the neighbourhood now form an admirable little museum in the village, in charge of Mr. J. Crowther, a gentleman who takes the greatest interest in the preservation of the relics, and who has done good service for the advancement of Grassington.*

It is a fine walk to Mossdale, taking the footpath by way of High Close pasture and thence following the track past Barras and Gill Beck Farm, the latter is the last habitation until Nidderdale is reached. Between Grassington and Barras, the wisdom of the Celts in choosing this high moor for a settlement, in time of conflict, will be better understood. From a commanding standpoint near to Barras (or Bar House) splendid views of the moor above Kilnsey, Arncliffe, and Kettlewell, more to the north, can be obtained; whilst the Skirfare valley (the classic Amerdale of Wordsworth) stretches away like a dream picture to Littondale.

* Between this camp and the Nidd the earth abounds with lead and other minerals of fabulous value. We know that the Romans, or perhaps we might say the Britons compelled by the Romans, extracted the lead from the bowels of the earth. Near Greenhow Hill, in 1731, two pigs of lead were discovered, bearing the inscription:—"Imp. Cæs. DOMITIANO, AVG. COS: VII. BRIG," thus fixing the date of their smelting at about A.D. 81 or 82. One of these is at Ripley Castle, the other in the British Museum. The ore was smelted in the wooded district, where fuel was plentiful; one of these smelting-places was above the camp at Grassington. Dr. Whitaker, who seems to have had a horror of great industries, says, when writing about the Grassington mines: "Excepting, what must always be excepted, the introduction of manufactures, I do not know a greater calamity which can befall a village than the discovery of a lead mine in its neighbourhood." All who love wild mountain and rock will find an interesting walk across those sterile, yet grand, romantic heights between Grassington, Conistone, and Kettlewell.

Gill House, standing by the ravine from which it is named, is situated in a most secluded and lonely spot, and at an elevation perhaps as high as any house in Yorkshire. From this place our walk continues along the edge of a gaunt and desolate moorland ridge, to the south of which the formation of the land bespeaks the former presence of a large tarn. Bearing to the right round the huge shoulder of the mountain, Mossdale, until now hidden, suddenly opens out before us—a wild-looking, solitary, treeless valley, down which the stream, after wandering for two or three miles round the desolate buttress of Whernside, unable to find a chanel above ground to the Wharfe, abruptly plunges into the earth beneath a beetling precipice (a smaller Gordale), and is lost again until it emerges from its miles of underground passage into the river, either at Braith Kill, or Grassington Low Mill.

There are lead mines in Mossdale, but these are now disused and silent. The mines are situated in a most eerie out-of-the-world spot, such as Rip Van Winkle might have selected to hide in. Not a house or sign of humanity; the strange silence which pervades this moorland bay, shut in by wild hills, is only broken by the purling of the beck, the shriek of a curlew or the burr of a startled moor bird rising from our feet. On visiting this locality, one could easily understand the superstition of the miners, who could not be induced to work when the strange, dread knockings due to invisible hands had been heard. The knockers were said to be mysterious messengers portending some disaster. In addition to the above dread omen, there was the barguest, and that fearsome creature, the mawthie dooag, haunting the lonely track to and from the wild hills. Such was the gossip of an old miner, who also related how an immense cavern had been discovered about seventy years ago, the extent of which (to use his own words) could not be ascertained, “not even wi’ the light of a pund o’ canels” (candles). Large trees have often been found on the moor when driving levels ten to fifteen feet below the surface, and ancient mines have been struck containing primitive mining tools, such as were used centuries ago.

In our return, let us drop down Gill Beck and cross over the moor by way of Yarnbury; by this route over the moors from Grassington runs an ancient path to Lothhouse and Middlemoor, and all who love the scenery of the upland will find this a most interesting walk. It has been used by people passing from one dale to the other, for hundreds of years, and naturally so, for by this track several miles' walk can be saved. Lately an attempt to stop this path has been made by the person who has bought the shooting

right over the moor. We should strongly and earnestly advise the Grassington fathers to look well after these ancient rights before it is too late, for in the near future this old track of the Celt and Norsenian will be found of much greater service than in the past. Apart from the visitor, the charm of moorland solitude is enlivened by the wail and call of curlew and plover, and beautified in early autumn by miles of purple heather.

Ten minutes' walk west from Grassington brings us to Grass Wood, divided into two parts by the highway. This wood is a perfect labyrinth of trees and undergrowth. Here are rocky scars, dell, dingle, and glade. In one part of the wood there is a natural terrace, the view from which is as interesting as the one from the far-famed Shawl at Leyburn. Few scenes exceed the beauty and composition of the landscape, viewed from this standpoint. The wood also affords a fine field for the botanist, antiquary, and



[Grimshaw.]

LOOKING NORTH-WEST OVER THE WHARFE COUNTRY FROM GRASS WOOD.

geologist. To the entomologist, it is also a rich field; the rare Scotch argus butterfly flutters, literally by hundreds, along the more open glades in the early days of August, looking on the wing like an animated ruby leaf; whilst on the turf of Bastow Wood the rare green forester darts to and fro like a green bronze jewel, and that smallest British snake, the slow-worm,

like a whip-thong of polished leather, basks in the sun on the bare channelled rock. The wild flowers, too, are very various here; over five hundred kinds have been found, including that rarest and most beautiful of British orchids, the yellow and pink lady's slipper.

Another notable feature, both here and at Skirethorns, is the extraordinary grooved and fissured character of the surface rocks, even under the trees, which makes walking in some parts of the wood almost perilous. These deep crevices have not come about by the action of rain alone; they preceded the growth of vegetation, and, similarly to the water-worn rocks in the river bed at Ghaistrills, must have been due to a great and continual surge of water untold ages ago. The little white-starred Leadwort, which only thrives on the refuse of lead workings, grows very locally in this wood on the spoil heaps of Gregory Scar.

The pine trees, of which the wood is now largely composed, have been planted less than a century, and the rank growth of vegetation has somewhat obliterated the vestiges of ancient settlement and industry. The higher one of Bastow is more natural and primeval as to its garb of greenery; there is to be seen all the strange charm and wildness of an ancient forest. Its trees are not so lofty as the fragrant spruce-planted ridge of 'Gregory,' but they are all native, and show us what all these fell ridges were ages ago, before they lost their wild forest aspect.

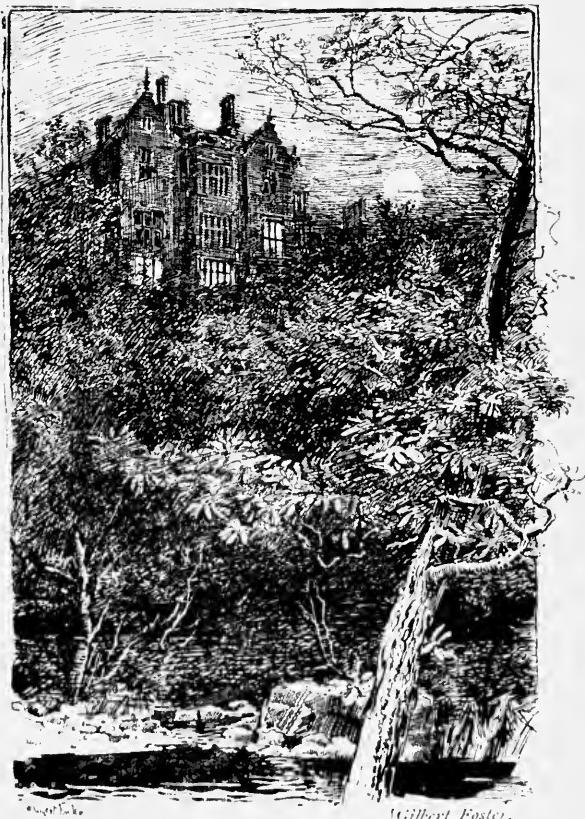


GRASSINGTON OLD THEATRE.

[A. Sutton.]

Near the entrance to the wood at Park Stile are abundant signs of an ancient settlement, and judging from the character of the relics which have on different occasions been found here, as well as from the fragments of what has been a wall of great thickness, also vestiges of fosse and rampart, we should say this spot has been a settlement of that branch of the Celts known in history as the Brigantes. The wall which guards the approach from the south, when complete, will have been twelve feet high by nine feet thick. There are also other fragments of fortification to be seen in Grass Wood somewhat similar to the Celtic entrenchments on the hills in Wales. Between the southern parts of the wood and the beautiful domain of Netherside, the Wharfe ripples over its pebbled bed; the wavelets, glistening like amber, murmur a song to the woods, and the breezes, sighing through the branches, join in the melody.

Amidst the deepest foliage of the greenwood, and peering over the stream, a gem embowered, stands Netherside Hall, reposing in a paradise of tree, fern, and flower; its charming situation above this fine stretch of river, and its surrounding treasury of leaf and branch, harmonise and blend sweetly with the architecture of the hall. The mind must be barren indeed which cannot revel in the charms of this peaceful spot. The graceful flowing river, on whose calm bosom are mirrored the



Gillbert Foster.

NETHERSIDE HALL.

fleecy clouds and woodland branches, and even the old lichen-covered boulders help to suggest and combine to form scenes that are beautiful.

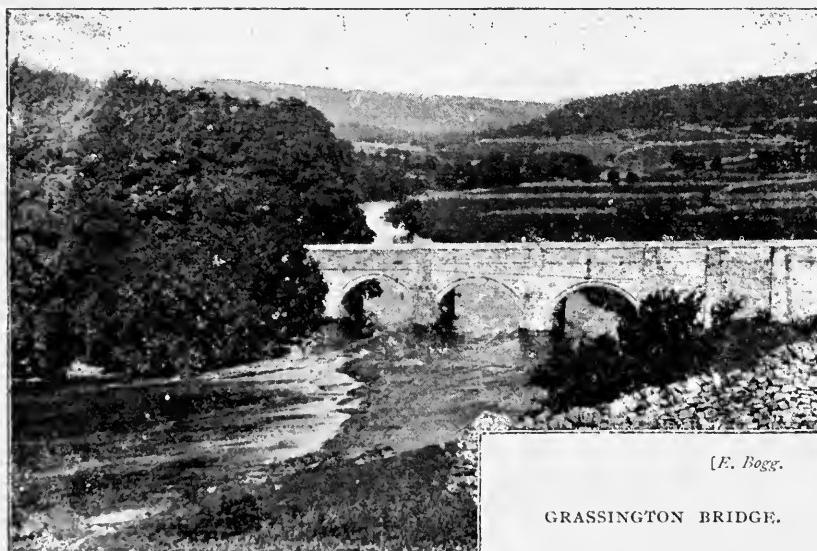
Between Netherside and Grassington Bridge the river winds over and around masses of bleached bristling rock. When low in summer time the crystal waters may be heard leaping over dark obstructions with a loud noise, and at such times they flash like diamonds; the beauty of the spot is enhanced by sunny slopes and green hillsides.

The place is named Ghaistrills (ghost rills or striddles). In flood times, when the wind howls down the bleak hills, the scene is weird, gloomy, and savage; the angry river, lashed into fury by contact with the huge rocks, becomes awfully defiant, roaring with a noise of thunder, as, sweeping with resistless force, it passes its stern adversary. Escaping from its rock-strewn course, the current flows merrily onwards, washing on one side the edge of a wooded hill; on the opposite side, cattle are grazing in luxuriant pastures, or resting in the sunshine. Eddying onwards, the stream reaches the noble bridge of Grassington.* Watching from it at evening, on a calm summer day, the artist's eye will note a peculiar appearance, almost an optical illusion, of course due to one quantity of water taking the place of another with imperceptible flow. The river glints stilly, olive green with white lights and iridescent sparkles, gliding (we know) as a snake does, yet with an effect of arrest, as if every mossy shoulder or jutting fawn-hued stone entered its appeal for yet delay for another wet kiss, and a consideration

* The Wharfe at the Gaistrills narrows and broadens alternately in a trench of low terracing scars, and gives us a repetition of the Strid. It is a pretty scene; in one place, below a nab of level rock, the waters swirl silently or protestingly by, and, if the stream be low, standing on the rock table's brink, give us a glimpse of a Lurline's under-flow chamber, said to be thirty feet deep, but so beryl clear that every egg-like pebble can be seen like a many-coloured mosaic on the floor, with the dim moving bulks of ghostly salmon-trout, in this water-kelpies' under-world! In other spots, the worn and mossed bed of channelled limestone is laced over with the silver filigree of innumerable rills—whence, no doubt, the local name for the crook where these features are found. 'Gaistrills' is a corrupted transposition (like *thorp* for *thorp*) for gaits-rills; gaits being ways or paths ('gait-rights' are rights of passage and pasture); i.e., the place where the waters take one or many ways of passage, as the stream is in drought or flood. Cavities of every size occur in the white bed rock, from that of a small basin to a marble swimming bath, each filled with clear water that in fine weather slowly evaporates over a bed of silver sand and innumerable pebbles of a shape more or less spherical. These were ground so by the swirl and whirl of the fierce waters, maelstroms in miniature, in whatever cavity an angular washed-down stone might chance to be caught, until the natural pestle and mortar work of storms through long ages fashioned them into the wonders the idle passer-by considers them. Many of these water-worn rifts and blow-holes must have taken ages to form.

of the supernal beauties above and around. The writer, standing on this spot one evening in August, 1891, was greatly impressed by the wondrous beauty of the scene. The sky was a resplendent sea of glory, above which hung dark, shadowy spectre clouds, trying in vain to erase the marvellous vision of the golden west.

Just when the world of life was sending a farewell lustre, tinging moor, wood, and water with golden rays, above the eastern lands spread a tone of silver. Ere the last rays of splendour had departed from the west, the queen



[E. Bogg.]

GRASSINGTON BRIDGE.

of night, in wondrous beauty, shone out above the east in deep red, as if trying to outrival the glory of the departing sun. Words cannot describe the ethereal beauty of the scene, nor the brush of an artist delineate the marvellous transforming sights of this night.

Sometimes the moon was seen through a screen of trees, whose trembling branches were mirrored in the sparkling river. There was happiness in the brown stream; its murmurings seemed to breathe of love. On this sweet moonlight night the writer took a twelve miles' walk in the vale of Wharfe, starting from the bridge. Part of the stroll was upwards past Ghaistrills, where the torrent, leaping from rock to rock, shimmered and sparkled in the moonlight. At Netherside, the dense woodland branches

spread a shade over the river bed; beautiful and romantic the moonbeams fell on the mansion, and danced with a mellow lustre on laughing wavelets. The banks, fringed with odorous flowers modestly drooped, whose pendant bells breathed out a delicious fragrance.*

Passing through the woods, where all was calm and peaceful, we then entered the highway, and onwards to Grassington; leaving this place by kirk-stile and crossing the river at Linton Mills, and through the graveyard where sleep the departed children of the vale.

See there, a noisy torrent born amid wild ravines of Whernside, after being lost for miles in the bowels of the earth, leaps to the river and finds rest in its bosom. Still following the windings of the stream, how gaily the waters kissed the stepping-stones, and in broad, graceful curves, now silent, now ruffled, hurried onward. Now and again the scene changed as the river glided mysteriously through deep ravine and overhanging trees, throwing sombre shades across the waters; but dark indeed was the spot the queen of night did not pierce. Passing a belt of woodland, amongst the interlacing tracery of leaf and branch the moon gleamed most picturesquely, the river appearing like a sheet of silver. Lythe House, so romantically placed with its extensive view of mountain scenery, is passed. Now the waters are heard roaring through the rocky gorge, then comes into view the venerable tower, whose history reaches far down the dim aisles of the past. How lustrously the light gleams on the ancient school, built by the Craven lad who became a Lord Mayor of the world's great metropolis, and whose son married a queen, the widowed mother of the gallant Rupert. Onward with the river we pass the edge of St. Wilfrid's Scar, its slopes richly clothed with verdure, tall and graceful trees, whose roots, washed by many a flood, are gaunt and bare amidst the crags.

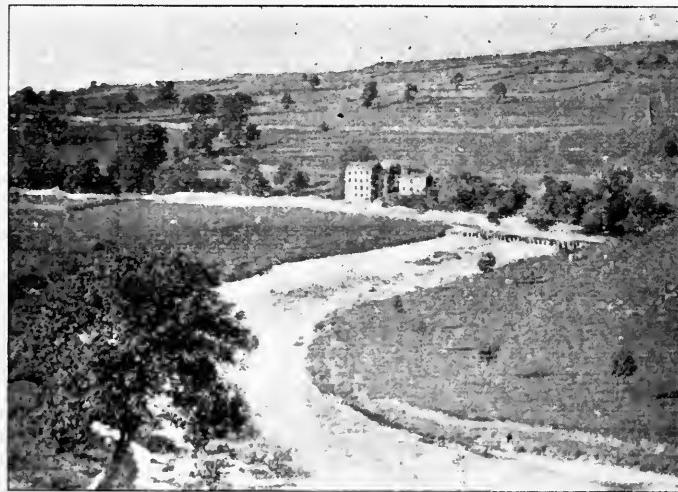
Under the shadow of trees, and by the side of the river, where she glides so sweetly through the vale of Burnsall, we pondered awhile. Why the sounds of mirth at this late hour? It is the annual feast of St. Wilfrid, and as the custom had its origin in the dedication of the church, it has been held from time immemorial. The village festival commences on the Sunday nearest the 15th of August.

* The name of Netherside represents a Norse foundation, which has less affinity with the Angle Clan-station at Grassington than with the Celtic foundation at Linton. In Netherside, situated between two such neighbours, we can but realise the slow steps of popular occupation. Three nationalities were settled here, and there was room for all.

" Old customs; oh! I love the sound,
 However simple they may be;
 Whate'er with time hath sanction found
 Is welcome, and is dear to me."

An air of rural pleasure made one wish to loiter on the green, but we cannot linger, so part company with the river and follow the old lanes winding through the hills, and drop down to the hamlet of Thorpe, looking

in the moonlight like a haven of rest, reposing in the bosom of its hills. A tiny streamlet, glittering like a precious jewel, ripples from the fells by the village green. Passing the foot of Elbolton, whose caverns have disclosed many relics of prehistoric man and are also renowned as the dwelling-place of fairies; the only sound



[T. Dawson.]

A BEND OF THE WHARFE, NEAR THE STEPPING-STONES.

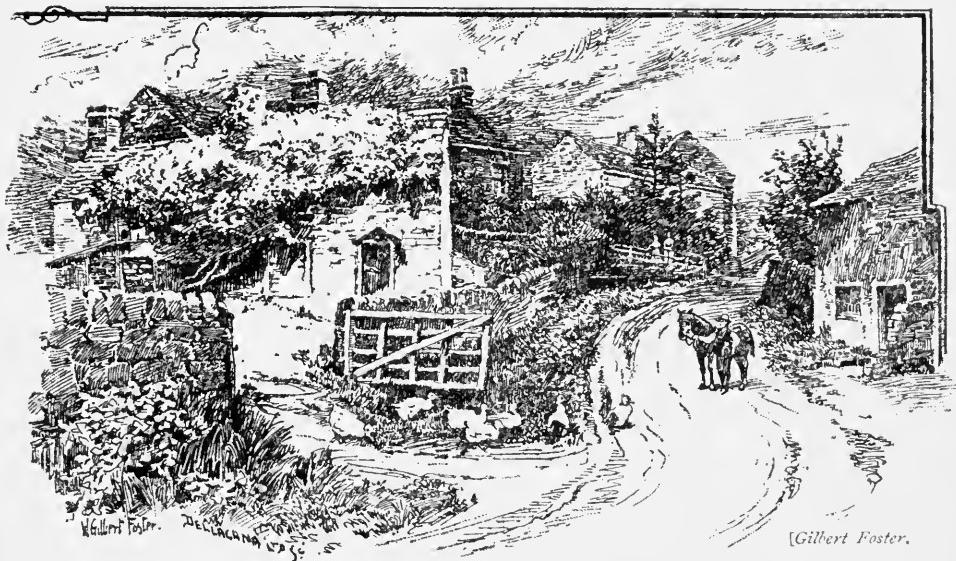
akin to wee folk was the murmur of a moorland stream that rippled over rock and pebble. There were joy and mystery in that crystal brook, as it gleamed in the moonshine. Turning from the foot of Rylston Fells, where the memory of the hapless Nortons lingers, we pass into the Kettlewell road, between Threapland and Cracoe, and onward, crossing other moorland streams, reaching the bridge at Threshfield as the clock struck the hour of two!

THORPE.—SUB MONTEM.

" Thorpe, did you say? And, pray, where is Thorpe?" asked a person who had many a time visited Upper Wharfedale, but had never heard of the place. There are hundreds of others who imagine themselves conversant with the above district who have never seen Thorpe. This hamlet lies a

few hundred yards off the main road, mid-distance between Burnsall and Grassington Bridge, and is completely hidden in the lap of the hill. The first view of the place is astonishing; approach by whatever side you will it is so completely shut in by surrounding fells, over whose solitary wastes the eye is ranging. Our surprise is extreme, when, deep below, like a dream or an oasis in the desert, this old-time village spreads before us.

The manor house possesses a fine oak-panelled room, and was once the residence of a reverend gentleman, who kept a pack of hounds and hunted



THORPE IN THE MOUNTAIN.

the surrounding district. Like Chaucer's monk, all the mediæval clergy, and hundreds of Georgian parsons,

“ He gaf not of that text a pulled hen,
That seith, that hunters been noon holy men ”

The monks and clergy of the Middle Ages were extremely attached to hunting and field sports, and this was a frequent subject of complaint with the more austere ecclesiastics, and of satire with the laity.

At the south-west end of the village, and under the shadow of Elbolton, formerly stood a large hall, of which not a vestige remains; the mounds in the meadow are the only indications that a mansion ever existed here. When

the angry Scots made those fearful raids of retaliation into Yorkshire, the district of Craven suffered considerably. Thorpe, hidden by sheltering hills, appears always to have escaped their fury, and it became the hiding-place on many occasions of the people from the surrounding hamlets. The plundering Scot being in haste to fleece the monks of Bolton, and harry and pillage the town of Skipton, little dreamt of the rich prize he was passing.

In days of old Thorpe was a colony of shoemakers, whose chief patrons were the monks of Fountains and the canons of Bolton. We have seen, in the case of several adjacent villages, how boot-making must have been a fixed industry in the district for several centuries. In 1820 the recorded inhabitants of Thorpe were two gentlemen and four shoemakers. One of the gentlemen was Joseph Constantine! Not one solitary descendant of the sons of St. Crispin now resides in the village; the fame of its boots has departed for ever. Threshfield for ‘besoms,’ and Thorpe for ‘shoon’ were celebrated far and wide. Many are the stories told of the sons of St. Crispin. On one occasion, for a lark, the Maypole from Burnsall was secretly brought in the night and planted on the green at Thorpe. Next morning the good people of Burnsall were surprised at the disappearance of their Maypole; search being made, on the second day it was discovered standing stately on the green as above. Not being in sufficient numbers to encounter the shoemakers, the Burnsall folk retired to enlist the sympathy of the neighbouring villagers, then returned with a large force, thrashed the cobblers, and carried back the Maypole to its original position.

Pedestrians who have travelled between Pateley and Grassington will have noticed the noisy torrent draining the moors north of Grimwith. Grim’s wood, the Grim of their district evidently being like the latter Claphams, ‘a valiant man and a name of dread.’ The wild grandeur of the scene through which the rivulet passes must be apparent to all. The bridge spanning the ravine is called the ‘Devil’s Bridge’; with its construction is connected Ralph Calvert, the famous shoemaker of Thorpe, a genial, happy-go-lucky sort of fellow, who could recount many a droll story and sing the old-world ballads, and a good craftsman to boot.

Twice in the year—Christmas and Midsummer—saw Ralph leave his hive of industry, with a stock of sandals and shoon for ye jolly monks of Fountains. At such times he was off as the first rays of the sun lit up the eastern hills, trudging along and singing those songs of olden time—

“The miller o’ Threapland
Was a jolly old dog,” etc.

On reaching his destination, Ralph was entertained most sumptuously at that monastic institution, whose aged walls still charm us with the beauty of their proportions. During one of those journeys Calvert, who had, perhaps, been over-indulging in the good things of life, dreamt he was being thrust into a large bag by his Satanic majesty, who was just in the act of tying the strings, when he awoke with a fearful shriek. At first he was inclined to be alarmed, but soon his old spirits returning, he laughed at the idea of the devil bagging a cobbler. Next morning Ralph bid good-bye to the Fountains before 'My Lord Abbot' an' ye jolly old monks were astir. Trudging merrily homewards, the dream ever and anon flashed across his memory. In passing through the old town of Pateley he drank a tankard or two of its far-famed ale, and all went well with him until he reached Gill Ford, where the Grassington road passes over the stream he had hitherto always been able to cross; this time it was swollen from heavy rains, but taking off his boots, etc., Ralph was soon on the other side and seated on a rock replacing his socks, singing the while—

"As he was a-riding along the highway,
Old Nick came unto him, and thus he did say,
Sing link-a-down, heigh-down, ho-down, derry."

A voice near by added—

"Tol lol derol, darel dol, dol dol derry."

Looking round, Ralph was affrighted to see the subject of his dream, with bag complete, standing before him, who simply enquired the distance and route to Grassington. "Too far to walk without refreshment," said Ralph, putting on a bold appearance, as he produced a huge eel-pie, brought, with a bottle of rare vintage, from the abbey. Tradition says the devil, finding Ralph a man after his own heart, on parting wished to give him some proof of his power. A storm, which had swept the higher moors, had then swollen the stream into a fury. A sudden thought struck Ralph,—"Your bridges in other parts of the world are marvels of skill; why not build a bridge across this stream?" "In three days I promise," said his majesty, as he vanished from the gaze of the wondering cobbler. Three days after, to the astonishment of the natives, a beautiful bridge was across Gill Ford, which has ever since—legend says—borne the name of 'The Devil's Bridge.'

Thorpe has a history, could it be unravelled, stretching far back into the dim prehistoric ages, to the time when the cave bear and boar, the deer, elk, the native wild cattle, and other animals dangerous to contend with, roamed the hills and fells of Craven. What race of people these were who dwelt on the mountain and found shelter in the caves, history does not tell

us, but long before the power of Rome was felt, and the Teutons harried these shores, men must have dwelt here. As a rule, it may be held that the *thorpe* of the Teuton was a foundation upon the previous dwelling-place of the Celt. From the summit of Elbolton (the sacred ground or 'Sun Hill'), these children of the dark ages may have prostrated themselves, when worshipping the glory of the solar deity. On the other hand, with the known existence of the cave and its contents, the Elbolton more probably refers to the 'dwelling in the pit,' the word *El* having the exact meaning of 'pit,' as given in the Bible.

Of late years, Elbolton cave has yielded much antiquarian treasure; besides the bones of the wild beasts above enumerated, large teeth and tusks of animals, such as the bear, reindeer, and giant elk, long since extinct, have been found. From appearances, the cave has at some time been used as a dwelling-place, and also a place of burial. Strange to say, beyond one or two bone implements and fragments of pottery, not a defensive weapon of any kind has been found.

For centuries past, the cave, which is reached by a descent of several feet, was traditionally supposed to have been an ancient place of burial,

and, during the early years of the eighteenth century, several skeletons were discovered in almost perfect condition; the preservative quality of limestone would help to retard the progress of decay. Nearly a century later than the above, about 1890, were discovered around the entrance of the first chamber, in sitting posture, and partly



THORPE.

T. Dawson.

enclosed and fossilised in the limestone rock, the skeletons of twelve human beings belonging to the Stone Age. As there is no opening by which wild

animals could have entered the cave of their own choice, it is surmised that, after being slain, these bodies have been thrown in by the natives for their food. In the same chamber where the skeletons were found, traces of fire and a hearth were discovered, plainly indicating at a later period the cave has been used as a dwelling-place; probably of outlaws or refugees hiding in the mountains from the scourge of invasion. Time has been marked by centuries between its first occupants, who dwelt and at death found a resting-place in its walls of rock, and the latter, who were probably the originators of the rude fire-hearth, and who merely used the cave as a place of refuge.

“In Craven’s wilds is many a den,
To shelter persecuted men.
Far under ground is many a cave,
Where they might lie as in the grave.”

In Wordsworth, White Doe, Yordas cave, provides an exactly similar residence—the *jord-hus*, earth-house. Could we peer into the history of the people who occupied this earth-house, many a weird scene and tragic tale would be unfolded.

Since the departure of St. Crispin’s sons, Thorpe has been a peaceful spot, and those who love absolute quiet will find it in this rural nest, hid amongst the hills, where the soft notes of the cuckoo have often been heard at midnight. For the geologist Thorpe affords one of the richest fields in Craven. The several huge protuberances seen from Cracoe to Greenhow are due to volcanic action, which has thrust up the limestone here above the shale beds into the grit, and probably due to the same power as the one which produced the famous Craven Fault.

Proceeding for Cracoe, we turn to the left and follow the old fell road which winds its devious course parallel with the lofty fells skirting the string of conical-shaped hills—the first Skelerton, near Cracoe, next Buttery, Stebden, Elbolton, Thorpe, and Appletreewick Kail. Legend says these hills were formerly the dwelling-place of fairies, and their departure is still the theme of universal moaning. How strangely these old beliefs, told by sire to son around the winter’s fire, linger in the minds of the peasantry!

“But ye have flown,
Beautiful fictions of our fathers,
Flown before the hand of science.”

The tenacious retention of them in popular memory is, however, a pleasing evidence of the mingled origin of the people. To the child of a Tenton father, the Celtic mother has told these fairy tales in recounting the sweetnes of the days, whose end she secretly repined.

Dr. Dixon says, an inhabitant of a village not far from Elbolton, passing that mountain on a moonlight night, saw a tribe of fairies dancing. Having taken too much ‘rum and watter’ at a neighbouring ‘public,’ he so far forgot himself as to join the festive circle without being invited. Punished by kicks and punches he was obliged to run to save his life. He is said to have avenged himself by pocketing one of the fairies—the story does not tell us if the captive was a ‘lady’ or a ‘gentleman’ fairy. Before he reached home his prisoner, by some means, managed ‘to escape.’ In the old mines and caves of Craven are often found curious and small pipes, called by the natives fairy-pipes. The Craven fairies, like those of so many other districts, consisted of two classes, the good and the bad. The former were those who, on moonlight nights, frequented green hills and pastures, and danced in circles to sweet music breathed from reeds and oaten pipes. They were small, graceful, timid creatures, subject to a king and queen; and took to flight on the slightest alarm, yet leaving behind the impression of their feet on the grass as a proof of their existence.

- “ When the village is wrapped in quiet sleep,
 And the forest hum is still :
 From our tiny mansions we softly creep,
 And lie to the thymy hill.
- “ And oft we gather a garland fair,
 Of flowers and sprays so green—
 And a wild wreath form for the flowing hair
 Of our lovely Fairy Queen.
- “ And then from the beautiful Elfin land,
 Where never did mortal tread,
 We send sweet dreams, and visions bland,
 To float round the peasant’s bed.
- “ We know not woes of the changing earth,
 No cares do our lives annoy :
 Our days are a round of endless mirth—
 One scene of eternal joy ! ”

The view of the Wharfe valley from the north side of Elbolton is very interesting: at our feet lies Thorpe, beyond is the old grey tower of Burnsall Church, Hebden, with its wild ravine stretching away to the moors of Netherdale. Opposite, screened with branch, is Lythe House; just beyond where the river curves at the stepping-stones is Linton Church. At the foot of sheltering hills Grassington looms clear and distinct. Grass Woods, Netherside, and the river winding by crag and hill, the snow-capped heights of Whernside, towering in the misty clouds. Southward, the vision is confined amidst wild fells, crags, and dark ravines. Looking west, the eye

wanders over a most wonderful and romantic view, extending to the Lancashire coast.

High and Low Bailey, a natural prominence and buttress to Elbolton, did not receive this name from any association with a camp, Celtic or otherwise, as one writer, with vivid imagination, supposes. The name Bailey is a personal one, and was given by a former owner of the land. Midway between Thorpe and Linton is a field named 'Borrens': here are to be seen strong evidences of an ancient settlement. There are other patches of ground in the valley bearing the above name, and in every instance the foundations doubtless point to the work of a people of prehistoric data.

On opposite sides of this mountain track stand two solitary-looking homesteads; between them a moorland rill comes silvering down from the fells and merrily winds its mossy way to join the Linton brook.

Still following the turning of the fell lane, passing Langerton and Threapland on our right, we reach the Skipton and Grassington road near Cracoe.

CHAPTER X.

SKIPTON TO RYLSTON AND LINTON.

LEAVING the upper parts of the vale for another chapter, we take up our tour at Skipton, that town being the entrance gate, either by road or rail, to the upper regions of the Wharfe. In Saxon days, Skipton was inhabited by shepherds, who owned or tended vast herds of sheep, from which came the name Scepton—Sheeptown, Skipton—and no one we imagine will dispute the etymology of that name, who may have had the opportunity of resting on an evening in the market-place. The writer well remembers, nor is he likely to forget, the confused noises which disturbed his slumbers when staying at an hotel near by. The uproar started soon after midnight, and lasted all through the early hours of the morning. Such a roar and unearthly yells, dogs barking, men swearing, as though pandemonium were let loose, or the old Scots who had slumbered for centuries were again on the warpath, devastating the lands of Craven. Going to the window to ascertain the cause of the strange babel, we found the street full of sheep and cattle brought from the upper dales, and hence the tumult, which continued until next morning. The old penman, a character in Skipton, got disputing with a stalwart Langstroth chap, and, giving way to passion, joined in the uproar, helping to swell the babel of noise.

Musing among the tombs in the twilight, with the grand old church and gateway of the Castle and other relics of feudalism around us, the mind naturally reverted to scenes of the remote past. Musing thus, fancy heard the tramping of the war-steed, the jingle of weapons; round the curve rides a Norman baron, esquires and men-at-arms. It is the age of the haughty Norman, the power and name of a De Romelli reign supreme. Hark! the sound of a bell—the sullen tolling of the curfew, after which not a beam of light shone from the houses of Skipton, even the very embers had died; gloomy and dispirited the enslaved peasant retired for the night, silence

prevailing. Suddenly the visions of olden days fade, disturbed by the preparation of sheep-pens for the morrow's market, and Skipton of the twentieth century, still the sheep-town, is before us. But the tower and gateway and walls of the Castle, with the imposing architecture of the church, whose chancel contains the richly embellished tombs of the Skipton lords, are of sufficient importance to attest and reveal its strength and dignity, as the capital of Craven in the days of old.

As a fortified position the site of Skipton Castle has been held in all ages. The present castle represents a stronghold raised and garrisoned in the first instance by the earliest of the Celtic tribes. Under Earl Edwin, its



SKIPTON CASTLE IN FEUDAL TIMES.

military importance was fully maintained, for at that time it was one of the great frontier stations, which watched the Celtic confederacy, whose rule extended from the Solway into the vale of the Ribble. Before the formation of the county Palatine of Lancaster (it was a sub-government), Skipton being the most important fortress west of York. The original Norman castle was

raised by Robert de Romelli, and of course held by him as his chief stronghold, from which he controlled the Western lands to the ocean.

The story of Wharfedale cannot be made complete without a slight knowledge of the great women of Skipton, starting from the daughter of the Norseman who gave it to Robert de Romelli, and descended through her daughter Cecilia, foundress of Embssay, to two members of the royal family of Scotland, and later to an English prince; for their power pervaded not only the issues of its daily life, but moulded it with a grandeur, still and for ever fittingly referred to by their graven motto—*Des-or-mais*—henceforward and enduring through all the long days yet to come! William le Gros, Earl of Albemarle (descended from Odo, Count of Champagne, and his wife Adelidis, sister of William the Conqueror), married Cecilia, daughter of William Fitz-Duncan, in her right possessed of Craven. Le Gros commanded from Skipton at the battle of the Standard, 22nd August, 1139, when the Scots were so completely defeated. Their daughter, Hawise le Gros, held the honour when King John, in 1202, granted her the fair at Skipton of three days duration, the vigil, day and morrow of Holy Trinity. This line of famous women ended with perhaps the greatest of them all in Anne, Countess of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery.

For a time the castle was in the hands of King John, who, however, restored it to Earl William de Fortibus in 1215. In 1221 Henry III. ordered the castle to be destroyed, but the order was never carried out. As at Harewood (another member of the Romelli fee), so at Skipton, the grandeur of the old rule was entirely extinguished in the exhaustion of the Romelli line. Their story has already been told more fully in our description of Harewood.

From the descendants of De Romelli, Skipton passed into the hands of Prince Edward Crouchback, and later into those of the first Edward, whose son, on coming to the throne, bestowed it, along with other large possessions, on his favourite, the notorious Piers de Gaveston, after whose tragic death on Blacklow Hill, Skipton became the possession, in 1309-10, of Robert de Clifford, but only as a life tenure. Clifford soon saw how very undesirable such a tenure was, so he obtained from the king the inheritance by exchange for other lands in Monmouth and Wales. Not a bad bargain either, but then he was of a race that had already shown great judgment in matters of this kind. One of the first soldiers of his age; Clifford was of the family of Fair Rosamund, 'the rose of the world,' mistress of Henry II. It is believed by some writers that she was married to the king secretly in early life, but without proper witnesses to prove her queen.

Once, during the rebellion of his sons Richard and John, the king thus accosted William Longspe, or Longsword, Fair Rosamund's eldest son : "Thou art my legitimate son ; the rest have no claim on me."

The coming of the Cliffords, a family of famous soldiers from the Welsh borders, was in high estate.

Fitz-pouz, the founder of the family, came into England with the Conqueror, and, apart from the possessions he received in Herefordshire, he was made castellan of York Castle, where a fragment of the keep still remains bearing the name of Clifford Tower.

The first Lord Clifford enlarged and strengthened the fortress built by De Romelli, on the edge of the rocky eminence, from which the land gently falls to the town of Skipton. The castle was surrounded by massive and high walls; along the embattled parapets were many bastions, or watch towers, except to the north, where the steep rock formed a natural defence; in front was the moat full to the brim with deep sluggish waters, and whoever entered the castle must pass over a strong drawbridge. Near to was the barbican by which this fortress was further strengthened. A great gate and thick folding doors of oak, clamped strongly with iron, and a portcullis with iron spikes like a harrow, slid up and down according to circumstances, was a further protection against surprise.

The architecture of the barbican, and that of the Parish Church, so far coincide with that of Knaresborough castle and church, as to prove that both towns owe their improvements to the same hand and impulse, of which

we find evidences of the latter in the necessities of Edward II.'s reign, especially after Bannockburn in 1314, and the turmoil consequent upon Lancaster's rebellion in 1321. Within the walls of the castle was ample accommodation for everything appertaining to the



SKIPTON PARISH CHURCH.

upholding of the dignity of the Skipton lords, whose power was nearly absolute in Craven.*

In the civil wars of Charles I., Skipton castle was gallantly defended by Sir John Mallory against a parliamentary force commanded by General Lambert of Carlton, a notable Craven-bred hero. The besieged, having held out for three years, were at length driven to the most dire extremities, and deeming further resistance useless, the castle surrendered on the most honourable terms—the garrison having leave to march out like heroes in possession of their arms.† During the siege, February 17th, 1645, a very exciting skirmish took place: a force of one hundred and fifty Royalist horse made a dash across the country, covered with deep snow, and reached Keighley in the grey of the early morning, falling like a ‘thunderbolt upon the enemy’s camp,’ plundered the town, and took a hundred prisoners and sixty horses; on their return they were overtaken by General Lambert, who swooped down in turn upon them, when a gallant hand-to-hand fight took place, which ended in the complete defeat of the Royalists, who fled, leaving their booty and many of their men prisoners.

* It was during the Pilgrimage of Grace, when the castle was surrounded by the rebel hosts, that the following incident occurred:—“It appears that Lady Eleanor, the Earl’s daughter-in-law, with her three children and several ladies, were staying at Bolton Abbey.” The rebels having notice of this, sent a herald to proclaim to the Earl that they would be held as hostages for his submission, and that on the day following, should he still fail to surrender, the besiegers “would violate all the ladies and enforce them with knaves” beneath the castle walls. To prevent this diabolical outrage, which would have left a mark of everlasting infamy on the insurgents, in the blackness of the night, “Christopher Aske, a brother of the rebel leader, accompanied by the vicar of Skipton, each with a groom and led horses, passed stealthily through the camp of the foe, and crossed the moors by well-known paths to Bolton, and conveyed all the ladies through the hosts of the besiegers so clean and close that the same never mistrusted nor perceived till they were safe within the walls of the castle.”—FROUDE’S *History*.

† Of the life which had to be endured in the border fortresses and districts, of which Skipton was an important one, we have many curious incidents. For instance, in 1345, the men of Cumberland and Westmoreland were to take their cattle and flocks into the forest of Knaresborough for safety, the Scots in that year being rampageons, and the French having to be dealt with. In 1359, when war matters had been well adjusted for England, a proclamation appears 20th November, that the men of Stafford, Lancaster, Derby, and Craven may leave their homes in time of harvest to labour in other counties as aforesomes. This latter piece of information is valuable. When the fruits of the earth were to be gathered in the more fertile counties the shepherds of our western hills were not very busy, so they went abroad in harvest and found lucrative employment and money needed to meet the rigour of their winter.

Soon after the Civil Wars, Skipton Castle was repaired by the Lady Anne Clifford, and over the entrance gateway was placed the family motto :—

DES	OR	MAIS
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meaning “henceforth,” “hereafter,” “enduring.”

The castle looks lonely and desolate now; the minstrel harp is silent, no sounds of revelry or jingle of steel are heard. The flight of time has swept away its noble owners, who sleep beneath the marble tombs in the adjoining church; but its walls still stand complete and defiant, a monument of olden days.

“ Oh ! there were hearts within those stately walls,
Though lonely now, that beat with high alarm,
And champing steeds, and warders waiting all
To guard, if need might be, from gathering harm.”

Besides its castle, Skipton possesses a grand old fabric in its venerable church, under whose sacred portals and around its exterior walls are written, for those who care to read, the frailty of all things that perish. The church consists of nave, chancel, north and south aisles, with clerestory, porch and tower. Style principally Perpendicular; several of the windows have fine flowing tracery and are filled with stained glass. The reredos is modern, yet a very rich piece of workmanship. A beautiful preserved screen of the Tudor period separates the choir from the nave; the oaken roof of the fourteenth century period, which is nearly flat, is considered to be a good example of ‘northern perpendicular work.’ Near the tower is a large baptismal font of the Tudor period, with a massive and elaborately carved oaken cover; these ornamental oak covers, suspended from the ceiling, can be raised or lowered at pleasure, and were only introduced at the beginning of the fifteenth century. For historical interest, centred in its chaste and beautiful altar tombs of the Clifffords, this church stands unique. They consist of black and grey fossil marble, beautifully polished and of the most chaste workmanship. The tomb of the third Earl of Cumberland, with its rich armorial bearings, and its massive and beautiful black marble slab, is without doubt one of the most magnificent tombs in England.

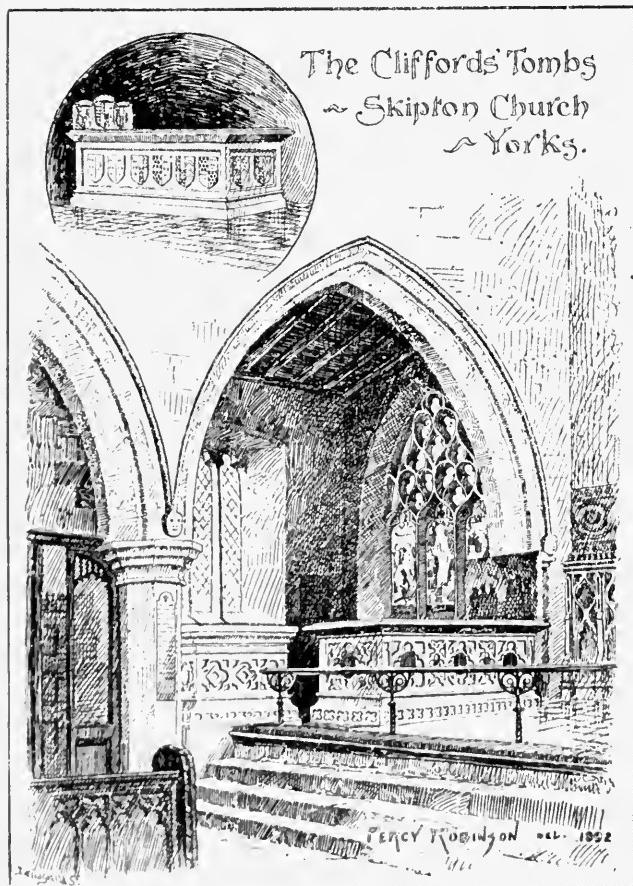
Dr. Whitaker says:—“I much doubt whether such an assemblage of noble bearings can be found on the tomb of any other Englishman.”

The Rev. John Ward thus writes:—“In attempting to describe these tombs, I feel myself utterly at a loss to convey an adequate idea of their elaborate details and massive grandeur, so rich and beautiful are they in heraldic colours and devices, so exquisitely chaste in the polish of their fine dark marbles, and so perfect is the work of restoration, both as regards their form and structure, and their brass entablature, that I feel disposed to lay down my pen despairing of doing anything like justice to the subject. An actual inspection can alone realise their beauty and splendour.”

Dr. Whitaker opened the vault of the Clifffords, and cut the cerecloths, which held the body of George the Sailor Earl, whose face, as then seen, was a perfect replica of his portrait, only of a more coppery hue. But never again will that face be seen by mortal eyes. The air, which found ingress into the tomb, assimilated the body back to the dust from whence it came: a solemn vigil, this of the Doctor, poring over the crumbling remains of the Skipton lords.

The time of the readjustment of the vicarage of Skipton, 1326, points also in the decorated architecture of the church to a great renovation, if not a rebuilding of the fabric from tower to chancel, although the latter part has again been modified, more than a century later. These eras are, respectively, those when the grandeur of the Cliffords arose and culminated. The first may have been signalled by the institution of the earliest recorded canon-vicar, Thomas of Mauyngham, instituted 26th March, 1342; the latter by the institution of Thomas Botson, appointed prior of Bolton in 1440, and vicar of Skipton, 22nd March, 1460.

This church was struck by lightning during service, June, 1853. The damage was not great, but it had the merit of being the chief cause of the complete restoration of the aged structure, and the removal of an unsightly gallery, which obscured the chancel end.



The Cliffords' Tombs
~ Skipton Church
~ Yorks.

The Craven Herald for May, 1856, says:—

"The reopening of the sacred edifice took place April 23rd. Early in the morning a joyous peal from the old tower awoke the echoes of the Craven valleys amid which the ancient town of Skipton is situated. The Rev. Dr. Hook, of Leeds, was the preacher."

Old-world Skipton is becoming modernised. Yet on market days the main street leading to the upper dales, which is still unspoilt, presents a curious mixture, when every kind of vehicle is to be seen, from a donkey-eart to

a smart whitechapel; herds of sheep and cattle, with the yelling of drovers,

barking of curs, the bargaining of dealers and farmers, and the curious mixture and jumble of humanity, which may here be studied, remind one forcibly of market scenes of olden days, and for the moment we fancy Time has slid back a century. On such days, the roadway for miles is lined with droves of sheep and cattle, and carts laden with every kind of produce needed for consumption in the upper dales, in many instances to be carried a distance of sixteen to eighteen miles; perhaps the dales railway will change this old mode of traffic, and disturb the primitive simplicity of the scene.

The journey from Skipton to Upper Wharfedale, either walking or driving, will be found most interesting and enjoyable should the weather be favourable. On each side are romantic hills stretching away to the Wharfe and Aire. In the evening, a beautiful golden tone pervades the Lancashire hills, and shines out in striking contrast to gloomy shadows and misty vapours, sweeping over the wild, lofty summit of Crookrise to our right.

One of the very unchivalrous customs of the Skipton foresters was rigidly exacted here, abashing many a rustic maiden, who would otherwise have been all smiles, and very properly so. In the time of Robert, Lord Clifford, it was ordained "that every bryde cummyng that waye shude eyther gyve her left shoo or three shillings and fourpence to the forester of Crookryse, by waye of custome or gaytecloys," which was surely one of the most uncouth exactions ever heard of. The origin of the custom was probably in the old Servile tax of *merchet*, to avoid which the husband or outraged father would have paid the fine many times over, glad enough that he might do so. An old record says that it was six silver pennies which the head forester claimed, or, otherwise, the left shoe of the bride. It is well known that the Clifffords were amorous lovers, and several Craven families (one writer asserts) owe their origin to their irregularities, notable amongst whom were:—George, the Sailor Earl, and Thomas, still remembered in the dale as 'Tom wi' the lang fangs' (big teeth). Thomas Walker, who died towards the middle of the nineteenth century, was the last forester who held possession of the old forest horn, which was of silver, and on still nights the sound from it could be heard from Crookrise to Barden Tower.

In 1864, a barrow, situate in a meadow behind Scalehouse, Rylstone, was opened by the Rev. William Greenwell. The tumulus was thirty-one feet in diameter, and about seven feet high; it opened from the south-east; the soil immediately under the sod consisting of yellow clay to a considerable depth; then layers of blue clay, evidently puddled to keep out the water. Exactly in the centre of the tumulus, at a depth of seven feet, and

on a level with the plane of the field, was found an oak coffin, formed out of a tree, split and hollowed out, and placed due north and south, the head being placed to the south, as that was the larger part of the tree. After being exposed to the air for about two minutes, the bared coffin parted at the sides, and could not be moved except by detached pieces. The body had been wrapped in a cloth or shroud of texture resembling wool and coarsely woven, of which there was a considerable quantity remaining ; but the body itself was dissolved by the action of the water which had found access to the interior of the coffin. The interment was considered to have been that of an ancient Briton, decidedly pre-Roman, and doubtless two thousand years ago. The learned antiquary said it was the only instance (except the one at Gristhorpe, near Scarborough) where an interment in an oak tree hollowed out had a tumulus placed over it. It was more than six feet in length inside, and about seven feet six inches outside. The remains were carefully replaced and the mound restored to its former shape ; a small leaden tablet being placed within, stating that it had been opened A.D. 1864.

We are now rounding the south-west buttressed wall of Crookrise.

Yonder to our right ponderous masses of gritstone frown from the dark sides of the moor ; onwards, where the slopes of the fells are well wooded, a dark and mysterious ravine stretches upwards to the vast solitude of the moorland, covered with dense foliage and overhanging rock. Further still, grim, grey, ragged and defiant, yet cherishing the memory of that doomed family, worthy of a better fate, stand the ruins of Norton's Watch Tower.

The Cliffords, as superior lords, claimed the right to chase the deer on the land of Rylstone, which right the Nortons strongly contested. When the deer from the fells of Skipton strayed into the Rylstone forest the Nortons impounded them. The outcome of this affair was a trial before the President and Council, at York ; in this case, Launcelot Martin, of Eshton, Esq., saith—

" That he was a boy, and, together with his father, he did see the keepers of Skipton forest hunt and chase deer out of the grounds of Rylston, and also myne old Lady Clifford at divers times to bring deer forth of Rylston, without any let ; till now of late that Master Norton hath walled his grounds of Rylston. Where the foresters were wont to walk and draw my lord of Cumberland's deer into his ground he hath made a wall on a high rigge beside a quagmire, and at the end of the wall he hath rayled the ground, so that it is a destruction to my lord's deer, so many as come."

This hunting by the Cliffords on the Rylston lands, and taking deer either by fair means or foul, was a source of continual worry to the Nortons, who seem to have retaliated—however, might was right—

For John Steinig, the keeper, describes how he "saw my lord that is now, with his company, hunt in Rylstone, and hound thirty brace of deer, both horned and not horned, and kill all they might, both red and fallow." Or when "Old Lady Clifford," as one of her gentlewomen says:—"Would hound her greyhounds within the said gronnds of Rylstone, and chase deer, and bring them away at her leisure": also when "Master John Norton gate leave of my olde lord for a morsel of flesh for his wife's 'churching,' and had half of a 'grete fat stag,' which Robert Gorton hunted and killed, and had the shulders and the ombiles for his trouble." And foul means: as when, in 1499, Will Gyzeley was bound in penalty of forty pounds, "conditional to save harmless the deer and woods of Henry Lord Clifford," and when in 1546, "James Horner, of Beamsley, enters into recognizances with two sureties to be of good abearing to my lord's deer within Craven," and when in 1575, "Thomas Frankland, of Michaels Ing, gent, for killing and destroying deere, as well tame as wild and savage, in Litondale and Longstroth," was required to yield himself as prisoner into the castle of Skipton, there to remain during the Earl's pleasure.

After passing Scale House (where a 'Skall' shieling, or log hut, has once housed a lonely shepherd) near to which formerly stood a Quakers' meeting-house, with graveyard attached, the hilly vale expanding, and before us is the dale of Rylstone. The tower of the sacred edifice is seen rising under a frame of spreading branches.

RYLSTONE.

The only place of its name occurring in the *English Gazetteer*, a fact which makes its name all the more difficult to analyse. The derivation of the prefix *Ril* or *Rill*, Celtic, is perhaps akin to the Welsh township of Rhinlas, whose name has reference to a *Rhien*, an ascent or slope. If the ancient terminal was *stau* or *stein*, then we apparently find a boundary having reference to the willow lands—*wealha* lands—below Cracoe. There is a peaceful charm and beauty about this spot, look whichever way you will everything is picturesque. The trickling rill, the silent lake, the overhanging trees, through which are seen rich pasturage, mansion, homestead, and village church. Old lanes turn hither and thither, suggesting many pleasant pictures in touch with the gleanings of memory. Nearly encircled by towering heights of rocky crag, it gives the impression of an oasis in a desert of hills.



RYLSTONE.

We have now entered a district deeply imbued with glamour of old-world story; about Rylstone there hangs a halo of romance, whose stern truth is stranger than fiction. Like their neighbours, the Claphams, at Beamsley the Nortons had come into Wharfedale by grace of a woman's love. By lineage they were of the house of Coigniers, of Norton Coigniers and Sawley. John Coigniers, otherwise Norton, who died in 1556, married Anne, daughter and heiress of William Radcliffe, of Rilleston, with whom he obtained the estate of Rilleston his son made so famous.*

Richard Coigniers, *alias* Norton—‘the patriarch of the rebellion of 1569,—was a man of consequence who had done good service in his day. He had been Governor of Norham Castle, and had served the office of High Sheriff of Yorkshire in 1568. He was twice married, but had issue by his first wife only—Susanna, daughter of Richard Neville, second baron Latimer of that name. At the time when he headed the outbreak Richard Norton was nearly eighty years of age. Staunch Catholics, the Nortons, and they appear to have always been ready to join any rising whose object was the re-establishing of the old faith.

In 1536, Norton, then in middle life, joined that motley army of ‘forty thousand rustics,’ led by Robert Aske, whose object was the defence of the Holy Church. On their banner were emblazoned the five wounds of Christ. In 1569, another rebellion took place—the ‘Rising of the North’—headed by the Earls of Northumberland and Westmorland, its object being the liberation of Mary Stuart, then a prisoner in Bolton Castle. Many of her friends seemed to have fancied she was suffering for her adherence to

* In 1283, II Edward I., the contest between Elias de Rylleton, Thomas Threshfeld, and Peter de Freklyngton on the one part, and the Abbot of Fountains on the other part; was agreed that the Abbot and his successors should have common pasture for all his cattle of Bordely, on the moors and pastures of Rilleston, within such boundaries as are specified, and nowhere else.

In the Poll Tax of 1379, Rylstone presents features perhaps little suspected. ‘William de Rylston,’ ‘dominus ville,’ pays three shillings and fourpence. This is a singular title, and we have no mention of any resident of higher social status. The payment is large for a man of subordinate station, yet too small for ‘lord of the town of the usual feudal position.’ Rylston at that time was not free from what Dr. Whitaker elsewhere calls “the taint of manufactures.” There were cloth-workers in the village. John Webster was a maker of Yorkshire grays, which required no dyeing, and ‘wore for ever.’ But in his colleague, Thomas Challoner, we have an ‘artist de France,’ a representative of the worthies brought over to improve the cloth trade. The Challoner was a man of work artistic. Of the millers, Langstrothdale clerks—his visitors, Chaucer notes—

“And in his owne chamber, hew made a bed,
With Schetys and with Chalouns fair-i-spred.”

the old faith. Foremost was Christopher, son of Richard Norton, of Rylstone, bewitched, it is said, like many others, by the bright eyes of the queen. Through carelessness or treachery, or his own address, he had been admitted into Lord Scrope's guard at Bolton Castle, where he was ready, should circumstances be favourable, to assist the queen to escape.

Froude says:—"Richard Norton, the father, was past middle life at the time of the 'Pilgrimage of Grace,' and had followed behind the banner of the 'five wounds of Christ.' Now in his old age he was still true to the cause. He had been left, like many others, unmolested in the practice of his faith, and had bred up eleven stout sons and eight daughters, all, like himself, devoted children of the Holy Church."

In the old ballad, "The Rising of the North," Earl Percy is represented as forwarding a message, asking for the assistance of the Nortons. Having read the letter, the veteran turns to Christopher—

"Come hither, Christopher Norton,
A gallant youth thou seem'st to be;
What doest thou counsell me, my sonne,
Now that good erle's in jeopardy?"

Christopher pleads for the cause of the earl, which pleases the father, who says—

* * * *

"And if we speed and 'scape with life,
Well advanced shalt thou bee."

Norton then says to the other sons—

"Come you hither, mine nine good sonnes,
Gallant men I trow you bee,
How many of you, my children deare,
Will stand by that good erle and me?"

Eight at once proclaim their readiness to join the earl. Visions of an advancing fate fills the mind of Francis, the eldest, who sees in the rebellion the ruin of the family.

"Father, you are an aged man.
Your head is white, your beard is grey,
It were a shame at these youre years,
For you to ryse in such a fray."

The old man replies—

"Now, fye upon thee, coward Francis,
Thou never learnedst this of me."

Francis again attempts to dissuade his father from joining; old Richard Norton was determined, so—

"Forth, when sire and sons appeared,
A gratulating shout was reared,
With din of arms and minstrelsy,
From all his warlike tenantry,
All horsed and harnessed with him to ride,—
A shout to which the hills replied.
"Thence marching southward smooth and
They mustered their host at Wetherby, [free,
Full sixteen thousand fair to see;

"The choicest warriors of the North :
But none for beauty or for worth
Like those eight sons—who, in a ring
(Ripe men, or blooming in life's spring)
Each with a lance, erect and tall,
A falchion and a buckler small,
Stood by their sire on Clifford Moor
To guard the standard which he bore."

The rising was a disastrous failure, many of the adherents ending their days beneath the knife of the executioner; others fled beyond the sea, some into Scotland. The Nortons of that generation were a doomed race with a price on their heads. Their estates were confiscated, and came into the possession of the Clifffords.

"Thee, Norton, wi' thine eight good sonnes,
They doom'd to dye, alas! for ruth."

Wordsworth, in the 'White Doe,' lifts the story of the Nortons out of the erring strife which ruined them and tells it so as to secure the sympathy of all pitying hearts.

Rylstone Church, whose foundations date back to the twelfth century, contains one known memorial of the doomed family. On one of the bells are the letters J.N.—John Norton—and the family motto,

"God us a yd."*

Others, to be seen previous to the restoration, 1852, were probably then swept away.

Between the church and the roadway is a meadow, the mounds in which plainly indicate where stood the embattled mansion of the Nortons. Everything else has disappeared, not even a wrack is left to mark the spot, yet in the winter beautiful snowdrops bloom in this pasture, a sweet memorial to the old family.

The land immediately to the north and east of the church shows clearly where the old home stood. A high bank and ditch run north and south, and by the path leading to Cracoe is a field formerly called the 'Vivery'; here were the pleasure grounds with fishponds containing an island in the centre, part of which still remain.

"Time, Time, his withering hand hath laid,
On battlement and tower;
And where rich banners were displayed,
Now only waves a flower."

* Literally translated, the legend on the bells reads—"God is all," which is scarcely less beautiful than the above.

Travellers will have noticed the wild, ragged front of the far-reaching fells, stretching from Skipton to Burnsall, and from Rylstone to Barden in an opposite direction, whose bold, precipitous sides suggest the frontier walls of some ancient kingdom. It was our pleasure to traverse the rugged edge of those fells one Sabbath evening in September. The grey tints of night were fast closing in. Slowly wending our way to the summits of the monster rocks, which, looking small from the roadway, on reaching are of mammoth size, numerous small ravines and dangerous holes covered with turf arrest our progress. On the very brink of the hill, where the huge cliff stands sentinel over the vale, is planted a large cross. The upright pillar is of millstone grit, said to have been erected to commemorate the peace of Paris, 1816. The cross piece of wood was added later. Resting on the edge of this rock, we contemplated the marvellous variety, contrast and beauty of the scene.

Whilst thus gazing on the feast, our thoughts wander down the dim aisles of the past, and seizing the wizard's pencil, depict the old hall of the Nortons, replete in all its grandeur, a rare old Tudor mansion, resting at the foot of sheltering crags amid the romantic fells of Craven. Torches flare from the casement, and there presiding at the large oaken board in the great hall, surrounded by his numerous children, is the elder Norton. The walls are hung with arms, shields, and banners, trophies of a martial ancestry. Possessed of a fair share of lands, with numerous retainers and sons, handsome, accomplished, and expert. Christopher, the soul of old English chivalry, has already enrolled himself a champion of the beautiful queen. Yonder passes the sainted Emily, faultless of form and feature; beautiful when living, the memory of her life has shed a halo of romance around this ill-starred name. The scene changes, through the great gate of the courtyard rides forth a gallant company arrayed in the vestments of war, the aged warrior, with his sons and numerous retinue, are departing to champion the cause of the imprisoned queen. Gaily wave in the breeze the banners, inscribed in golden letters with the family motto: "God us Ayde." Thus imagination sees them depart, never to return to their old home at Rylston.

Suddenly the music of the Sabbath bells floats upwards from the old grey tower of Rylstone Church, recalling the mind from past scenes. How soothing are the harmonious chimes blending in sympathy with old-time visions! All love the sound of Sabbath bells, but from the edge of this bold gritstone cliff, words fail to describe how sweetly the sound spreads among the fells, now bursting and swelling louder and louder, then falling until the

melody of their dying whispers wafted on the breeze a farewell cadence. What a crowd of sweet recollections and sad memories the sound of these bells brings forth! But onward, over heather and rock, we arrive where the moorland, cleft by a deep, dark ravine, seen as the shadowy night clouds sweep gloomily across the glen, impressed the writer as a weird picture of desolation. On either side large masses of rock belly over like monsters preparing to swoop down on the unwary victim; while deep down in the shadow of Crookrise Wood, the torrent in Waterford Gill is heard hurrying with dismal sound. Here are the ruins of the old watch-tower of the Nortons, the meeting-place of many a hunt. Its defensive position is admirable, built on a tongue of land cleft by two ravines.

On the high pinnacle of the forest of Crookrise, near Waterford Gill, the Cliffords built a watch or hunting tower overlooking that of the Nortons. The chase being unpaled left the deer to wander at pleasure. It was this undefined right of chase that caused such feuds and bitterness between the Cliffords and Nortons, which, after many a free fight between the keepers, ended in favour of the Cliffords, who acquired the Norton lands confiscated after the 'Rising of the North.'

There is a fine view from the ruins of the Tower over Flashby and Sharper Fells, and more west down the valley to Gargrave. North-east the dark summit of Barden Fell and the wall-like front of Crookrise towering sharply above Waterford Gill, the boundary of the Nortons in this direction.*

Scale Hall and farm are immediately below, and the line of the dales railway twines unobtrusively up the little valley, and, instead of destroying, adds picturesque features to the scene.

Tradition reports that, not far away from the Tower, there lies hidden a great treasure of gold, placed there by the Nortons when going on their last fatal expedition, whence they never returned to unearth the treasure.

On the high plateau, near the Tower, are several grave-like mounds, and also entrenched positions with moat and bank.

Descending from the fell, we follow the old track along which the sainted Emily and her pet doe wandered in their journeyings to and from

* On the west side of Crookrise Fell is a white sandstone crag, known as 'Fairy Kist.' Part of this crag was cut off, and used in the building of Scale house, and during the operations quite a number of small clay pipes were found, such as are known as fairy pipes (Query—why the name of 'Fairy Kist'?)

Bolton. In past days this region was often the resort of highwaymen, and the scene of many robberies and cattle raids.

Following the Fell Lane we approach the highway and turn to the right, where the church tower is seen under a network of trees, skirting the churchyard wall, and across the meadows into another ancient track, which brings us to the highway to the upper dales.*

After the English defeat at Bannockburn, the Scots having in their hands the one opportunity of their national life, took fierce vengeance for the sufferings inflicted upon them by the first Edward. Craven, abounding with cattle, was the scene of their most ruthless depredation. In 1318-9, Bolton Priory was ransacked and the canons driven forth. A second and third visit was made, but the canons, having learnt wisdom, fled with their movable property to Skipton Castle. During one of these raids, the men of Gargrave met the plundering Scot on the northern side of Coniston Moor, and were nearly all slain.

Nicholson says :—

“ With conquest fir'd, the Northerns sallied down,
To plunder Gargrave's lone, deserted town;
The blazing brands within the church they hurled,
And soon the flames around the altar curl'd;
While from the roof the molten lead
Dropp'd on the ancient tombstones of the dead.

“ The blood-red sun sunk slowly in the west,
As by the dreadful scene of woe oppress'd:
But plunder ceas'd not in the shades of night,
The blazing ruins lent a baleful light,
Till Skipton's sons appeared, with banners red,
The Scots beheld their glitt'ring arms and fled.”

Men were then living in Gargrave, but past active war service, who were with Robert Clifford, their lord, when he harried Bruce's estates in Annandale, and gave the good women of that district ‘a light to set their

* Dr. Dixon records several anecdotes of the Rev. John Alcock, a former rector of Rylstone (famous for his wit). One Sabbath morning found Mr. A. in the pulpit minus his sermon. No way disconcerted, he informed his flock of the fact, then, addressing his clerk, said, “ Jonas! hand me up the Bible, and I'll read a chapter out of Job worth ten of it.” On another occasion, during the service, someone was heard singing, “ I'm full of tossing—tossing to and fro.” “ What is all that tossing ? ” asked Mr. Alcock. “ Please, sir,” was the reply, “ it's Johnny Hird; he's been at a berring, and got drunk, and he will sing t'funeral antem ! ” “ I'm full of tossing,” again came from Hird. “ John ! ” said Mr. Alcock, “ you must not sing that now; there's nobody dead here, and you must cease ! ” “ I'm full of tossing,” again came from the drunken mourner. Mr. Alcock now addressed his flock, and said he should feel obliged if some one would toss John Hird into the churchyard. So John got the toss, and was left to finish his ‘antem’ among the tombs.



A RAID OF THE SCOTS.

(A. Jeffery)

hoods,' as Scott describes the gentle pastime of burning homesteads. The same men would have been at Perth in 1306, when Clifford very sorely defeated Bruce, whose path of flight he did not strew with garlands of roses.

CRACOE.

The 'hill of the crag,' a word derived from the Celtic *cerrig*, a rock, craig, with the partially redundant Norse *haugr*, having the meaning of a hill. The compound is especially interesting as showing the sequence of occupation, it suggests the independence of the Celt until the establishment of the Norseman, a sequence to be found somewhat frequently in those remote districts. A pleasant village, Cracoe, and retaining an individuality all its own marks the division of the waterways of the Wharfe and the Aire. The dwellings are charmingly situated in garden, garth, and orchard, and plentifully adorned with green turf and trees. Several old homesteads of the seventeenth century, with huge beams, mullioned windows, and thick walls well covered with whitewash, glinting through the trees, add a rural touch to the scene. Yeomen's houses these (says one), sturdy as their owners, and grey as the tradition of those who have dwelt here long generations. The 'Devonshire Arms,' whose yellow-washed front presents an inviting appearance, is sweetly shaded with graceful trees, the picture of 'ye old village inn.'

We pass Threapland, or the disputed land, to our right: of course this popular derivation will not satisfy the philologist, we note it for its pictur-esquefulness. Threapland is probably derived from the Celtic words *Tre-hupp-lan*, that the site may have been disputed land we may accede historically, if not otherwise.

On our right, dropping down into the vale of Linton, we pass on the left a limestone cliff, named Swinden, in the old forest days the den of wild swine.

Further west, some three miles over the brow of Swinden extends the basin of the river in this direction; a desolate scene, through which flows Linton Beck. Standing at the junction of the Grassington and Kettlewell roads is the old wayside inn, its position such that no weary or footsore traveller need miss seeing it; besides, its sign bears the quaint title of 'Catch All Inn,' announcing to those who pass that way the need of refreshment.

Here leaving the Kettlewell road, we pass on to Linton. Ages ago, before the water had worn the track through the narrow defile on the outskirts of Linton, was a lake, some three miles in length, encircled by a forest, stretching from its shores to the hills on every side, the abode of wild

animals and herds of deer; whilst from rock and crag swooped the golden eagle, and other birds of prey; the darker recesses was the nesting-place of solitary herons and numerous wild fowl.

LINTON,

the village by the *llyn* or lake. In this place-name Linton, we come upon another of the genuine Celtic descriptions of water scenery. The word *llyn* and its derivative *linn* mean a pool of water. The site of the pool still exists that gave birth to the name. It is a subject to muse upon, for Linton is the evidence of more than a thousand years of human development, of stability of purpose and settled life. Of such associations Wharfedale is full, and we cannot leave aside without reflection—words which will sound to eternity.

The stream which ripples through the village, with its soothing melody, has its birth on the fells of Cracoe. An ideal stream, a walk along whose banks reveals many sweet pictures. Yonder in the distance are the historic hills from which it is always hurrying, except in some turn it may pause for a moment, only to gather renewed strength for its race through rich meadow lands and under branches of thorn and hazel. Old railings twisting hither and thither help to form the foreground of many a pretty picture. Nearer the village a flock of ducks from the old farm glide on the crystal stream, others nestle their heads in their downy wings, as if nothing would disturb their repose. On the green is a mother hen, guarding a brood of ducklings with anxious and solemn care; nearing the stream, the ducklings' instinct asserts itself; with a cry of delight and a frantic rush, they fall headlong into the water, much to the affright of the distracted mother, who, with anxious cries, endeavours to recall them, but all in vain. Where the ford crosses the beck, a flock of geese are sending showers of spray over their downy coats of dazzling white, or with outstretched wings fly, or rather rush through the current, after which cleansing process and a solemn conclave, led in single file by the old gander, they march to the village green.*

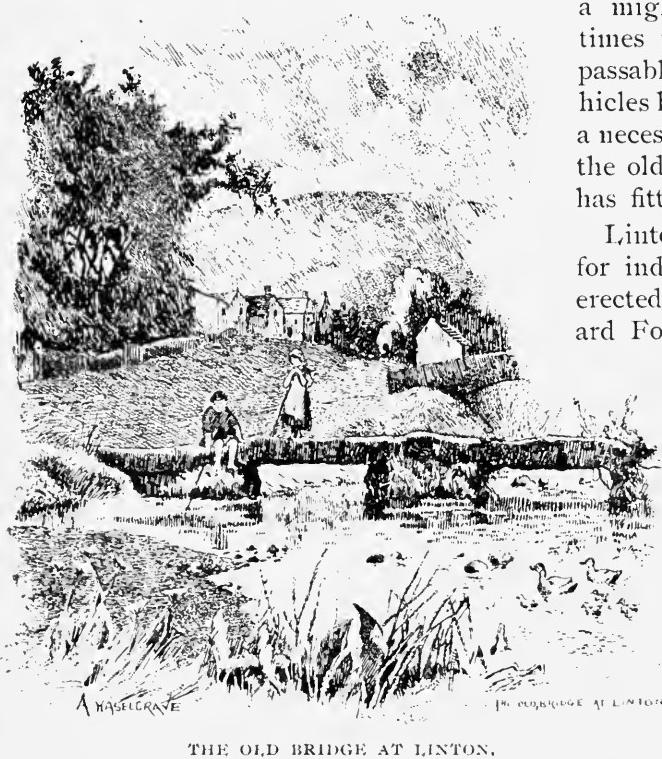
* Dr. Whitaker says: "Almost every woman in Linton could spin flax from the distaff and card, and spin from the fleece. The women were dressed in their own home-spun garments; they wore no ribbons, and the men no shoe buckles; there were no poor's rates, and, most curious, no inns. In 1740 every house-keeper in the township, except one, kept a cow; all the cottagers farmed their own property, and lived upon the produce. All keeping a small flock of sheep, and geese, and a few hogs which were fattened for the winter." This must have been the golden age of Linton. Dr. Dixon, in his stories of Craven Dales, gives several sketches illustrative of Linton life in bygone times, but it is certainly very strange

The stream was formerly crossed by two bridges, one for pack-horse and foot-passengers, the other, of primitive construction, is most picturesque; the rude structure of undressed stone, worn by centuries of use, gives a charm to this rural village. In wet seasons and after storms, the swollen

stream rushed from the hills a mighty torrent; at such times the ford became impassable. A bridge for vehicles has been built recently, a necessary improvement, but the old primitive foot-bridge has fittingly been preserved.

Linton possesses a hospital for indigent women: it was erected in 1721, by one Richard Fountayne, a native of

the village, who amassed a large fortune in London. Nothing further seems to be known of this family, but the hospital and the sign over the doorway of the ancient tavern—‘The Fountayne Arms’—are an abiding memorial



to the benefactor, a man of consequence aforetime.

Linton House, whose exterior architecture is quaint and pleasing, is in a charming situation, screened by spreading beech. On the opposite side of the stream is the rectory, the home of the Rev. Colbatch Shire, which

that this author should describe the Linton beck as a tributary of the Aire. In his description he says: “Linton lies in a hollow, well sheltered by surrounding hills. In the midst of the village is a moorland-born rivulet, a tributary of the Aire, although at so slight a distance from the Wharfe.”

lends additional beauty to the village. There are a few houses of the seventeenth century, full of quaint corners, old lintels and mouldings. At the north end of the village, snugly sheltered in trees, is an ideal homestead, with mullion and traceried windows; from the grounds a wicket opens out on the stepping-stones, where the stream passes beneath a bower of branches, making a picture complete.

To an old-world dreamer Linton is an ideal place, in much the same state as when old John-o'-Gaunt and the canons of Bolton hunted the district, or when Clifford's lusty lads fra Linton to Lang Addingham mustered for the fight at Flodden, where, after half-a-dozen previous repayments, for England's defeat at Bannockburn and the disgrace of the after invasions,



[William Jones.]

Scotland's shield was not only broken, but the fragments trampled in the dust. From Bannockburn, a Clifford was brought home dead, and buried with all the pomp and circumstance of the period in the Abbey of Bolton. From Flodden a Clifford returned a victor, crowned with the brightest laurels. One story says the brunt of the battle fell upon the Craven men forming the Clifford's division, and that the tide of the fight was turned by

the surpassing valour and prowess of the Keighley men. So they will tell you in Airedale, where, it must be admitted, modesty and veracity are concentrated.

The vale of Linton is well sheltered by surrounding hills, the land rising to the moors of Threshfield and the rocky heights of Skyrethorns. East and north are Thorpe and Cracoe fells, and the high range of moorland above Grassington; besides, the place is sweetly adorned with bits of woodland, through which the sun glints, and where the birds carol, and noisy rooks, in nesting-time, make the place resound with their din.

In the middle of the eighteenth century, a Linton yeoman sent his sons forth into the world to seek their fortunes, perhaps never dreaming that they would fail to find it. In their wanderings the youths came to Leeds and found it sufficiently flourishing for their purpose. Possessed of a sufficient share of Craven grit, they applied themselves to the cotton trade, and so flourished therein that two of the sons became aldermen and mayors of Leeds. One of them returned to the dale for a short period, impelled, doubtless, by old reminiscences, and he there married the Pearl of Grassington, and made her not only a Mayoress of Leeds, but the mother of a son who bequeathed to the nation one of its most valuable collections of paintings contemporary with the time he lived: not bad work, this, for the raw son of a Craven yeoman, but he was a very exceptional Craven man, for his name was Sheepshanks. It is generally understood that, had Leeds possessed a gallery worthy of such a gift, the Sheepshanks collection would have found a home there instead of in London. Another of these Linton worthies was the Rev. W. Sheepshanks, who rose to high dignity in the church.

Leaving for Threshfield, the footpath passes over undulating meadows; below us the stream, which drains the land south of the river, flows through a pretty dale, and joins the Wharfe just below the bridge at Grassington.

THRESHFIELD.

According to the etymology of place-names, its name signifies the 'threshing field.' The station more probably took its name from some Celtic residence or *tre* at the water, *uisge*, the Norseman adding his 'field' to denote the land allotted to this residence. The old name of the modern Thirsk was *Tresc*, which is merely the *tre-uisge*, or, as it occurs in the names of some of our rivers—Wiske, Esk, and Usk—and means the house at the water.

During the sixteenth century this village was in the possession of the Nortons. Here was a deer park, containing some hundred and twenty

fallow deer. The park was rich in timber, and, when sold, realised a large sum. From the Nortons it passed to the Crown, and was granted to the Cliffords; it now belongs to Sir Matthew Wilson, Bart., of Eshton Hall, being purchased by his ancestor, John Wilson, of Threshfield. The village is triangular in shape; part of the green has been turned into a garden. There are still remaining two seventeenth-century houses (and also portion of the old Hall), genuine types of a first-class Craven homestead—the Manor House and Park Grange—both retaining good characteristic features: thick walls and mullioned frame windows, and other interesting parts. Mrs. Horsman, at the Grange, is widely known for the comfortable home she always provides for her visitors.



THRESHFIELD.

[A. Haselgrave.]

The highway to the upper dales passes through Threshfield, which, in the old days, on market and fair days, presented a bustling scene by the passing and repassing of droves of sheep and cattle, carts, wagons, and every kind of vehicle necessary for the conveyance of passengers and merchandise to and from the town of Skipton.

At the foot of the bridge stands Ling House. Here, some three centuries ago, when Jamie of Scotland took possession of the English throne, a wandering moss-trooper and cattle raider, named Ibbotson (son of an

Abbot), from the borders, settled and built a substantial house, where his descendants have dwelt ever since. This family made Threshfield celebrated for its besoms. Seventy years ago, James and Jonathan of this ilk won great repute, near and far, as horse dealers and besom makers.* The mother of these brothers hailed from the borders. James, the father of the above, in one of his horse-dealing expeditions, about the close of the eighteenth century, brought home a wife named Margaret; but, unfortunately, in the hamlet of Skirethorns rumour was of a child who called him father. The busy tongue of gossips told the young wife the story. Next morning, during the absence of her husband, she saddled her horse for flight to the north country. The runaway wife had reached Coverdale before being overtaken by her husband, who persuaded her to return. She was the mother of another dark-eyed, gipsy-looking Margaret, mentioned in the chronicles of Craven dales, who lies buried in Rylstone churchyard.†

Ling House, a modern building on the site of the seventeenth-century structure, is situated at the foot of the hill. Past its doors flows a pretty streamlet; a small plantation shelters it from the east. Adjoining the house is a large laithe with folding doors. There, in the old days, might usually have been seen the father and sons busy in the manufacture of besoms, assisted by the two Margarets. In this, the broom age of Threshfield, it "was no unusual sight to see two or three well-laden wagons" ready to start for the dales and other remote places, where the fame of the new broom made from "cocoa-nut fibres had never reached."

The interior of the house still resembles Dr. Dixon's description of a Craven house. On one side of the fireplace is the old-fashioned green painted couch chair; a bread-fleak is still suspended from the rafters, well filled with oaten cake, and also a few bunches of onions, sage, etc. The couch chair and bread-fleak are necessary appendages in a Craven homestead. There are still a few coloured prints representing a bygone age. The ancient langsettle, on which was carved the date '1696,' has been replaced by another, in turn looking primitive. The old firelock carried by one of the earlier Ibbotsons to the fight of Marston Field has disappeared,

* At Ripley fair, during the early years of the last century, the two brothers bought, for a few pounds, the celebrated pony, named, from its marvellous swiftness, the 'Pigeon.' For ten years its career on the racecourse was one triumph. Although fifty years have passed, many tales are told concerning its great speed. Nailed on the stable door at Ling House is a shoe once worn by that famous pony.

† The writer has in his possession a large, old-fashioned watch-case, once the property of Margaret, and brought by her from the Borderland.

as also has "t' prize besom." However, the interior still contains a few ancestral relics ; the present head of the house telling with pride of the name of Ibbotson having appeared on the rent roll of a certain house for two hundred and sixty years.

From the hills south of Threshfield fine views of the surrounding country are obtained. Standing on a hill, yet surrounded by an amphitheatre of others to the west, are purple-clad moors reaching to Malham ; south the eye ranges across the wall-like fells of Rylstone, on whose summit stands the wreck of the old grey watch-tower. In striking contrast to the brown and grey gritstone cliffs and deep fissured sides of Thorpe and Burnsall Fells, are the green cones of Elbolton and her sisters, hills of limestone, over whose brows loom dark and majestic, like some Alpine crag, Simon's and Earl's Seats. Eastward is the road turning over moor-clad vale and Greenhow Hill to the heights above Bewerley. In the vale at our feet, the Wharfe flows rapidly between the grey walls of rural Threshfield and picturesque Grassington, across whose background of rising hill can be seen miles upon miles of partition walls. Looking north, following the course of the river, the rising woods around Netherside occupy the foreground of the picture, beyond stand the monstre rock of Kilnsey and the deep-riven gorge of Coniston. Further still are mist-clad hills, barren and bleak ; high above all towers the lengthy brow of Whernside. From Threshfield moors Grisdale Beck, rippling and winding under leaf and branch, tumbles over the rocks, past Grisdale Gates, and joins the Threshfield stream near that village.

SKIRETHORNS, BORDLEY, AND GORDALE SCAR.

Leaving Threshfield by the Kettlewell road, five minutes' walk brings the traveller to an old lane on the left. Following this lane one August afternoon, the writer had a most interesting walk. Fifteen minutes brings us to Skirethorns, land of beetling rock and prickly thorn. Keeping to the windings of the old lane, we pass two or three pretty homesteads. The old crooked garden walls are covered with tender grey and rich golden moss ; the ivy creeps into curious old niches and mullions, overspread by the lilac and wild thyme and a mingling of feathery grass, all combining to furnish a quaint and pretty picture.

It is the time of haymaking ; the scent of new-mown grass, wafted on the breeze, helps to sweeten this picture of rural simplicity. After noticing the peculiar shapes and forms of various blocks of stone, which have done duty in many ways for generations, and noting the dates over the cottage

doorway, a turn to the right brings us to one of those sweet spots of nature only found in such old remote bye-lanes. First, a cottage, then a farm, and little garden plots, where the chirping of birds and humming of bees commingle with the lulling music of the babbling brooklet, ever hastening past green moss-stones, gliding under tree and boulder, through this dell of many charms, eager to join mother Wharfe. The front of the cottage was beautiful with well-laden fruit trees; the woodbine and ivy sheltering the walls and shading the window, through which we see the busy housewife preparing the noonday meal. Further onward, several mounds and boundary marks denote where once stood a group of dwellings, and where the merry laugh of children has often been heard; but now deserted and silent. Time, the reaper, hath done this. As we press forward the prattle of merry children comes sounding across a generation of time from the old village hid amongst the hills of East Yorkshire.

After crossing several more pastures full of fissures, caused by the earth falling into subterranean streams, where exists many a cavern more wonderful than those furnished in the weird fancies of romance, we join the old zigzag pack-horse track, over the rocky brow of the next hill the proper path to Malham. Some three hundred yards off the track is a cave, its opening overhung with grotto-shaped rock.

During one of the most severe storms ever known, the valley below the cave was drifted with frozen snow to a depth of sixty feet, over which the farmers brought fodder to the sheep, imprisoned in the mouth of the cave for many weeks. On the opposite hill is another cave known as Fairy Cave or Calf Hole, in olden days a dwelling of fairies; inside have been found small and curious pipes, called by the natives 'fairy pipes.' Aged people still tell how, in their youth, the fairies were often seen dancing in the bright moonlight, but time has even fled with the fairies—these harmless sprites of the moonlight have departed for ever; yet the place is as romantic, solitary, and alluring as when the great hawk and harrier hovered there in perfect security.



[E. Bogg.
THE TIME OF HAYING.

Calf Hole Cave has been explored by the Rev. E. Jones. The floor of the cave had a deep bed of fine yellow sand, similar to that on the seashore, among which were found supposed teeth of mammoth animals—the rhinoceros, etc. Also a very rare implement formed out of the antler of the deer, through which was bored a hole as if for a handle; in the head was inserted the incisor tooth of a large extinct animal.

Still following the path to where it crosses Lantern Holes Pastures, to the left and over the opposite wall are the remains of Druidic sacrificial, a mound some four feet high, and fifty yards round the outer rim. In the centre are two upright stones about four feet in length; and others nearly buried in the mound. Numerous stones from this circle have been used in building the adjoining walls; but we need feel no surprise, considering the small interest manifested in those rare relics of antiquity, not only by the peasantry, but by many from large towns. We inquired of two men, who were repairing walls, the path to the altar; surprised at the question, they answered: "Wha 'av lived aboot 'ere for nearly seventy year, an' a nivver heerd owt aboot it befure!" It is rather singular that this idolatrous worship of the sun-god, and the kindling of the 'baal' or beal fires, on which were sacrificed many a hapless captive, should have been introduced into Britain by a people from the borders of Palestine. Yet so it came to pass. More than two thousand years ago, Tyre and Sidon sent forth mariners and traders to all known countries along the Mediterranean coast. In course of time, these ancient mariners even passing Gibraltar, then the boundary mark of the western world, steering their barks by the stars at night, and the walls of the west by day, until at length they came to anchor by the isles of the sea.

Soon was discovered the wealth of this coast; the Cornish lands yielded an abundance of tin, mountainous Wales gave up its gold, and the Yorkshire moors their lead. These traders seldom returned to their Syrian homes, therefore what more natural than on the lofty summit of many a hill, where he could see the sun rise in glory towards the land of his birth, would be the erection of the sacred altars on which the "beltane," or fire of Bel was kindled, and sacrifice offered up before the rising of the solar deity? On such scenes we can imagine our rude ancestors gazing with superstitious awe, soon to become converts of the same faith.

Let the reader glance back across the gulf of one thousand eight hundred years. To those grey stones the priestly Druids are advancing to offer up to the sun-god a human sacrifice. Guarded by savage-looking Celts, armed with flint-pointed spears and arrows, is a helpless captive. The enclosure is

reached : the priest, clad in his sacred robes of office, and having the 'Golden Torc' on his breast, awaits the sacrificial hour, watching the horizon for the flush of dawn. As the bright orb sends his first glimmer above the eastern hills, the sacrificial knife is plunged into the breast of the quivering victim, from whom the palpitating heart is torn, thereupon the worshippers, at this ghastly altar, fall prostrate before the rising deity. We shrink from the fearful picture, a reality in those dim past ages. Sitting on the heather, under the shadow of these old stones, one can hardly realise what they may have witnessed. We think of them only under the softening and romantic influence of time ; we look upon their lichen-covered surface, through the tinged halo of poetical imagination : they are to us the hoary remnants of our forefathers' world, the immemorial temples of a long-disused creed. The altar stands on the outer edge of the Wharfe's watershed; this is indeed a wild region. As we survey the scene, only one solitary house appears in our vision. Not a sound save the shrill cry of the curlew, startled from her nest, whose unearthly wail is suggestive of evil omen.

It was across these wild regions that coals were carried from the mines of Ingleton to Pateley and Ripon, etc. Eighty years ago, James Ibbotson, besom maker, of Ling Hall, Threshfield, having a keen eye to business, and knowledge extending beyond ling and withes, kept some thirty Jagger ponies for that purpose. A curious uncouth word that 'Jagger' pony presents itself to us as, and yet it is not that, but a genuine relic of the old forest days, and the Jäger or hunter's pony, which bore afield on each of its sides the viands for the knights and dames, to be replaced in the evening by the carcases of the bonny brown deer, the fearsome boar and other trophies of the sport. That Jäger ponies in the service of brilliant hunters should have tinkling bells and resplendent trappings was to every forester of the knowledge of the centuries, so James copied the fashion in equipping his less romantic, but more useful beasts. The old pack-horse track from Ingleton was over the moors past Malham Tarn, Bordley, Skirethorns, over Greenhow Hill, and forward to Pateley Bridge and the surrounding district, distance some thirty miles. The leader of the pack, a favourite piebald pony, adorned with gay trappings, had, around its neck, a string of tinkling bells ; on quiet starlight nights the jingle of the bells could be heard for miles.

Some two miles across yonder mountain is Gordale's massive scar, and further north the rocks near Malham Tarn. To look into Airedale we must stroll across the opposite hill and drop down to the small hamlet of Bordley,

standing on the upper reaches of Winterburn's lonely yet peacefully sweet valley *

Following the beaten track, where huge rocks uprear, resembling the ruins of an ancient fortress. It is indeed a place of solitude, no guide posts, so be sure and keep the path, here and there pretty glens appear like islands in this ocean of hills. Arriving on the summit of the hill, before us, in smiling beauty, spreads the valley of the Aire. Look at that magnificent yawning mass of crown-capped rock! It is Gordale's romantic scar. The path now winds beside a babbling rill, rippling under rank vegetation and overhanging



JAGGER PONIES.

W. GILBERT FOSTER.

JAGGER PONIES.

branches of the green ash, like a gem sparkling in the sunlight, a pleasing contrast to the beetling sides of the colossal rock on our left, yawning above us like the front of some Cyclopean castle overawing the vale. Look into the mighty cleft, your eyes gratified with a scene more enchanting than any vision of wonderland. A fountain sends forth showers sparkling like crystals in the sunlight; two hundred and fifty feet above us, and near the

* It may be that to Bordley we have to ascribe use of the most rustic origins a place-name can suggest. The lowest class of land-tenants mentioned in Domesday are 'bordars,' who, though they tilled the soil on their own account, were serfs. It is true that at Bordley there would not be much tilling of the soil, but that would not remove these people from the class of bordars, who have been congregated in their own little settlement, the Bordley, because their duties otherwise lay too far afield.

summit of the gorge, the waters shoot out of magic caveland, white as driven snow, falling thence down immense boulders and leaping and bounding over huge rocks to the smiling vale. We can truly say that this scene in its magnitude and savage grandeur is beyond our powers of description.

Turning from the scar we wander by the margin of the limpid stream; but to compare this, the purest crystal water, with the dark and filthy fluid of the lower Aire, is like comparing heaven and hell, or life and death. A few hundred yards in the direction of



JENNETT'S COVE.

this point of vantage gaze upon the marvels of the surrounding scene; never can this wild and bewitching sight be forgotten. Far below, like a dream, in the fading light appear the yellow-washed walls of Malham and the windings of its crystal stream. The base of the mountain, beautifully clothed with woodland and rich meadow, and groups of cattle add interest to the view. Up the glens deep and gloomy shadows are creeping; the mountain sides in front fast sinking in the slumber of night, as the last rays from the departing orb light up the sharp outlines of the western hills with a halo of golden beauty. To the north, Whernside is nearly lost in the lengthening shadows. Faintly the hills of Westmorland loom into our vision; east and north-east are Simon's Seat, Greenhow Hill,

Malham, the stream flows through a vale of great beauty. Jennett's Cove is a perfect fairy place. Half-a-mile beyond is the old and interesting village of Malham. The immense rock of Malham Cove, in shape a half-circle, rises two hundred and eighty-six feet; a subterranean stream glides peacefully and silently from its base, unaware that a slight settling of the mass of riven rock would at once stay its peaceful murmurings. The spectator musing beneath the shade of this cliff is appalled with its magnitude. Just on the outskirts of Malham leading north formerly stood an old hall, Stock Hill; two ancient yews, once standing in the precincts of the garden, still mark the spot; could their branches whisper, themes stranger than romance would be unfolded. A door lintel bears date 1634.

On the sloping hill above Jennett's Fall several singular blocks of stone give the impression of a former place of defence having stood there. Climbing the mountain to his brow, two miles above Malham, we arrive just in time to see the sun smile farewell across the distant hills; being tired with climbing we rest upon a pinnacle of rock, and from

Guyscliff Moors, the heights above Ramsgill, and picturesque Middlesmoor; south-west, the bold hills of Lancashire, through which once again can be seen the snortings of the iron horse.

On the opposite hill lies Malham Tarn, nearer Gordale Scar, and the fairest part of Airedale. The designation tarn, Norse *tjörn*, a small lake among the mountains, speaks of the Viking as the tamer of these rugged heights. Through the centre of this glorious scene of mountain and moorland, wood and meadow, flow the Wharfe and the Aire, whose tributary rivulets and Prattling streams rush ever through mountain cave and moorland glen, eager to reach the swift rivers. The combined scene is one of wild grandeur unrivalled in this great county. Its fascinations and hour were so enchanting that the silvery shadows of a summer's night closed around before we thought of departing; then we hasten—five miles of dangerous moor, glens, and rocky steeps to cross, and no beaten track. Soon we pass the homely and yellow-washed front of Park House, blending with the dark belt of woodland, which shields it from the winds of the north; down the rugged slope of the next hill we hurry. How sweetly the night lingers! The western sky hath changed from golden to silver, and beautiful reflections are seen in Winterbourne stream, whose pretty valley we cross before ascending the steep hillsides in front. On reaching the summit, we hurry across a wide stretch of moorland full of holes filled to the brim with stagnant water, very difficult to avoid in the half-light. Half-a-mile beyond the moor, we are fairly lost among the rocky hills and scrubby woods above Skirethorns, now and again suddenly startled by the shrill cry of the curlew, rising phantom-like before us; the old storm-swept Thorns, on the rocky steeps above, loom into view like some mysterious apparition, as we hurry past gloomy tarn and dark, awesome cavern. Down rocky steeps and across walls of rock we stumble for the next two miles, glad when, after many a fall and fright, a glimmer of light from the windows of Threshfield guides us to that place, for we are weary with our adventurous walk.

A few days later, the writer made another visit to Gordale in the company of friends, whom his description of the place so interested, that nothing less than a visit would satisfy their curiosity. Starting late one afternoon, we followed the old rocky pack-horse track between Skirethorns, taking another look at the Druids' altar by the way, and the old hamlet of Bordley. Up to this hour the day had been beautiful, and the wild solitudes of nature had so interested our party that we had scarcely noticed the dark clouds ominously spreading slowly but surely across the blue. Soon the growling of distant thunder aroused our suspicions, we hurried on, some of us being terribly afraid of lightning. Before we could reach any place of shelter the storm burst in terrific fury across the tarn and scar; vivid flashes of lightning played on the horizon, the mutterings of thunder grew louder and louder, its echoes reverberating in the caverns shook the foundation of the hills. After a sharp run we luckily found shelter at the farm near the entrance to Gordale; here we were kept prisoners for two hours before the tempest had spent its fury. The rain fell in torrents, the intense glare of lightning illuminated the gloom of the awful scene, whilst the thunder rolled dreadfully through the cleft rock, its dying echoes sounding far over the surrounding hills. Vastly changed was the scene to the former visit, a thousand streams seemed, after the storm, to have sprung into existence.

The rivulet, which burst through the rock, swollen to a resistless torrent, and roaring in tremendous strength, by one mighty leap overshot the precipice of nearly two hundred feet, then bounding and boiling onwards through the fearful chasm, fell with a fury which mocked at resistance, to the vale beneath. The shades of night were fast closing, and we were awestruck by the savage grandeur of the scene, and the huge rock which hung bellying

over, whilst the roaring of the cascade created an impression on our minds not soon to be forgotten

A sharp walk to the village of Malham for refreshment, for which the place is specially noted; thence home across the moor in the dark, an undertaking we had not bargained for. However, all went well for the first two and a half miles, until we began to traverse the lonely path across the first range of moorlands parallel with Malham Tarn, when the darkness became so dense we were fairly lost. After wandering for the space of two hours, not knowing whither, and escaping accident by nothing short of a miracle, we at last struck a pack-horse track, which we followed through hills, emerging into the highway near Kilnsey; then a three miles' walk along the highway, within sound of the hurrying river, and under the dense shadow of grass woods. we arrived home in the early hours of the morning, none the worse for our adventure, and not one of us sorry for our five hours wandering lost among the wild moorlands.



THE FLOWER-LAND OF HIGHER WHARFE.

BY F. ARNOLD LEES, M.R.C.S., ENG.



TRICHTLY, Higher Wharfedale begins about Arthington, for there we first glimpse the hills, "an empty sky, a world of heather, purple of foxglove, yellow of broom," as a near-sighted poetic eye saw it,—only that the welkin, be it storm or calm, is ever full of infinitely varying cloudscapes, and the heather is in the main 'besom Ling,' that 'amethyst miracle' of the moor revived each Summer, in the hues of which we may see a fit similitude to that ancient carnage of the Twelfth. But only a tithe of Wharfe's nine hundred wild-flowers can be mentioned in this chronicle. The lovely Lily-of-the-Valley—of buttonhole fame—does not carpet the beeched banks until Bolton and Grassington are reached, in any plenty, so that its withering waxen bells cannot be heard ringing their fairy chimes, as local fable avers, without a long pilgrimage—'Works' as well as 'Faith.' The rare yellow Star of Bethlehem is a shy solitary, blooming in shade and closing its yolk-hued flower-wheel at noon in the gill above Bolton Abbey station. The late Mrs. Edith Fawkes, of Farnley, showed the writer another locality where it grew, within the 'Turner Demesne,' in the natural *flora* of which she took great interest. One of the ambitions of this daughter of Baron Cleasby was to paint with her own hand into a book every flower within the 'storied area.' This folio, even unfilled, will be valuably historic, some day; for nothing is more curious in this connection than the fact that within the stretch men call a 'generation,' the salient features of nature's wild-garden, over any area, undergo a complete change! The Earth garbs itself in successive Characters in obedience to the scenes set by changing conditions of climate and human interference.

Among the Dales more militant flower-forms, two nearly peculiar to its middle-third sandstone soils must be singled out. First the giant Throatwort or Canterbury-bell uprears in the hedges its noble spires of pale-blue campanelles, late but timely to fill

up the gap between the last woodbine and the first red-glass clusters of Guelder-rose fruit; both as the cornfields wave buffier, contrasting finely against the yellowing Maple and Elm of the field-banks. Second, there is the loeful Foxglove of soldierly bearing, whether on guard by a ford, or set, like an outpost, on some sandy steep. Its Chesterfield spires of rosy-to-white glove-fingers, largest below where they open first, grows finest, always, off lime soils. The reverse is the case with the Coronation vetch (*Hippocratea*) of Grassington scars, and the Hart's-tongue fern of Bolton, or the 'Rusty-back' fern of a few old walls 'up-dale'; but to reveal the exact locations where these are 'at home' to 'callers' would be to say Farewell to the condemned in a spirit of veriest irony. *

In tree-scapes Mid and Upper Wharfeldale grow gradually deficient. No trees grow very big except sycamores or spruce-firs, and these are planted. At Addingham we leave the large elms behind. That Artists'-tree the Alder must not be left unmentioned however. Though not massive in its boleature it kneels or stoops picturesquely over the water-mirror of Wharfe, as if to see itself there, a full olive in leaf, purple-black in bare twig. The Ash over water—which it loves, and must have—however benedictory in aspect, holds loftily aloof. Wych-elm, certainly, will spaciously arch the streams, making a netted twilight over pools where big trout poise and anchor, nose to the flow; and Heck-berry (Cherry) and Crab will each add their quota of curve and character to the scene, but not one of them takes such loving liberties with a River—fullest in symbolism of elemental things as does the 'sticky' Alder. High up the Dale the garnet-scaled Scottish Fir, with its witch-arm branching, grows scarce. Although possibly aboriginal before the Ice Age, when the moors were treeclad, it is in its present-day examples an introduction of about one hundred and fifty years back. Thorns—'laughs'—grow to unusual dimensions on many of the more open park-like slopes; and a patriarchal White Willow, here and there over against a pool, gives a great blur of silver-grey to the scene, but this last is so short-lived that the memoried rustic of Seventy can generally recall the rise, and in some gale of equinox the fall, of the 'nesh' giant with the plough-furrowed bark. The Sallow—the 'palm' of Eastertide—has an even briefer day, and small chance to shew the character of old age. Reaved of its 'male' flowers, and hacked for its withies, it shows little beyond a crinolined rotundity in its bush-hood, hanging out its yellow tassels of entertainment when most other invitations to the country seem unencouragingly cold. Yet in Bolton's thickets, foliage without blossom can build up a tropic luxuriance on occasion. In Posforth gill the reed-grass rumps high as wheat, and turns rusty as a fox when the bronze-feathers of the flower-stem have broken, and lie cross-sticked and rotting in the rain under treacherous lianes of woodbine that festoon the strangled swamp-trees, above them huge and distorted ivy-cramped Oaks, that where riven and 'barked' have grown mossed in decay. On the slopes, but below the heather line, the low forests (one might say) of Bracken move in step, cripple-like, down to the grey-stone quarries of the river bed at the Strid. Viewed from a distance, the Bolton Woods, and the Grassington ones, are a mottle of golden-green and brown like a newt's belly, until, with the acorn showers of October, the

chameleon Brake turns its green plumes (croziers, mossy as deer's horns when young) to a forest within a forest of chrome and russet fans!

In the back-garth of one old Manor-house the pale-red blossomed Dane's-blood Elder still onlingers. In the far-fetched fancy of folk-lore it is supposed to spring up where the raiding Northmen—who turned farmers when they won to the dale's fair fields—found a last long home in the earth they tilled. This plant's real connection with the pioneers of pillage can hardly be coincidence, but as it is much commoner by the Baltic lands than in Eastern England even, very possibly it came as seed with the invaders' household goods. These, of a kind, they must have had, and it is known that of late years, emigrants returned from America have so brought alien weeds in their mattresses and bedding!

Again, in sandy sweeps of pastureland (chiefly though about Leathley), "What time the winds of Eurus vex the fells"—Spring's equinox—squads of Lent Lilies, true wild daffodil, marshal their ranks in uniforms of jaune collared and frilled with cream colour. Lily 'pies' to these natural parterres are then quite the order of the day to a growing cult of flower-worshippers, despite the sudden rain-squalls of lusty-lived March.

We are well among the hills now. For long, scar-bastioned ridges on either hand have kept us company. To the uninitiate they are flowerless until the heather is a-smoulder with glowing bloom. The *genius loci* of some ethereal mountain-flower sprites is not yet reached. In going up a river, for every new bloom that shows itself, two will cease. Now, at Bolton, we first mark prominently the European Troll's flower, with half-double golden silk-paper globes of blossom. Its natural fastnesses are above Conistone, and along that Venusberg fellside beyond Burnsall wheredown Troller's gill cascades itself from the water-parting by Stump Cross.

Treading the bilberried moors for a while, we may see what does not show by the waterside. This is the sword-leaved, flame-spiked Bog Asphodel, and if we look closely in the oozy peat-holes, we spy also the fly-catching Sun-dew; but the average eye will be more taken with the sheets of pink Cuckoo-flower, or, later, the "Thunder-bloom" spread like a carpet of clear rose and pale green! Near-by in shadier spots are the turquoise eyes of the real wood-and-water Forget-me-Not, studding the fairies' god's-acre of earth where it grows, but not for the hot hand to gather, since it fades too soon, and the Thunder-bloom's delicate cleft petals melt as with grief into a sobbed flowerface the reverse of beautiful! Few, too, notice how, as the three Heaths, found here, fade, they tint the distances with an elusive madder 'bloom' like a plum. The snowy-plumed Cotton-grass (a Sedge really) of either sort is, in this stage of seeding, a glory—if somewhat of the sacred-emblem sort—but, later, when its tassels have been shaken to the winds of heaven, the wine-red stems in mass of this 'Moss-Crop,' as the moor-men call it, come in to help the illusion of the fading ling-flower; and to the eye of the artist spread a veil of witchery over what, earlier on, was unmistakably a Tyrian garment of Pagan earth.

Then, where mural scar lines break through the green (limestone soiled) turf, we have a perfect 'rockery' which Nature, alacritous at adornment, bejewels with vegetation, and we instinctively feel that we are in the hypæthral temple of Flora herself! Look! there is the Queen's Cushion or Moss Saxifrage, its rosettes of leaves bossing and mossing every inequality over which it spreads with a fresh, crisped viridity, out of which jut simple milk-white vases of blossom. Nought is prettier; and, wondrous to say, it is Nature's stone-breaker, too! disintegrating by its vitalities the lime-rock for the carbon it contains. Close by is the misnamed Grass of Parnassus, a very virgin Hebe among flowers, holding up—to catch the ambrosia of the skies—a chased Silver Chalice! One must bracket with these a third curio of the living earth. What more eloquent of the joy of open-air life than the prim, bright face of the Birds'-een, or Mealy moor-Primula? This cheerful puce-eyed moor-gem has a leaf silver-mealy (from resin) which turns water—a provision of some Mother to protect the tissues from the rot of acrid peat-water.

After we leave Ilkley, the walls get more mossed, and the trees more lichen-clad; the surest of all signs of a pure air of wholesome humidity; and by Bolton Priory—serenely enjoying its inheritance in the esnecy of ecclesiastical old-age—is reached, any June will reveal to us the yellow Welsh Poppies that grow only here in all Wharfedale, in the 'Abbey' precincts; then, the Cavendish Monument passed, and we are in the roofless fane of Beech and Oak fern, the banks blue-grey with Ground Ivy and the musky ivy-bloomed Moschatel, and the miniature grottoes and shrines of the old walls jewelled with ruby-starred and garnet-stemmed Shining Cranesbill. This last is one of the loveliest of hill-country minors. Upwater, the Troll's-flower lights its golden globes, and with it, by the river-edge, are stands of the night-scented Dames' Rocket; and by the brawling becks of Kex and Possforth gills, the Greater Meadow-Rue with foliage like the maiden-hair fern, with Sweet Cicely and many another wilding fringing the flow. In the green-grassed bays of road and river reach, the watchet Meadow Geranium, which we have had with us since Harewood, gives place to the violet-blossomed sylvan species of the same family. The banks are gay with honeyed Crosswort, Yellow-Bedstraw, and the fugacious Rock-rose's crumpled flower leaves, the greater white form of the Bedstraw now and then draping some wayside sloe-tree with its creamy, billowing curtain. It is all very beautiful, and right up to Barden's hoary, four-square Wall-flowered Tower—nay, even through Burnsall's narrowing Rowan-clad glen beyond—no two roods of the way are alike in the heaped-up largesse of their floral tribute. The wild Cherry in a bridal veil of bloom, maiden among trees, is there, fair and faintly shaking, while ousel and merle play the wedding-march for the nuptials of Spring; and a little later the equally lovely Bird Cherry, more matronly of mien, play-somely moves its myriad lambtails of blossom—a sign that the assured Summer of life has come for the woodland! For profusion of wildflowers there is no riverdale in all England like to it when the mid-year sees hedgerow and banktree, in the embrace of the spice-breathing Honeysuckle, with a Wild-rose coronal. White, with some yellow and blue, first; then pink, violet, and amber are the processional colours of the year,

Later, yellows predominate, and Golden-rod vies with Hawkweed to keep the mid-year's matings gay in memory. Lower down, in the levels we seem to have so long left, it is the same. The flood-rig of Wharfe 'wears its rue with a difference'—the gold badge of the Tansy, bright in gold buttons, waiting upon it like a page, although best known as the plant of pudding fame, for our Norman ancestors ate all sorts of strong meats, if they had only one 'strong-water.'

We now come to the hub of Wharfe's flower-wheel, the centre whence springs that faine which travels so far: the 'Dukery' of Grassington's woods and ings! Altitude, Climate, Aspect, and Soils all combine hereabout to make Linton and Kilnsey, Grassington and Conistone the four corners of a natural ark or 'pound' in which meet and live in amity, nearly eight hundred species of green things, each with some beauty of its own. Hardly any stretch of the Devonshire demesne nurtures so many pretty or uncommon wildflowers as the area known as 'Grass-woods,' the scar-broken scrub that is partitioned into Lea-green, Bastow, Dib (or Dip) Scar, Conistone 'Cove,' and the stone-stepped under-barrow reach of the river locally dubbed 'Ghaistrills.' To name even a tithe of the plants is impossible here, but a few need more than a word of mention. Carpeting the bare tables of bleached rock, with Rock-rose and the 'Bloody-nose' Geranium (*G. sanguineum*) is the Upland Hand-foil (*Potentilla alpestris*) with fingered leaves. The yellow Mountain Pansy, with its skewbald purple-petalled variety, makes the turf of Lea Green a thing to be held in remembrance, as befits its name—'Poncies, that's for thoughts,' as Ophelia put it. The Shepherd's Dropwort—kin to its cousin-Japan, the *Spiraea* of the Spring flower-mart—squires these and the vernal Sandwort on the short, sweet turf, both here and on high-nosed Kilnsey—a bare-browed crag, like a Titan's lime-kiln, that, overhanging as though a sea had aeons ago washed against its base, marks the spot opposite the Dib where the vale of Wharfe forks into two. 'Her gaudies, these,' and many another bead on that rosary of Pantheos which might be told did the vespers of time allow! But there are others more lessonful.

On the N.W. side of Bastow Wood, over Dip Scar, where the ground curves down to the rim of a bowl-like hollow, in the wetter turf, bush besprent, grows the Lesser Bitter Milkwort, a very rare wilding with spikes of small but vividly caerulean blossoms. It has been known here since 1883-4 only, when Mr. H. Andrews and the late H. Soppitt first gathered it. It may be known from the more-widely distributed Heath Milkwort (whose blooms are often purplish-pink, or white), by the flower stems springing from a neat, distinct rosette of daisy-like leaves. Its varietal identity is with a Milkwort that grows only on Cronkley Fell (Micklefell) at Tees Head; but whether its paternity is assignable to the *austriaca* of the continental botanist Crantz, or to his *amarella* is not yet satisfactorily settled. The regathering of this simple in 1902 has been made sally too much of, newspaper paragraphing even endangering the very existence of what may, quite conceivably, be a recently evolved item in the *flora*. This is said to suggest the pregnant fact that the flower constituents of a tract of land do not ever remain the same: causes not as yet thoroughly run to earth, some natural, some artificial, tend gradually to erase certain growths, which are supplanted by others.

Even neophytes in field-study can, however, grasp the broad meaning of the matter, when reminded of another undoubted occurrence: ages and ages ago, the moors, now clothed with lingbush, and undershrub, were covered with forest trees of oak and birch; the bog oak beams now found sepulchred in the peat-haggs, to say nothing of the fir-tree roots found upright and *in situ* under the salt waves on the coast at Hornsea, prove the case up to the hilt. This ‘rara avis’ of a Milkwort with a ‘winged’ flower, may, of course, have been here for ‘ages,’ since it is mainly grasses and ‘thaimes’ (thistles) that can fly away; but, taking all the facts into consideration, it is more probable that the little testicles—which are furnished with curious eared appendages like the feathers flanking the heels of Mercury—were blown in some great gale direct from its other Yorkshire station of Micklefell. The aspect of the exposed basinlike Swale, in the cradle of which the Milkwort grows, is just what would favour and retain such a gift of Boreas. This is no fairy tale: seeds have been proved to have flown hundreds of miles; the west-facing windows of York, after a storm, were noted by Professor Phillips and others to be encrusted with *salt* from the Irish Sea, and crystal-coated, strangled amongst the particles, but quite recognisable, fernseed! invisible as its fabled quality, until the Microscope’s eye of modern magic was brought to bear upon it.

The fruit and flower-salesman leaves his choicest goods to the last, so they top the basket. The chronicler of Wharfe may do the like, and make a good ending. In the vicinity of Grassington—where, precisely, it were to do My Lady an ill turn to reveal—as formerly in East-field, Arncliffe, grows Yorkshire’s—nay, all England’s—rarest wild-flower. This is that choice beauty of beauties—the Lady’s Slipper; or, as it might be christened, the Cinderella Orchid of Nature. Its large, single, handsome flower, in which five coloured claws are set on guard over a veined, yellow, high-instepped pouch not unlike a moccasin (nothing of the fashionable high-heeled species), makes this bloom so strikingly exotic in its style that wherever it flowers it is almost certain to be gathered—just as, alas! stray eagles are shot—if it be only by a village child, to be set in the midst of a wildflower posy for a local Show. This actually occurred in Kent in 1901 in respect of another floral freak—the Lizard Orchis. This unparalleled *chic* and self-advertisement in vegetal Beauty, as aforesometimes in animal, has led to the almost complete extinction of both. Still, near Kettlewell, this Lady’s Slipper did fashion itself to perfection for the foot of some Daphne unknown, in the dewy, sunflecked glades of more than one steep hanger; and this, according to one from whom the writer received a *leaf*, as lately as 1901. In Heseltine gill, in the lewth of Leviathan Penyghent—almost within the arch of his ribs as it were—it was seen up to 1889. But the truth is that any of the ‘shawls’ or ‘hanging gardens’ of these fell sides may produce it, any year. Its favourite ‘dizzy steeps’ are difficult to explore thoroughly owing to their character, and to exploit them horticulturally is quite beyond the possible.

To keep at the head of Arnedale for a moment, Heseltine gill, riven out of the mountain side below the ‘Giant’s Grave’ mound by angry waters eating their way for centuries through the limestone, is the sole wild Yorkshire home of that jewelled but familiar saxifrage, ‘London Pride’ or ‘None so Pretty.’ On the rocky pastures at the

Gill's head, grows also (sparingly) the same Gothlandic Sandwort (*Arenaria Gothica*) as meekly mosses the Selside and Ribblesdale scars. Both these plants belong to a Western Irish 'class'; the London Pride, indeed, luxuriates in like conditions no nearer than by the cascades of Killarney, to which it is 'a far cry' indeed.

Retracing our steps along the ridge of the river basin that demarcates Arnedale on the south, crossing Amerdale and Cowside gills we reach the tabular scar-limestone of Hawkswick 'clouder,' overlooking Arncliffe's up-and-down village, on the banks of the rill wimpling through which plenty of the saffron Monkey-flower grows. It looks strangely out of place, and, though thoroughly naturalised, is so in fact: just an American stray making itself at home in a take-it-easy, go-as-you-please sort of way. On the bare 'clouder,' open to every wind that blows, pressed flat on the bone-white rock, are mats of the oak-leaved Avens in one of its two West-Yorkshire localities. It is verily a Dryad among wildflowers, with its anemone-like blossoms on daisy-like stalks, and in its machicolated leaf recalls the battlement crenellations of the dale's fortress-scars. We now essay a last long mount up the main stream, past nestling Buckden—the dene of wild deer three centuries ago—lying so snug under the dark 'Kid'-clad shoulder of Great Whernside; and on, detouringly, by Hubberholme's squat church, up the Bird-cherry-fringed cliffs and 'slypes' of patient Langstrathdale. This name, like the Seamerewater over the Stake-fell-top to the north, indicates its drawn-out Scottish character, 'strath' meaning either long and straight, or lofty (according to Ritson), and to be climbed up (Gaelic—*streach*). The wide, finger-rilled gathering ground—the grouse moors and high plateaux hailing from Fountains' Fell to Cam and Dodd—where plovers pipe and dunlins nest undisturbed—accounts for the volume of waters which, combined, make Wharfe the most forceful of Yorkshire streams; and, likewise, it determines the varied constituents of its flower garden at those lower levels where (we love to fancy) matronly Wharfe may pace more soberly, or dally awhile here and there, forgetting for the nonce "the step the steep hills taught her."

Half-way up Langstrathdale is little-explored Deepdale, once and maybe yet the secluded haunt of our Cinderella's Slipper: here, however, as in one spot (Outershaw) higher up, still lingers Solomon's Seal, a green Fuchsia-like wildflower, with fishing-rod stems and earring blossoms, even more strikingly a symbol of 'proud humility' than the lowlier Violet of Pandora's liquid eye. Dr. Beddoes it was, who in 'The Bride's Tragedy' added that new simile for a flowerface one would have thought the poets had exhausted.

"Here's the blue violet, like Pandora's eye,
When first it darkened with immortal life."

By the shady rillsides hereabout there is any amount of Wood Forget-me-not, of purple as well as white Sorrel Shamrock, and of the once mentioned "Water Avens" (duplication again, *avens* meaning water) so unique in hue among wildflowers, with its strawberry blooms of a dull brownish orange. Then again here towers ascendant, with cross-tree foliage and speed-well-blue eyes, that heavenliest wildflower, the Jacob's Ladder. It flourishes lower down in the similar 'cove' of Coniston Dib. Nearer 'Becker

mounds'—under which green Cockley beck joins Wharfe—in a steep 'shaw' below one of Cam's many terraces of marble, is the station where grows the lovely round-leaved Wintergreen (*Pyrola*), scarce as beautiful, its waxen open bells, pinked with a rouge, resembling a glorified Lily-of-the-Valley.

About the flora of Outershaw much more might, but little can here, be said. For unspoilt charm it has no rival. Mosses and Lichens galore, in the whole ladder of tints, with Wild Thyme, Queen's Cushion and Mountain Bedstraw, caress and cling to every rock with loving familiarity. In the sheltered rifts and crevasses of the scars both limestone Polypody, and the true Holly fern, with the 'Parsley' *Filix* also among the grit boulders of the summits, luckily one and all still linger, for not once a year is there a botanical Paul Pry to intrude on them. That wizard among Shrubs, the Mezereon, whose wand blossoms in red before it breaks in green, occurs in two or three of the explored gills. Bird-sown, maybe: the Wherfore of its distribution is somewhat of a mystery. Only one notable plant of the Cam steeps and the Penyghent precipices remains for mention: this is the 'Flaunting Purple,'—as an Outershaw schoolmistress called it—a not-bad rustic name which will be new to those who know it as that 'French Willow' or 'Rose-bay' which so frequently and effectively fills the neglected corners of the town-garden. This bush-bloom is, however, quite wild, its 'foot on its native heath'—both on lowland moss, and where it makes such a fine splash of colour on the face of cliff and pot-hole all about the head waters of Wharfe.

And now we have attained the summit of our Wharfe's Parnassus—which, in the case of a river, is at once the Beginning and the End. We are on the water-parting which divides Wharfe from Ribble—a subalpine pasture sloping to S.W. and N.E. from a nearly imperceptible ridge which runs across the shallow depression of Cam Rakes, from Cam Houses to Cockley Fell Knot, some 1,800 feet above sea level; and there at our feet, with Blue bent, Grass of Parnassus, and Viviparous Knotgrass about its ooze, is the well-head, whence springs the longest river of York. So far as Wharfe is concerned there are no more flower kingdoms to overrun, no more rare fern Forts to storm. The clear winey air almost intoxicates one with a fear—Have we said too much? Have we revealed any flower secret to the detriment of the meaning it spells out? One hopes not, for the reader stands with us (in fancy) at that parting of the ways where a step to left or right leads to such a different termination! Within a stone's throw two rivers take their rise: a few yards to the S.W. and (as 'Cam Beck') Ribble issues in a ripple from a mossy grot, the base of the funnel of a miniature swallow-hole, to empty itself below Preston into that shallow Morecambe sea of which we can just catch a glimmer on the far horizon, looking from the Knot above us straight down Doedale between Whernside and Ingleboro'. As always, to the curious eye the Near is interesting for its realism, and the Far enchanting from its mystic ethereality. In the velvet turf all over the lead-veined limestone are two sister Sandworts, with a strong family likeness but of differing (Evolutionary) ages: one, the starry Spring species, the other the knotted Autumnal-blooming kind. Small but beautiful *par excellence* they are,—hair-leaved cushions besprinkled with comfits (as it were) set like the spokes of a wheel under the magnetic attraction of some wondrous sleight

of hand! On the sky line to north and west and south the long ridges of the hills undulate like the backs of reclining mammoths, bronzy-green or warm purple-grey of side. And *above*—Nothing, but the fleecy or furrowed drifting clouds, blessing this high flower-garden of Wharfe with rain, or floating flag-like by on the invisible Wind, a symbol of the Unseen Force that juvenates and moves, purifies, awakes or lulls, gathers unto itself, and again distributes everything!



CHAPTER XI.

LEAVING Threshfield, the highway to the upper dales passes within bowshot of Netherside; here the road is beautifully adorned with umbrageous trees. To the right are grass woods; on the left, Skirethornes, a region of craggy woodlands and curiously shaped rocks, worn by the storms of ages. A few hundred yards beyond Netherside,* the most noble view in Wharfedale, both for beauty and majestic grandeur, spreads

* The following note regarding an ancient right of footpath past Netherside was abstracted from an old number of the *Mirror*, published seventy years ago, and the writer (doubtless Dr. Dixon) appears to have been fully conversant with the district. In his description, he says the tourist can travel from Threshfield (unless he has peculiar pleasure in wandering by a dusty cart-road) to Kilnsay, by way of Skirethornes, from which latter place there is a footpath over very elevated ground; or he may retrace his steps along the Grassington road, and take the footpath which commences at a stile on the left-hand side of the road, a short distance from 'Lady Well Cottage.' An arbitrary attempt was made a few years ago to close this footpath; and for no other reason, forsooth, than because an individual about to build a house fancied that a path through his twenty or thirty acres would interfere with *his* comforts. An order was obtained from the magistrates, the stiles were walled up, and notices posted, breathing vengeance on trespassers. But the country people were not to be thus deprived of their rights—the notice-boards were pulled down, the stiles were opened, and the would-be aristocracy sustained a defeat.

There have been in the neighbourhood many similar attempts, and I am proud to say that some of them have been frustrated through my advice. I have always been an advocate for popular rights, and consider that where ancient footpaths exist, the people have as much right to *them* as the nobleman has to *his* castle. Many of these old field-ways had their origin in the feudal times, and were a sort of compromise between the tyrant lords and their vassals. When the lands to which all had free access were divided and apportioned amongst the retainers of the Norman monarch, to pacify the people in some degree for the abridgment of their privileges, a right of passing through lands by footpaths was conceded to them. Surely the present age, that boasts of its liberality, is not the one in which to deprive the community of *rights* they have enjoyed for centuries; rights conceded to them even in *barbarous* times. It may be as well, before I leave this subject, to remark, that, by a recent enactment, no ancient footpath can be stopped without the consent of a vestry meeting.

The path which has caused the above remarks has always been a favourite one with the writer; it is carried along the edge of a high bank overlooking the Wharfe, the opposite side of the stream being the forest of Grasswood, the trees of which extend to the very brink of the water.

before us. The eye of the spectator is not allowed to wander at random, east, west, or south, for the picture is framed on both sides by a boundary of romantic hills, whilst to the north the range of vision is confined by Whernside and Buckden Stake. The contour of the hills, the intersection of lateral valleys, and the villages in the middle distance form the most noble view in Wharfedale.

The first time I stood on this elevation, and gazed through the intervening branches of woodland clothing the sloping hills on either side of the

river, I was much impressed with this scene. Far up the vale, the beautiful stream appeared, winding in fantastic curves round the base of mighty cliff and hill, whose summits up-rear to the height of two thousand feet, from whence, joined by its



[T. Dawson.]

THE WHARFE AT NETHERSIDE.

twin sister, the Wharfe peacefully glides past Kilnsey, sheltered by the huge limestone crag, whose towering front bids defiance over the vale. Passing Comistone, the river wanders through fertile meadows, where herds of cattle graze, then foams and falls over a mass of rocks, strewn across its bed. On either side are hills, touching the very clouds; a tiny streamlet meanders from that wild romantic glen, at whose upper end is the wonderful rock, shaped half-circle—Dibb Sear, once the hiding-place of a foul murder. Still, ever sparkling and dancing round graceful curves, at one's feet the river is lost to view amid a region of mountain and wood.

At all seasons, this is an impressive sight: when the woods, valleys, and the bold uplands are clothed in richest dress, and the hills bathed in a flood

of golden light, or when dark, lowering storm-clouds swirl and envelop the crest of the mighty hills, and the howling wind sweeps among the shivering branches of the brown woodland. In winter, when the hills and dales are arrayed in a mantle of white, the scene is even more beautiful ; a road passes up either side of the river—both are equally interesting.

The extreme corner of Grass Woods is the place where Dr. Petty was murdered by Tom Lee, upwards of a century ago. At that time there was a gate at the entrance of the wood ; the socket of the large post is still seen,



[*Albert Haselgrave.*]

LOOKING UP WHARFEDALE FROM NETHERSIDE.

nearly covered with earth, behind which Lee is supposed to have hidden, awaiting the arrival of his victim. Just when the Doctor was leaning over the gate, totally unconscious of his great peril, Lee sprang forth, and by a fearful blow for ever settled the Doctor's mortal career.

For this foul crime Tom Lee paid the penalty of death ; his body was suspended from the branches of a tree near where the deed was perpetrated. There, for many a year, hung his bleached bones, and when the wind moaned melancholy through the branches, sounding like a haunting spirit, when the leaves shivered in the breeze, and the grim bones of the murderer rattled against each other, the place was shunned ; tradition says that long after the spirit of the murderer haunted this spot. Strong of nerve and stout of

heart must have been the person who would pass the haunted spot in the solitary hour of night, when the ghastly bones were hanging from the adjoining trees !

The writer once passed at midnight under the dark shadow of this place, when woods added density to the obscurity, and nature was as quiet as the grave : the only sounds came from the river and our own footsteps, and in truth we are bound to state our feelings were a trifle eerie. It is said Lee's gibbet-irons were suspended from the trees as a warning, for a generation, after which they found a hiding-place in the river at Ghaistrills ; where they were discovered by some lads, from whom they were taken by force and secretly buried near Grassington Bridge. Unearthed again some thirty years ago, and then taken away by gipsies.

Beyond Grass Woods, a small stream emerges from a romantic ravine, running along the outer edge of the woods. This ravine is terminated abruptly by an immense mass of rock, shaped like a horseshoe, known by the name of Dibb Scar, above which is the broken-browed and scrubby woodland of Bastow, and further east Lea Green. At some period this rock has been the scene of a waterfall, but since then the waters which fed the fall have changed their course. The rock is sixty feet high, whilst the sides of the glen adjoining the wood rise to a much greater altitude. In this scar and waterfall we have the plain origin of the name Dibb ; like Dobb found elsewhere, we have the Celtic word *Dubb*, which means a still, dark pool, the word being now used with such a meaning, its spelling unchanged. This glen is in a wild, solitary, yet romantic situation ; on one side rise the beauties of Grass Woods, north of it are Kelbar Helks, walls of grey rock rising in many terraces, and spreading northward to Whernside. On the Kilnsey side of the river, and nearly opposite Dibb Scar, is Chapel House.

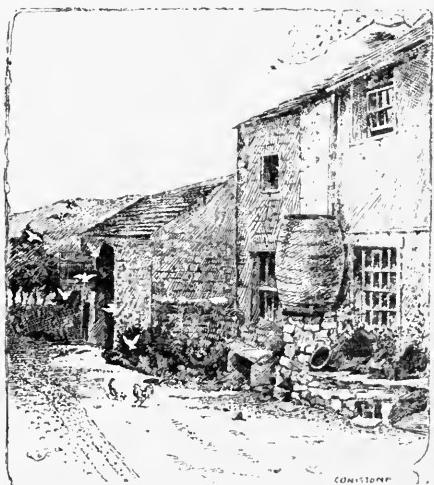
Of all the beautiful situations for a dwelling in Wharfedale, few, if any, exceed that of Chapel House, both in point of situation and the composition of the landscape of river and woodland, to be viewed from its windows. Besides, the spot is significant in hoary antiquity ; as its name implies, it is built on the site of an ancient chapel, in pre-reformation times belonging to the monks of Fountains. At the dissolution, the Grange with its lands was farmed by an ancestor of the Leylands, who have dwelt in the dale for centuries, and for several generations afterwards it became the possession of the Tenants ; from time beyond knowledge, families bearing their name have resided in Kettlewelldale, and the adjoining one of Coverdale. A

few relics of the monastic chapel, and the bell and belfry are yet in existence. When the morning sun bathes the fell sides, and glistens on the transparent stream, springing out and flowing from the lawn, in turn sheltered by the abruptly rising fells and the far-reaching arms of old trees, the place appears in all verity a haunt of ancient peace, bewitching in its beauty of form and colour, lulling the senses into dreamland. Neither can we lightly pass the quaint garden with its ancient lime-stone walls impregnated with green and silver moss, and its path bordered with lines of boxwood, all permeated with the charm of age. Within the Chapel House grounds is an old house, now used as a laithe. On the very imposing door lintel are the initials

R. 1613. T.

shewing the house to have been erected in the time of and by Richard Tennant, rector of a mediety of the church of Burnsall, in the early part of the seventeenth century. From Robin Hood Point, a commanding vantage ground, a little to the south of the house, magnificent views of the surrounding moors and the valley from Kettlewell to Barden, with the river like the trail of a serpent winding through, can be obtained. At the foot of this peak, and running under the dales highway, is a cave which, tradition avers, runs for a great distance under the fells in the direction of Malham. The entrance, which is now nearly closed, can be easily found from the presence of a beautiful clear spring, which gushes from the entrance.

As we pass onwards, the water can be heard churning over strata of dark rock crossing the bed of the river at Mill Scar Lash, and higher is old-world Coniston, formerly Cunestone, at the foot of a riven declivity. This place-name undoubtedly means the 'King's Town,' but who the king was, holding regal sway in this remoteness, is a puzzle to find out. Above rises a rugged hill, known as 'Coniston Pie,' though, if it were munched, the stones of it would not be as those of grapes or raisins. The ravine (Gurling Trough)



CONISTON.

which divides the rock east of the village is just wide enough to admit one person at a time; beyond this pass is a hollow in the hills. Though near the village we are surprised by the silence and solitude. Many of the houses are tastefully adorned with choice bits of garden. In the centre of the village stands the maypole. Altogether there is a charming simplicity and peace about the place that makes one wish to linger.*

Coniston Church, dedicated to St. Mary, restored in 1857, contains nave, chancel, side aisle, two early Norman arches, and a belfry containing two bells. The foundations of this church are of very ancient date, probably eleventh century. Just across the river from Coniston, and resting under the shadow of the enormous scar, is the rural hamlet of

KILNSEY.

Here are two inns—‘The Tenants’ Arms’ and ‘The Anglers,’ where necessary food and comfort can be obtained. A beautiful rivulet of crystal water, which has its birth in the wild solitude west of Kilnsey, passing under the road at the above place, joins company with another which flows past the base of the crag. After a rough passage from the hills it flows, with a smooth, glassy surface, through sweet meadows, where sheep and kine are browsing, and joins the Wharfe half a mile below the village. †

The former Hall or Manor House is now a laithe and shippen. The interior has been most beautifully decorated, judging from the remains of rich frescoes; around some parts, though much disfigured, runs a beautiful

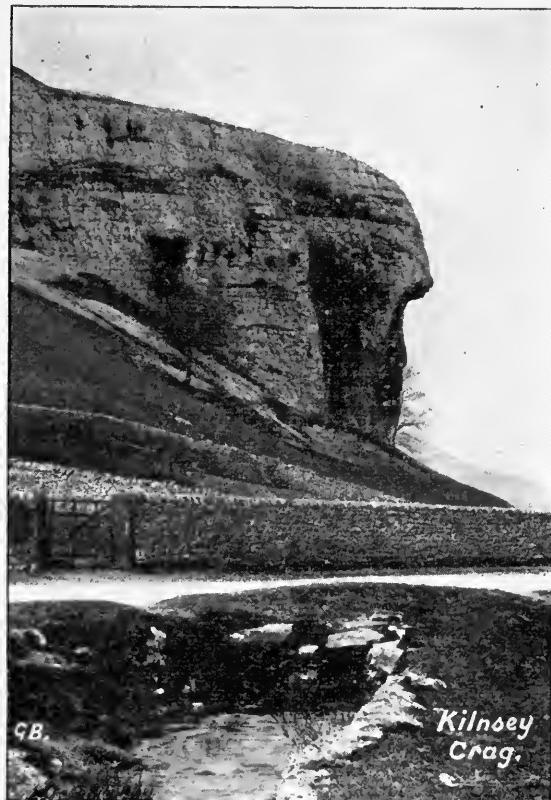
* In 1388 John Neville, of Raby, chevalier, and Elizabeth his wife, held Conyngeston Manor. A race of the sturdiest soldiers, the Normanvilles were in high favour with the three Edwards. Ralph Normanville was slain at Evesham; Thomas de Normanville was the Seneschal of Skipton under Prince Edward in 1277. Thomas de Normanville, the Seneschal’s son, was probably slain when the Scots destroyed and plundered Gargrave in 1318. Of this raid Holinshed says: “After they had tarried at Ripon three daies they departed thence to Knaresbro’, which toun they burnt, and beating the woods, into which the people were withdrawn with their goods and cattell, they got a greate boote, and returning home by Scipton in Craven, they first spoiled the toun and after burnt it.” In 1344, the king committed to Roger de Normanville custody of his horses and foals, and the herbage of the parks of Haywra and Bilton, with their closes, and of the little park under the castle of Knaresborough, and of the park, Del Hay, for the support of the horses. Brian Normanville was in residence at Coniston in 1360, when he grants interest to several persons in his manor of Coniston, and the career of this good old warrior family is again heard of at Flodden.

† The old lanes between Grass Woods and Coniston were, sixty years ago, known as the ‘Potters’ Haunt.’ That sweet portion of meadows, sheltered on both sides by the woods and watered by the river, was often a meeting-place of these wanderers.

frieze, richly adorned with tracery. This place was once a grange or granary belonging to the monks of Fountains, and to this spot were their flocks driven yearly to be shorn.* The little church across the river dates beyond this early period, and was the chapel of the monks and shepherds of Fountains.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when the Nevilles, Cliffords, and Percys passed to and from Middleham and Skipton, this was the halting-place for refreshments. So even this secluded spot holds associations with far-famed knights and high-born ladies of the golden age of chivalry.

About the beginning of the last century Kilnsey possessed a witch in Nancy Winter, better known as Kilnsey Nan, the last survivor of a long race of fortune-tellers and witches, who have gradually disappeared before the march of civilisation. Nancy dwelt in a part of the old Hall. Her travelling stock consisted of a guinea-pig, a



[Grimshaw.]

Douka Bottom Cave, a mile and a half west of Kilnsey, and nearly in a direct line from Hawkswick. The cave is situated in an amphitheatre of

* “The bleatings of the sheep, the echoes of the overhanging rocks, the picturesque habits of the monks, the uncomely dress, long beards, and cheerful countenances of the shepherds, the bustle of the morning, and the good cheer of the evening, would altogether form a picture and a concert to which nothing in modern appearances or living manners can be supposed to form any parallel.”

limestone hills, the scenery wildly grand, and more than a thousand feet above the sea. The present entrance is not the original one, this having been formed by a falling of the roof which now divides the cave into two parts. Descending by a ladder some twenty feet to the floor of the north cave, the visitor finds himself in a large hall or corridor; a little further, a magnificent chamber rises in a circular shape to the height of sixty feet. Leaving the great hall, the cave extends some two hundred yards by a series of narrow passages, the walls of which are composed of petrified matter white as driven snow. Many bones of extinct animals, fragments of rude pottery, and Roman coins, also the skeleton of a child, have been found. Forty-five years ago, Mr. Denny, curator of the Philosophical Hall, Leeds, obtained from a native who was excavating, a well-formed basalt adze of the most perfect New Zealand form and type. It was found beneath stalagmite formed by lime water droppings; how it got there is accounted for by the Celt and his chapel on the crag.

Permission to visit the cave should be obtained from the landlord of the 'Tenants' Arms,' as the place is now enclosed in a large rabbit warren.

That famous crag of limestone—Kilnsey Crag—the most prominent object in this district, stands out like the huge walls of some Cyclopean castle, similar to those

"Grim walls of grey and ponderous rock,
Whose front, by some primeval shock,
From base to lofty battlement
With weird and gloomy chasm rent,
Like a Titan's fortress seemed."

The composition of this place-name, as disclosed by its earlier forms, tells distinctly its meaning. The early word is *Kilnesse*, which reveals an interesting origin. The word *Kil* denominates a Celtic chapel, *ness* is the Norse word indicating a 'nose' protuberance, jutting point of land. The combination therefore amounts to the existence of the chapel of the Celtic days, when designated by the Norseman, who succeeded to the command of the dale, he applied his own word to the crag, but having no word to signify a chapel, he, being Pagan, had to adopt the Celtic *Kil*, and so the point became known as the Kil-ness,

* Dowker Bottom Cave was first explored by Messrs. Farrer and Denny in 1863, but more thoroughly by E. B. Poulton, in 1881. At both times many interesting tokens of former human occupation were discovered, and remains of animals embedded in the thick stalagmite and Breccia rock forming the floor of the cave, according to the remains from this cave now exhibited in the Philosophical Hall, Leeds: the wolf, boar, and Irish deer; also the bones of the rhinoceros and hippopotamus were found, similar to those discovered at Raygill, near Skipton. And here, in this cave, a tiny grave was found, in which lay the skeleton of a small child, placed there to rest by its mother, to be disturbed by the prying hands of strangers, many, many centuries later.

since softened to Kilnsey, precisely as Withornness has changed to the modern Witherness. (All the terminal 'nesses,' such as Furness and Inverness, are projecting noses of land.) Many more examples of the change could be adduced. In a measure, the existence of Kilnsey accounts for the Conyngston, or *vice-versa*. The proximity of the two shows a high degree of importance, under some regime, but where or what, we have not sufficient knowledge.

Kilnsey Crag, in its present bald and time-scarred hoary bulk, is to the historian a monument of three ages, each so prolonged that they cannot be reckoned even in centuries. First it tells us of a turbid churning sea, slowly shallowing from deposit of limy mud, and the uprearing from its bed of structures akin to the corals of the oceans of to-day. In other words, this grand kiln-like buttress of limestone grew to its present stature under water. Next mental picture is a waste land most like a sea-bed, upthrust by volcanic force acting from the 'nether world'! This upheaval more or less dislocated the various rock layers, of which the crust of earth we define as *Craven* was composed. What the riven surface was clothed with in this second age we know not accurately, probably during the intervals that elapsed between the sea of one epoch and another, the undulating plain was at one period a steaming tropic marshland, and then again a very desert; lastly, after all deposits and land convulsions had ceased, came the Ice Age of Yorkshire, conditions now similar to those found in Spitzbergen. At some time subsequent the frost-bound conditions gave way, the glaciers began to melt and form sea-like floods, which moved away eastward, from one level to a lower, grinding, scooping, and carving out the broad features of the forked conjoining dales into what we now look upon in a garb of green with weathered scar or bare ridge jutting out here and there. The floodtide of this last epoch's conclusion left all the ice-scratched stones we see along the vales, and it reached as high up as Kilnsey. The heavy overhanging brow may have been splashed and rounded by water waves, but it was not ground away like that pier-like vastion below. The shelving of the now green turfed slope above the crag is the erosion of centuries of wind and rain retarded by the mat of bent that gradually coated its surface with a green enamel, its bare crest was never completely surrounded by water, still in the very composition of its name, as in Witherusea, lies sufficient evidence to reveal its old-world story.

Kilnsey Feast is celebrated in Craven. Formerly, great feats of wrestling were performed, the dalespeople being mighty wrestlers. It is worthy of notice that in those English counties where the Celt continued strongly represented, the sport of wrestling flourishes to our own day; and conversely, in those places—minor districts even—where wrestling yet, or until recently, has flourished, the traces of Celtic influence are to be found in all the important topographical features. Here are still gay doings, the country people attending from near and far, racing, jumping, and dancing on the green, the echoes of music and revelry giving back from the walls of the old rock. One race is to the top of the western side of the crag, at the least dangerous place, which puts to the test the breathing powers of the very strongest. It can hardly be described a race—it is merely a creeping up and a scramble down. The writer once joined in this contest and he is not likely to forget his rapid descent down the crag in this race. Starting

off with a jump, the flight to the bottom was only a matter of a few moments, luckily escaping with slight injury.

Still passing up the dale, we soon arrive at the river Skirfare, which takes its rise in the wilds of Penyghent. This is a very interesting stream, and some parts of the vale are exceedingly fine.

HAWKSWICK,

an ancient hamlet, and remote, is situated along the opposite banks of the river. The name of this place may be derived from the hawks, which of yore infested the cliffs in the district. But the probability is that some Viking adventurer established himself here, and gave the spot his name. A path from the village runs slantwise to the top of the high cliff and from



[A. Haselgrave.]

AMERDALE.

thence over the moor to Kettlewell. From this fell path, the little river, winding through the classic Amerdale, in contrast to the stern features of the fells on the south of it, is sweetly picturesque. And the village, with its grey and time-worn homesteads built in divers forms, its large, ancient yews, from whence the dalesmen cut their bows before marching to Flodden, is not lacking in interest. In Hawkswick Wood the 'lily-of-the-valley' thrives most luxuriantly and scents the surroundings with its aroma. This valley is the Amerdale of Wordsworth's beautiful poem, "The White Doe of Rylston"—

" Unwooed and unforbidden,
The White Doe followed up the dale,
Up to another cottage, hidden
In the deep fork of Amerdale;

And there may Emily restore
 Herself, in spots unseen before.
 Why tell of mossy rock, or tree,
 By lurking Dernbrook's pathless side,
 Haunts of a strengthening amity,
 That calmed her, cheered, and fortified?"

The word 'Darn' or 'Dern' has evident affinity with the name of the river Derne, both being akin to the river-name Darron, or Derwent, Celtic, having the word *Dur*, water, as their origin. The addition of the word 'brook' is the redundancy caused by the coming of the Norseman.

For the present we leave Skirfare valley, and, crossing the bridge, ascend the next hill, the ominous name of 'Deadman's Hill,' not to be derived from a corpse, but from some Celtic *maen*, or pillar-stone that has here marked a feature, and been a boundary stone. How sweetly Tom Moore sings of the Vale of Avoca, but surely it does not outrival the beauties of this vale, seen from the meeting-place of the two rivers in Amerdale Dub. How delightfully the Skirfare woos her sister consort, after which embrace the waters repose awhile in a wide and deep pool! Again the streams part in one of the tiffs of petulant lovers, but, meeting soon, flow on in unison for ever! How sweetly the Wharfe comes shimmering along! Here can be seen the white-breasted ousel, and the gay-plumaged kingfisher darting along its shingly course; up the stream trout are leaping; in deeper pools we see them lazily gliding in the sunlight. Yonder, showing its brown head high above the others, is Ramsden Pike, and the hills and rocks above Buckden shut in the range of sight. Opposite, and dividing the dales, is the circular-ending range of Middlesmoor, whose rocky breast—a formation of nature—one might imagine had been built by some colossal race of olden time.

Up the Skirfare dale is Darnbrook Fell, from which a lofty range of hills terminates near the Wharfe in the monster crag of Kilnsey. Down the river the eye wanders with pleasure over rich green pasture-lands, until the view terminates in the sylvan beauties of Grasswood and Netherside. Onwards to Kettlewell the road winds

" Past boulders of portentous size,
 And cliffs that seem for aye to rise.

* * * *
 And towering forms of giant mould
 Their silent watch above us hold."

In the meadows north of the river, before entering the village, are the foundation marks of many buildings: this part is still known as "Monk Lees," once the residence of a cardinal.

KETTLEWELL.

Ketel, a personal name, *völler*, an enclosed field, both words being Norse, hence Kettlewell, as a settlement in the enclosed field of *Ketel*. The name, and probably the blood of the first settler, remained in the dale for long after the Conquest. Ketel, son of Forfin, is a witness to Adeliza de Romelli's charter, transferring the canons from Embsay to Bolton.

The village stands at the angle and base of that great range of hills stretching northwards to Wensleydale. A few hundred yards above the village two tributary streams meet; the birthplace and passage of these streams are situated amongst hills and glens—the most wild and savage in Craven. After hurrying and leaping through such scenes the waters flow through the village, washing its walls, and entering the Wharfe just where that river makes a picturesque curve to the south-east. The scenery and contour of the mountains around Kettlewell are said to be nearly a fac-simile of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, in Palestine.*

Kettlewell and district do not, perhaps, possess the sylvan beauties of the lower vale, yet its artistic grouping of cottages—thrown into all conceivable shapes by the brink of the rivulet—with their curious, time-worn beams and lintels, and ancient windows, toned with age or musty with longer centuries of wear, surrounded by ranges of stern hills, through the centre of which flows the river, ever journeying in sunshine and shadow, and shedding a halo and charm of beauty on an otherwise sterile region.

* Something of the fate of Kettlewell under the Norman regime may yet be recovered, and it is not insignificant. In the latter days of Henry II., Helewsia, daughter and heiress of Ralph de Glanville, lord chief justice of England, founded at Swainby—a name indicating Celtic possession, as we have seen in Washburndale—in the parish of Pickhale, a monastery for Premonstratensian canons, who were removed, 14th John, to Coverham, by her son, Ralph Fitz-Robert (Neville), lord of Middleham. King Henry, at the petition of Waleran, son of Robert, granted to St. Mary de Sweinesby these donations which Waleran gave them, viz., the church of Coverham, and land of Sweinesby, and sixteen acres in Ketewelle, the pasture there for a thousand sheep and forty animals; and two sheaves of the tithe of his domain in Hederseta, and in Pikeham; and three carucates of land 'de acto' of his mother in Texton; two bovates of land 'de acto' in Niewebrghinge, which he confirmed to them by charter. The monastery of Coverham bore the arms of these patrons, the Nevilles. Waleran died 9th March, 1195, and when the monastery at Swainby was transferred to Coverham his bones were also taken thither.

The village possesses three good inns, two of which—‘The Racehorses’ and ‘The Blue Bell’—will be seen on the entrance to the village. How fitting and appropriate are the old grey slate roofs to the stern surroundings (notwithstanding their sombre appearance), apart from their worth in withstanding a hurricane not easily resisted! One of the tradesmen



[Grimshaw.

KETTLEWELL FROM THE SOUTH.

of Conyngston in Kettlewelldale, in 1397, was William Fyscher, slater, a brother tradesman being Thomas Cokson, tailliour. In those good old days of thoroughness and reality, the slaters used to fasten their slates to the roof-laths, not with nails or even oak pegs, but with the long bone of a sheep’s foreleg, hence in one Conyngston slater of this period, we find the name of Sheepshanks, who was connected with the trade for many generations before his descendants left Linton for Leeds, “an’ made brass enough” to present a magnificent collection of pictures to the nation, and even after that, leave the donor more than sufficient for his wants.

Of old, Kettlewell was a busy place, celebrated far and wide for its fairs. Being so far out of the beaten track of the nineteenth century, its trade seems to have fled to towns of easier access. It has also been celebrated for other things in the remote days; the hand of authority has pressed upon it by reason of the delinquency of its owners. In 1475, "consyderyng the grete and horrible treason and other offences doon to his Highnes the Kyng by John Nevile, the King gives to Richard, Duke of Gloucester,

Ketilwele in Craven, Wedirby, once Percy possessions," and now given to the famous or infamous Richard, still remembered in his connection with Middleham. He married Anne Neville, Warwick's daughter, and afterwards fell on Bosworth Field.



[E. Bogg.]

A MOUNTAIN ROAD.

According to the Poll Tax of 1379 Kettlewell

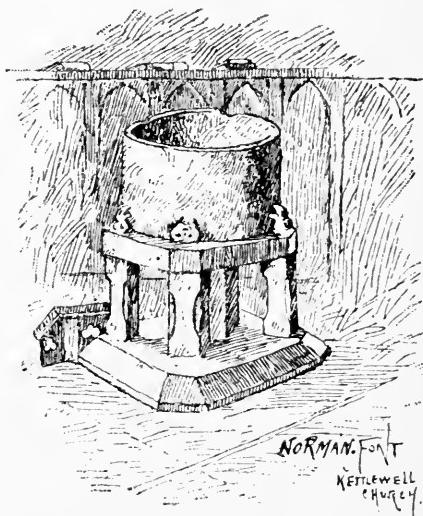
had then two tailors and a smith, who each paid a tax of sixpence, and so were prosperous beyond their neighbours. In Henry Greifell, however, it had its great man; he was a beast-jobber—just that in plain words—but he paid a tax of three shillings and fourpence, and so in wealth was quite equal to many a squire.

The church of St. Mary is built in the perpendicular Gothic style, and consists of nave, chancel, porch, and an embattled tower, containing three very fine bells by Mears, of London. The original Norman church was demolished in 1820, the very worst period in the history of church architecture for such a thing to have occurred. A few relics of the old edifice were lately to be seen in the bell tower, but the deed that was then done is beyond all human remedy. It is very doubtful if any of the Upper Wharfedale churches, with the exception of Burnsall, have had a pre-

Norman foundation. Abundant fragments, and in several instances, nearly complete runic crosses are still to be seen in the churches from Burnsall downwards to the mouth of the Wharfe. The rune is of northern or Scandinavian growth and flourished in Northumbria long after its destruction by the Roman priesthood in the south. Paulinus attempted to carry out this vandalism of Rome in Northumbria; but after his flight south (on the death of King Edwin), the disciples of St. Columba from Iona took up the work of the Roman. They practised quite a different policy to St. Augustine, and even encouraged runic writing, by adopting the very symbols of paganism as a surer means of planting the cross.

The most interesting relic coeval with the early church is the rare Norman font, circular shape and perpendicular; it is ornamented with three boars' heads. Wheatley says: "Because baptism at the beginning of Christianity was performed in spring or fountain, fonts were at first built near the church, then in the church porch, and soon after in the church, but still keeping the lower end near the porch to intimate that baptism is the entrance into the mystical church." In primitive times, when baptism was by immersion, fonts were made very large; now, when baptism is by sprinkling, smaller fonts have become general; and, says Wheatley, "so small in size as to be scarce bigger than mortars." This does not apply to the Kettlewell font, fashioned in the days when immersion was practised, for there is ample room in it for the ancient usage.

An old custom at this church was for the clerk and sexton to make a tour of the village on a Sabbath, just previous to the service, and with a long stick drive all loungers from the inns to church; gossip says they invariably drank a pot or two of 'yal' before returning. After service, standing in an elevated position in the churchyard, the clerk would announce the various events of the coming week, when there were any to announce. The clerical duties in this respect would not occur as regularly as the hunt



NORMAN FONT,
KETTLEWELL
CHURCH.

after the topers, which we daresay would never be neglected, nor yet so sternly followed as to make its future impossible.

With the exception of the font this church possesses scarcely any ancient relic. Among several old tombstones the most interesting is the one to "Helen Motley, who died 17th and was buried 20th of June, 1625."

WHERNSIDE, LANGCLIFFE, COVERDALE, AND DOWBERGILL BECK, DOUKA CAVE, AND THE CELTIC ENTRENCHMENTS.

Dowber and Douka (*Douka*, a cave) have their names from the same circumstance, a sheet of water—the Celtic *dur, ber* is Norse, so Dowber is the farm by the water; Douker, its cave or water-meadow.

A few hundred yards in the direction of Coverdale, and a turn east, leads us to Dowbergill Beck, a stream of the purest water. On the south, towering high above, are the grey limestone hills of Langcliffe.* The small beck which emerges from these hills is said to be the most pure and the lightest water in the vale of the Wharfe. Further up the ravine, and just on the edge of the stream, a recess in the rock gives us the impression of a hermit's cell. This romantic situation reminds us of a description of a hermitage by Spenser :—

"A little lowly hermitage, it was Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side, Far from resort of people that did pas In traveill to and froe; a little wyde, There was an holy chappell edifyed,	"Wherein the hermit dewly went to say His holy things each morne and eventyde; Thereby a christall stream did gently play, Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway."
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A tiny stream trickles from its side and falls into a basin; there is also a shelf of rock formed by nature for a hermit to rest on. Ferns, grasses, and flowers adorn its sides, wild strawberries ripen under its walls; past its mouth the most romantic of streams tumbles headlong over a shelf of rock, completing the picture. A hermit once dwelt here, according to the gossips. Above the cell the stream leaps in a series of cascades over a bed of solid rock; on either side are huge hills of limestone of very imposing contour. An old native told how these mighty hills were formed by the rushing waters of Noah's flood. It was certainly caused by flood, but it is doubtful if Noah and the ark ever sailed in that flood. On the mountain side near to, is Hagdike House, the very representative of the Dowber, just the place for a city-worn man to dwell; a world of hills, a region of deep glens, dark caverns, and swirling streams. So deep and shadowy are

* On Langcliffe is a hole said to be one hundred feet deep, mouth circular shape, some seventy feet across.

these glens that in the middle of June the snow often remains in large drifts. Sheep have often been buried many feet for two or three weeks in these drifts, yet on being uncovered have been alive.

Douka Cave, a little-known place near East Scale Park, at the upper end of a most romantic ravine, and near the junction of two streams, is a remarkable provision of caveland. The dome of the cave is one large mass of limestone, the height varying from fifteen to twenty-five feet, by twenty feet in width. A stream flows through the centre; walking along its bed is the best way of examining the interior. The cave has been explored for several hundred yards, but is said to extend far under Whernside.* The cavern has been formed partly by the washing away of the earth during the course of ages, and partly by mining. The wild and picturesque glen we have been following closes up abruptly at the entrance to the cave, around which, in utter confusion, tons of rock are strewn, covered with moss and dense foliage. The sides of the glen are lined with mountain ash and other trees. A few yards to the left of the



A. Haselgrave.

DOUKA CAVE, WHERNSIDE.

* Whernside, from *Givern* (Celtic) signifying a swamp bog or swampy meadow, and the Norse word *side*, and so the unnamed mass has been left to the description, "at the side of the marshy meadow."

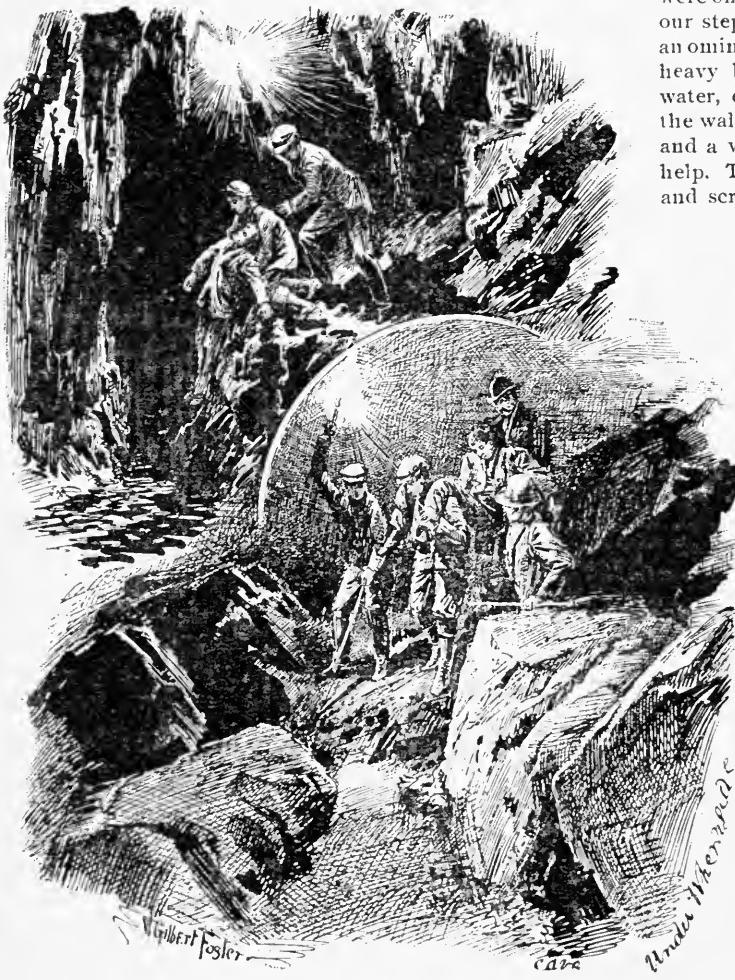
entrance is a most lovely waterfall of some twenty feet into a circular basin, perfectly sculptured by Nature. This wild ravine, with its rocks and caverns, leaping waters, and lovely cascade seen through a leafy screen, is very romantic. During our last visit, we found the entrance to the cave had altogether changed in aspect, the roof had fallen in; there was, however, abundance of water everywhere, and so the fall by the side of the cave showed to fine advantage.*

The writer and a party of artists gave a novel concert in this cave, in the autumn of 1891. The pleasure of this adventure was slightly marred by an accident. The company, numbering about thirty-five, started soon after dusk from Kettlewell, provided with candles and magnesium wire. After much fun in wading through torrents and falling over rocks, the party landed safely in the cave, and not one, we should imagine, will soon forget its weird and gloomy depths. Placing the audience in a recess of rocks, the singers climbed the boulders, which rise, in some instances, to the roof of the cave. The magnesium wire did not act well; one moment a brilliant light would illuminate the depths of the cavern, then suddenly expire in the most dense darkness. The scene, the hour, the wild grouping of figures on the rocks, the resounding of song, and the music of the instruments along the cavern walls; below, the splashing of the subterraneous stream, bursting from its tomb; the immense assemblage of rocks thrown in utter confusion along the passage of the cave, and the most profound darkness beyond, with the sounds of laughter, the splashing of water and the weird strains of music intermingled, formed an impressionist picture, which would rival any scene produced at Drury Lane or Covent Garden. Two of the party, unknown to the rest, with one candle, retired to explore the farthest recesses of the cave, and unfortunately lost their light. In trying to retrace their steps in the darkness, one fell down the rocks, a distance of some twenty feet, into the rivulet, which broke the fall and probably saved his life. The accident, fortunately, happened just at the time when two of the friends, who had discovered their absence, were seeking them, and the rest of the company were leaving the cave for the return journey. Hurrying back along the rocky sides of the

* G. T. Lowe writes of this cave:—The passage has often been traversed, and is pretty nearly denuded of its best stalactites, but still presents many interesting features. One of the most remarkable is an arch within the entrance, formed of three large fallen blocks of stone, which have met in such a manner that a natural bridge is the result, with the three ends in the centre of the span. The whole is uncomfortably unsafe to look upon. It is best to take to the water at once and wade directly up the stream, which soon becomes clear of the precipitous, rocky sides, and flows over beds of silt, or disappears at times under rough heaps of boulders. Our object was to ascertain the length of the cavern, as it has been greatly exaggerated. We examined many lateral passages, including one of considerable length on the north side, about three hundred and fifty yards from the entrance. Keeping to the main channel, we were eventually stopped at a point where the water issues from a narrow cleft amongst a heap of jagged rocks. No possible means of continuing the journey could be discovered. Two of us then tied on to a sixty feet of Buckingham rope, and marking the intervals as we progressed, found the actual distance to the mouth of the cave to be about four hundred and fifty yards. There are no serious difficulties in the entire passage, and the wading in shallow water is the only thing to be considered at ordinary times. Many indications of previous visitors will be found, and several signs of mining operations.

cave, with just one solitary candle, whose feeble light made the depths of the awesome cavern more fearful, after scrambling a few hundred yards we paused and shouted, hoping for response; but all was silent save the resounding of our own voices, and the splash, splash

of the mysterious rivulet. We were on the point of retracing our steps when the noise of an ominous plunge, as of some heavy body falling into the water, came sounding along the walls, followed by groans and a wild, piercing cry for help. To leap into the stream and scramble along its dark bed was the work of a few moments, which seemed an age, to find the one who had fallen, unconscious in the arms of his friend, who had courageously leapt into the dreary gulf and held him out of the water until assistance arrived. The injured man's face, covered with blood, was bruised beyond recognition. Strange to say, in this hour of need we were deserted by all save the figures in the above engraving, and how our disabled friend was carried through the cave, down the deep glen, and across the steep mountain side, with only the faint light of a candle spluttering in the breeze, I can never



UNDER WHERNSIDE.

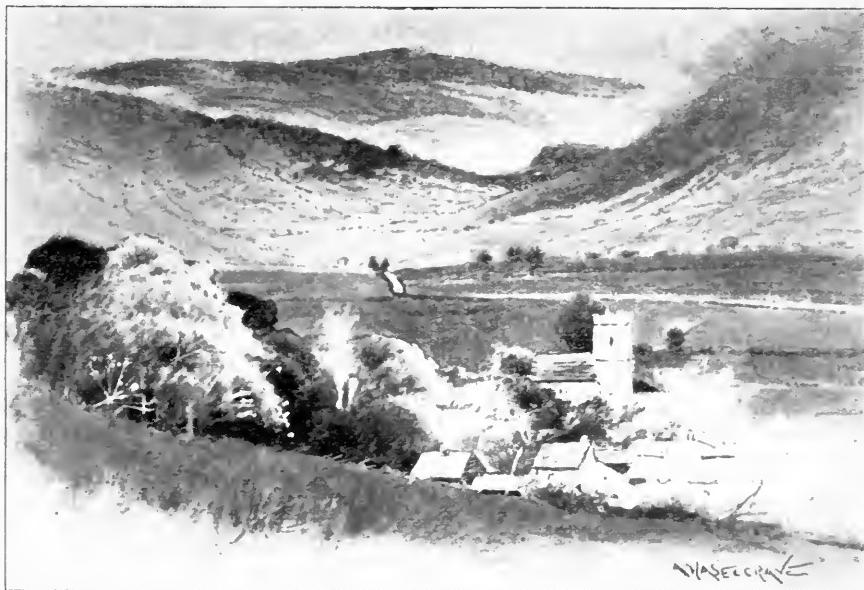
understand. The reader will probably say the young man would not be anxious for more cave adventures. Three weeks later he was well, and, in the company of the writer and two friends, explored another celebrated cave, again under cover of darkness. Twelve years later the writer visited the scene in company of this artist, who for years had been dwelling

by the sombre landscape of the Thames river; the contrast between the latter and the old scene impressed him strangely.

Still ascending, we soon lose all trace of path, the mountain side is fissured in all directions, and intersected by small ravines and deep peat pits filled with inky, stagnant waters. A few mountain sheep and half-wild cattle browse on the sunnier slopes; and now and again the flight of timid grouse awaken the solitude. Still upwards, past many a murmuring fountain, miniature cascades, and many places where the sound of water can be heard trickling through dark recesses beneath our feet; still rising across a wide stretch of peaty marsh, we reach the top of Whernside. Around us an amphitheatre of wild hills, whose dark crests stand forth boldly against white breezy clouds hurrying across the sky, their shadows climbing hill after hill. On the very summit, hurled in confusion, are piles of huge rocks. Far away to the north-west are the border hills, rising out of space like the incoming of some mighty wave; south-west, ridge rises above ridge, everywhere appearing in the silvery clouds like a scene from wonderland. Deep below, yonder, protected by circling hills, are the whitewashed walls and grey, time-worn slate roofs of Kettlewell—a rural picture softening and subduing the sternness of surrounding cliffs. Farther down the river, winding past Kilnsey Scar, like a promontory facing an inland sea, are Coniston grass woods, and the higher table-lands around Malham Tarn. Beyond, the hills and vales to the Irish Sea. South, the moors above Grassington, Elbolton and its limestone-sister appear like green stranded hillocks in the distance; beyond are Rylstone and Cracoe Fells, Beamsley Beacon, the range of gritstone ending in the moors above Ilkley. Eastward, we peep down the wild solitary vale of the Nidd, winding in half-circle from its mountain home past Angram, Woodale, and with the Howstea*n* gorge protecting Middlesmoor like a natural moat.

From the northern brow of Whernside the scattered hamlets and white-washed cots of Mashamdale are visible, a halo of sunlight piercing the clouds diffuses additional lustre on that dale; its appearance beneath this golden tinge being most charming; a few moments only and the beautiful halo fled, swept aside by the shadows of gathering clouds. On the north-east slope of Whernside a tiny streamlet rises and trickles down the mountain side, and passing onwards soon swells into a river; that place marks the birthplace of the Nidd. A gloomy-looking hill across the opposite vale bears the ominous title of ‘Dead Man’s Hill,’ being the second bearing that name in the district. Tradition, as usual, comes in with its opportune explanation, declaring that in past days many pedlars were murdered in this region.

From these wild and lonely heights, we descend the western slope, then ascend the next ridge dividing Coverdale from Kettlewelldale. Along this boundary for two miles runs a deep trench, still in many places twelve to fourteen feet deep. When in its original state the entrenchment would shelter an army of several thousands; its defensive properties can be easily grasped, guarding as it does to-day the only way of approach into Kettlewelldale from the north. There are also indications of an outer and smaller trench. From many evidences we imagine this barrier has been formed by



LOOKING OVER KETTLEWELL FROM THE NORTH.

[A. Haselgrave.]

the Celts to stem the tide of Roman invasion, who had been repelled by the stubborn defence at Grass Woods and High Close Camp, the only other way of approach from the south-east, commanding the beautiful meadowland, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills. Whoever the people were who held these positions, they held the keys of the upper dale.

During centuries of strife this spot would be the scene of many an engagement. Several mounds on this part of the moor suggest artificial formation for the burial of the dead. Legend says this place was formerly

the habitation of spirits, the ghosts of slain warriors hovering around the old battle ground.

It is a grand upland walk out of Coverdale round the huge shoulder of Great Whernside and down the steep hill slope to Kettlewell. The writer once passed that way towards midnight, and the strange solitude which prevailed has left a vivid impression. No wonder the natives associated the wail of the curlew, the plaintive pipe of the plover, and the moaning of the wind, and even the deep breathing of cattle resting on the moor, with the ghosts of an old world.

Descending to Kettlewell, on our right Park Beck, a wild unruly torrent, passes Scale Park House, an ancient spot, selected by some Norse shepherd who here erected his skali, or log hut. The gift of a run for a thousand sheep to Coverham in Mediaeval times gives a later insight into the old pastoral occupation, of which Scale Park still continues an evidence. Nearing the village we pass farmers returning over the mountains from the autumn fair at Kettlewell, in several instances two men riding on one horse, presenting a picture of bygone days, and the very limited conveniences which the dalesmen possessed when they were a world to themselves, unswayed by the advent of tourists, newspapers, and the sound of near approach of the railway engine.

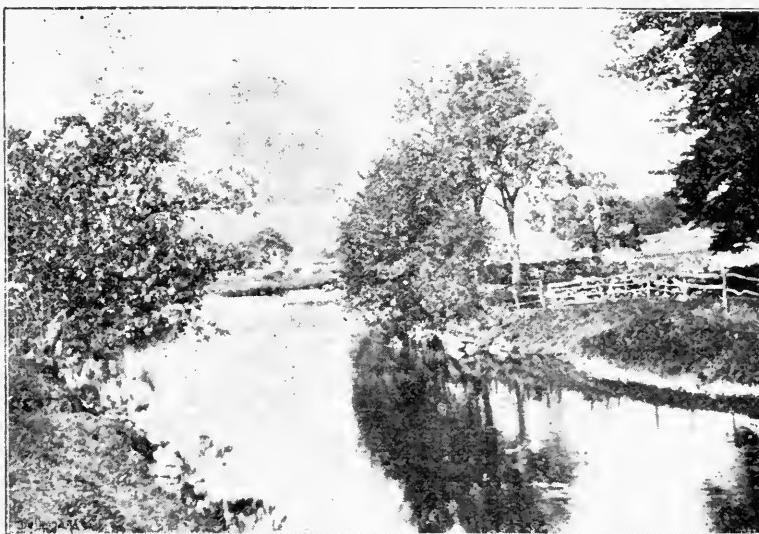
To look down from the hills over Kettlewell on a summer day is alone worth the journey thither. The grey village slumbering so peacefully below us, the stern and bare ridge scars of limestone hills, whence the hazel and pine woods slope downwards to pleasant green meadows by the margin of the stream, the contour of hill road, and river to Grasswood and Netherside, and long range of fells from Barden to Bolton in the background, form a scene of magnificent beauty. An interesting walk for those who find pleasure in wandering over moorland heights is by the path leading from Kettlewell to Arncliffe. Crossing the bridge, the track winds up the slope of the adjoining hill and passes through a cleft in the rocks and over the moors to Arncliffe.

Resting on the edge of this rock at sunset, we may enjoy the romantic and rare beauty of the scene. At our feet lie the white walls of the picturesque village; above, rise the grim rocky sides of Langeliffe; up the vale is the beautiful and rapid Wharfe, its waters ever winding past wood, wold, and ancient villages, appearing on this night like a sheet of glass on its course by mountain, glen, and scowling precipice. Across the far mountain side spreads a gossamer purple screen; gently close around us the

shadows of night, and, as we wander down the mountain, a thin veil of mystery spreads over the scene, the earth passes peacefully into repose, the moon rises, and the vale becomes luminous with a pearly radiance.

ARNCLIFFE.

Erncliffe, the 'Eagle rock.' Our first sight of this village was under the additional charm and variety of a gala day. After passing the wild range of moorland, a wilderness of heather, dividing the two dales, we



[Edmund Bogg.]

THE WHARFE NEAR KETTLEWELL.

suddenly find spread before us a vale beautiful and romantic, a scene of glamour as portrayed in some old-world story, through which sped the Skirfare river, sweeping in a delightful curve under the shade of fine timbered trees, with branches and fleecy clouds mirrored in its waters.

Standing on its brink and sweetly sequestered in a mass of foliage, is the venerable tower of Arncliffe Church, behind which is the mansion and its park-like meadow. Here and there, grey walls and rustic homesteads still retain features which combine to form one of the most charming pictures of a rural village. Scarcely had our eyes feasted on this picture when strains of music floated up the mountain side, and from under the shadow of spreading trees swept forth men and maidens (in gala-day attire)

on the smooth green turf. The contrast : one moment, as it were, nothing in sight but stern mountain scenery ; next, without preconception, the scene we have described. A more romantic spectacle I never saw ; its beauty enhanced by the artistic yet careless grouping of figures whirling under branches, or strolling by the margin of the stream and through the old churchyard, added to which was the inspiring strains of music wafted sweetly on the breeze. It was enough to enrapture the soul of any ordinary mortal.



[Grimshaw.

ARNCLIFFE.

Arncliffe, or the 'Eagle's rock, is derived from *ern*, old English for eagle, and *clif*, hence Erncliffe—a monstre pie-shaped rock overlooking the vale, formerly a resort of eagles. The presence of the eagle in this district is testified by the name of Arnforth, near Settle. *Erneforde* in Domesday, or in old Norse, *Arnar-forath*—the eagle precipice : *forath* being a precipice, upward or downward, hence by turns an abyss or pit. Arncliffe is, however, probably an Anglian foundation, and all the more interesting because it allows the Norse designation of the remote district to show that as the Teutonic settlements were secured, the rapacious bird was driven to the more solitary fastnesses. In both places the high, towering hills, surmounted by rocks, with verdant fields in the dale, would afford a fit abode for 'the monarch of the skies.'

The church is dedicated to St. Oswald; style, Early English, with decorated insertions, consisting of nave, chancel, porch, and an embattled tower. The list of rectors commences with Adam Decanus, 1180; the name of this rector sounds familiar. When Warin FitzGerald, chamberlain of the king, confirmed to Arthington the gift of the Lady Avice de Romelli, Adam, then Dean of Craven, was one of the witnesses. This confirmation probably took place 1190-5, so the date fits exactly. Probably Adam de Decanus was at that very time in attendance upon his liege lady the Countess of Warwick, about whom we learn something more in Buckden.



ARNCLIFFE CHURCH.

[Percy Robinson.]

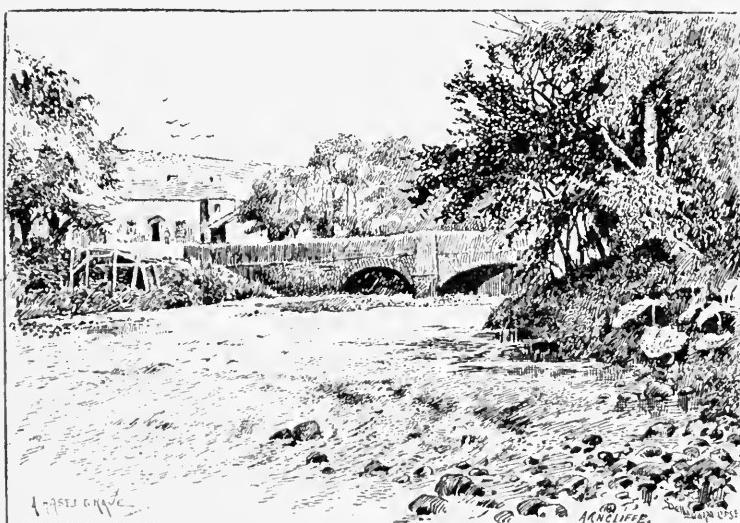
The Norman church, built in the eleventh century, came to an end in the reign of Edward III. Chiefly by the efforts of Archdeacon Boyd, the church was thoroughly restored and beautified in 1841. The only remaining relic of the original Norman structure, the socket of a pillar and part of the capital, are to be seen in the rectory garden.*

The churchyard contains a tombstone to the memory of that venerable worthy, Thomas Lindley, who died aged ninety-four, the incumbent of Halton Gill; he spent seventy years in this district. Many are the droll stories recounted of this good man, who, for nearly sixty years, travelled to and fro, winter and summer, over the mountains, to conduct services at Hubberholme.

* The church contains a beautiful rood screen, erected to the glory of God, and the memory of William Boyd, M.A., fifty-eight years vicar of this parish.

Arncliffe, one of the most ancient villages in the upper dales, whose name speaks of the solitude required of eagles for their resort, has, in its church of St. Oswald, a mark of mental vitality, placed there more than a thousand years ago. Its history cannot be traced in detail beyond Norman days, yet it had an existence long before the compiling of the Domesday Book.

Archdeacon Boyd's story of his first visit to Arncliffe, on his acceptance of the living, is worth recording.



ARNCLIFFE BRIDGE.

[A. Haselgrave.

At Ripon, in answer to his questioning, no such a place as Arncliffe was known. After a little delay, however, a man and a horse were found. The driver knew a famous big rock, he said, called Kilmsey Crag, and he thought Arncliffe was near that. The trio started in the afternoon of a day in March, but the horse grew tired or lame, or both, and darkness overtook them before they reached their destination. Staying all night at a clean little 'public' at Kilnsey, they next morning drove up the valley and reached Arncliffe in safety. The vicarage, a well-built stone house, was partly filled with wool belonging to the principal farmer. Unfortunately, the door of the vicarage was locked, and Betty Simpson, who had the key in her pocket, was off 'sticking.' On his arrival at the church gate on his first Sunday, he was duly met and welcomed by the two churchwardens, and their greeting, if warm, to a stranger was somewhat singular. The elder said: "Ye're verra young," to which the young vicar replied with happy readiness: "Well, sir, whatever other faults I may have, that's one of which I shall mend every day." The younger man, with great warmth and a kindly handshake, was content with saying: "I'se glad ye're cum."

The wedding fees at Arncliffe, all through the ministry of Canon Boyd, upwards of fifty years, were elevenpence, perhaps the lowest charge for performing marriage rites on record. This appears to have been the amount for that ceremony made by his predecessor, and the worthy Canon never altered the charge.

COWSIDE BECK.—A SKETCH.

In this deep fork of Amerdale we are again on the track of Emily Norton and her white doe. It is an April day, the sunshine cleaving the mist on the hills, alternate patches of snow clouds and rain storm sweeping onwards, flinging dense shadows, becks roaring and swirling, sounds of water everywhere, vistas of purple, and gleams of golden light on the mountain, nature to-day appearing in her sternest aspect. A deep and wonderful gorge, showing the resistless force of erosion in scooping out this ravine,



[*Gilbert Foster.*

DARNBROOK.

since days primeval. By such agency round buttresses of rock are chiselled into form, appearing almost like some mediæval fortress encrusted with time by moss and silver. Stretching from here to Kilnsey are line above line of innumerable shelves of gleaming limestone, bleached into whiteness by the storms of centuries. Through such scenes we reach Darnbrook,

the little hamlet immortalised by Wordsworth, which lies hidden in the deep fork, near the junction of the gorges. Two white cottages and outbuildings (partly in decay, prefaced by the little garden plot), sheltered in the trees, a brawling stream rushing past, a narrow roadway twining over the solitary scowling moors to Malham. The circling range of dark hills, with 'Parson Pulpit' to the east, and the deep ghyll carved out from the east side of Fountains Fell, are of more than romantic interest.

A mile west, and midway between Litton and Arncliffe, and on the southern side of the Skirfare, is Gildersber Cave. There are various reports about the length of this cave, in fact, story says no person ever yet reached the end of it. A man once entered at eight o'clock in the morning and crept on for three miles, and then grew faint-hearted and returned, arriving at the entrance by twelve o'clock, noon. Other adventurers, on discovery bent, have crawled so far as to hear the farmer at Darnbrook Farm, by Fountains Fell, calling home his cows at milking time.

Litton village, two miles up the vale, does not possess the beauty and interest attached to Arncliffe, yet a century ago its tall and broad-chested fellows were famous wrestlers, and centuries earlier were celebrated for their prowess in war with bill and bow. It was on this village green that Tom Lee met more than his match in Kitty Mytton, the village blacksmith. The cockpit, where the old pastime of cock-fighting and badger-baiting took place, also marks the spot where Lee and Mytton fought; it is close by the Skirfare; the fight ended by Mytton throwing Lee into the river. Connected with Litton Hall is a story of one 'Green Sleeves,' a ghost or fairy, which became so troublesome that, like Tom Lee, it had ultimately to be 'laid' in the beck.

One of the features of the Litton of remote days is Spittle Croft on the opposite side of Skirfare. The 'spittal,' a *hospitium*, guest-house, place of shelter and sustenance, is always the mark of a hermit's cave, extending succour in lone lands to the weary and benighted. The monks of St. Bernard call their monastery a hospice, and such, in a lesser degree, the spittal of Litton has been.

Between Litton and Arncliffe the stream often disappears, leaving the river-bed dry.

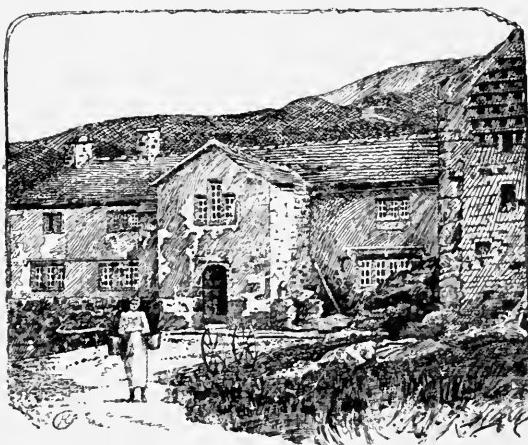
Littondale was one of the Percy chases, yet distinct from that of Langstrothdale. During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the wolf, wild boar, and stag still roamed over the chase.

The lonely, separated residences of such tracts were favourable to the creation of human oddities, of whom reminiscences and traditions are frequently met with; remote Litton is exactly so celebrated. In Hone's *Table Book* is a curious tale about a witch or prophetess named Bertha—the 'Wise woman of Littondale,' whose home was situated in a lone gill just on the outskirts of Arncliffe. The tale, repeatedly told, does not on its face bear a semblance of truth, and is not worth repetition. However successful such eccentricities may have been amid the obscurities of their day and generation, gas and the electric searchlight have rendered such dealings fruitless.

Two miles beyond Litton is the chapel of Halton Gill, and the solitary hamlet of Foxup and Heselden. The chapel at Halton Gill has existed since the fifteenth century, how much longer we cannot say. 'Tis a simple church with belfry and one bell. The best picture of Halton is to be obtained midway between the two villages: an air of rural repose pervades it; behind are the trees, where the crows nest, beyond still are the far-reaching fells including Fountains and Penyghent, in the hollow between are the mounds, known as the 'Giants' Graves,' the outcome of fierce fighting between the Engle-folk and the Britons.

Leaving Arncliffe on the eve of its festive day, we climb the opposite steep on the old Cote moor, where the *Coed* is not yet extinct, and pass through the stretch of woodland, which beautifully clothes the edge of the moorland. There are many large rocks, grotto shaped, down which leap fairy cascades. Rabbits by scores, and of many colours, feeding in the twilight on the edge of the thicket, prick their ears at the sound of our footsteps, their large innocent eyes glimmering in the dusk.

Just before we passed over the brow of the moor, we turned for a last look on the merry scene below. Sweet strains of music came floating up



[Manham.
OLD HOUSE NEAR ARNCLIFFE.]

the moorland, mingled with sounds of rippling laughter. Lads and lasses, men and maidens, were seen whirling under the shade of trees, or sauntering by the margin of the stream. Here and there in the twilight, a glimmer of light from the cottage windows beamed through the screen of trees. As we passed onward the sound of mirth and music became fainter, and gradually died away, but the memory of that delightful village fête still lingers.

Perched on the brow of the lofty hills of the southern range of Kettlewelldale is a farm, whose sole purpose, one might imagine, was to act



THE OLD INN AT STARBOTON.

[*Gilbert Foster.*

sentinel on the valley below. An old dales family, named Drake, were in possession of this solitary Alpine nest for upwards of three hundred years. And the heads of the house, or firstborn, through that long period were named Marmaduke. The export and import of goods to and from the house, and the dead borne hence to their last resting-place in the old churchyard by the river, had invariably to be done on sledges. The story of the 'Long Pack' (which really belongs to the North Tyne), has been located here. At least, a similar incident to one which took place at Lee Hall is said to have occurred here also.

Two miles further up Kettlewelldale brings us to Starbotton, a hamlet whose old name was Stanerbot, which, in that form, becomes very interesting. The word *bot* signifies the bottom or foot of a valley; *stainer* is merely the plural of stone. The stones here referred to have been placed to mark the territory of Buckden, the ‘buck-dene’—a valley conveyed by parchment and the power of gold, not by steel. Who the people concerned have been is explained by the Tor Moor Top on the crest above Starbotton. In Anglo-Saxon conveyancing, *Bolland*, that which was acquired by deed or charter, and was possessed by Thanes of the nobler sort, had for its opposite, *folkland*, which passed to the community without any writing. Cam Gill, not less than Starbotton, identifies the chief contracting parties. *Cam* is Celtic, and means bent, crooked; *gill* is Norse, and means a valley with water running down it; so we have the parties to the bargain, of which Buckden was the result: the Celt and the Norseman.

Here are picturesque cottages, the whole place having a primitive appearance, quaint and curious enough to delight the heart of an antiquary. ‘Ye Old Inn’ is a typical picture of the past, and so is Mrs. Butler a typical landlady, as all visitors testify who have stayed at this inn.

In 1686 a fearful storm swept over the moor at this locality; many of the inhabitants of this village and Kettlewell were drowned by the violence of the flood.

“These towns are situate under a great hill, from whence the rain descended with such violence for the space of an hour and a half, the hill on the side opening and casting up water to the height of an ordinary church steeple, that it demolished several houses, and carried away the stones entirely, after which it filled the houses with gravel to the chamber windows, drove such of the inhabitants away as had not been drowned before, and filled the meadows with stones, gravel, etc.”

The appearance of the village seems to confirm this catastrophe; most of the houses have been repaired or rebuilt at that period.



STARBOTTON.

CHAPTER XII.

LANGSTROTHDALE.

DEARLY mid-distance between Starbotton and Buckden are the remains of the Buckden Cross, marking the boundary between the parishes of Kettlewell and Hubberholme.

In olden time Langstrothdale was one vast forest; in the memory of aged inhabitants, much more densely wooded than at present. The mountain slopes on the southern side of the stream are still well afforested. The dark

green of the firs and the wild-looking glens present an appearance of weird grandeur, truly Alpine, and record says that once upon a time a squirrel could leap from Langstroth Chase to Netherside without once touching the ground.

The situation of Buckden is charming, resting on the angle and declivity of an immense hill, which stretches from its doors into



Bishopdale. Through its centre leaps a torrent, whose course of yellow-green tinted waters has hitherto been over vast shelves of rock, and through a most wild-looking glen. Here amid wildness and magnificence are rippling rills and cascades. In stormy time this ravine presents a scene most savage and impressive; the water, in its headlong fury, fairly howls in its frantic rush to the river.

The hall is beautifully situated at the entrance to the village, whose charms are enhanced by its leafy surroundings. The site occupied by the

original manor house seems to have been forgotten, but it must have been a house of importance, judging from the rank of the people who have dwelt there.* Several houses date from the early seventeenth century, and the place contains many quaint bits of architecture, picturesque nooks, giving an old-world charm to the spot. Buckden, like Kettlewell, is celebrated for its fair.



[Owen Bowen.]

LOOKING WEST UP LANGSTROTHDALE FROM BUCKDEN.

* In the Michaelmas term, 1200, a law suit was tried which completely reveals the early history of this remote corner of the Percy Fee. The Countess of Warwick, daughter and heiress of William de Percy, alleges that William de Arches unjustly entered the forest of Langstrade (hence Langster) from Langstrath, and made himself forester, when he ought not to have the forest. William replies that the forestership belongs to his land of Buckden, which he holds of the Countess, and puts himself on the king's great assize, seeking recognition as to who has the greater right of holding the forestership. The matter had been in agitation for some time, how it ended we do not know. In the Celtic word *strath*, we add another link to the very many evidences from which we can repeople these ancient valleys.

Between Buckden and Hubberholme is a little green bay of fertile land, and all around it the hills rise boldly, and the road winds through lonely narrow passes into Ribblesdale and Wensleydale.

A road passes round the base of the hill on the north side of the river to Cray Valley—in summer time a most beautiful region : the haunt of glow-worms, whose tiny lamps shine forth on dark, dreary nights to cheer the heart of the lonely traveller. Here is a fine waterfall, in a romantic spot, below which the stream meanders through a sequestered dell. How charmingly the waters splash and ripple onwards, imparting grace and beauty to the vale!

“ ‘Tis sweet to hear a brook; ‘tis sweet
To hear the Sabbath bell;
‘Tis sweet to hear them both at once,
Deep in a woody dell.”

Beyond Cray, formerly a thriving hamlet, now only consisting of a solitary wayside inn, the road winds upwards through lonely moors to

Wensleydale and Bishopdale. A fine moorland walk is from the Bishopdale road to Whernside, some five miles across a scene of solitude, yet teeming with interest to those who love wild and solitary grandeur.

Crossing the bridge at Buckden, where the river makes a sweeping curve,



T. Dawson.

BUCKDEN, LOOKING NORTH.

a few hundred yards onwards to where the hills meet, is

HUBBERHOLME,

whose name conjures up that grim old Pagan, Hubba the Berserker, a chieftain of the old Viking race, who fought and plundered along this river

vale to its very source, and in this name, *Hubber-holme*, as in Hubbercove at Skyrethorns, whose derivation is evident, we find a far more lasting memorial than if it had been inscribed on perishable marble. In this name imagination hears the wild exultant shout of the Viking; the very sound of the word savours of the briny ocean, across which the adventurous north-men steered their strange-looking keels. Of a truth, the hand and tongue of the Norseman are here, as evident as if the 'Black Raven' still flapped his wings from the folds of the war-banner stretching out to the breeze, while the horns and trumpets summoned men from their 'bers' (farmsteads), whose names yet point out the original settlements.

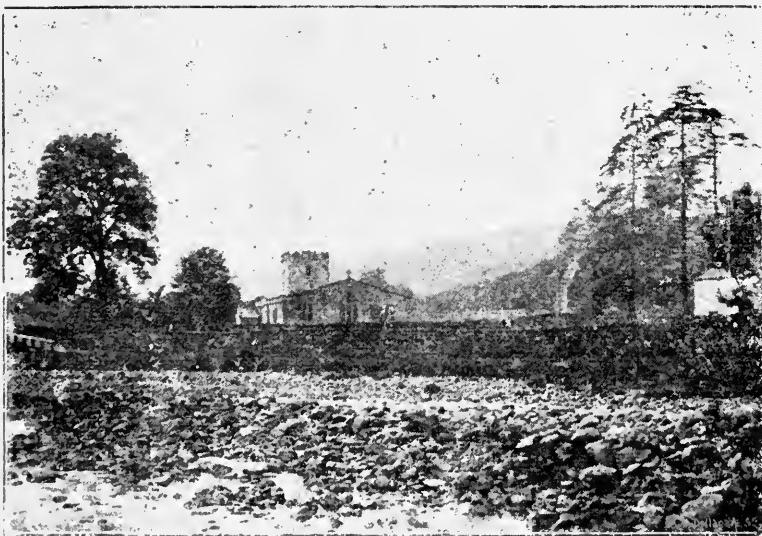
The church, dedicated to St. Michael, is a quaint, curious, and picturesque fabric of the thirteenth century, and not later than the year 1220, if indeed the edifice does not still contain distinct Norman features and other marks of hoar antiquity; tradition says it is of much earlier construction, yet, apart from slight traces of earlier work, the building as it now stands is of the period above-mentioned. At the same time, from many evidences—the antiquity of its name, faint vestiges of ancient work, its isolated position in the past, and the many traditions of its great age,—all point to the supposition that a Saxon or even Celtic church might have stood on exactly the same site as the present structure. Some of the alterations have been executed 1320 to 1360, and other features point to the sixteenth century.

The most interesting relic in the interior is the oaken rood-loft, on which was placed the rood or crucifix, built 1558 by William Jaker,



[A. Haselgrave.
ROAD SCENE, HUBBERHOLME.]

carpenter. From this exalted position, the singers sent forth their praises, and the Gospel was read in celebration of high mass, the service supposed to be greater from that exalted position. The crude colour in which it was painted has now almost faded away. It was from such a rood-loft that the early Fathers denounced to his face the iniquitous sins of the eighth Henry. This now scarce relic, of pre-Reformation times, alone makes the church of Hubberholme specially interesting. There are two altars: the one now used came from the University College, Oxford, at which time the old altar was discarded. Pawson, the landlord of the 'George' opposite, was also parish



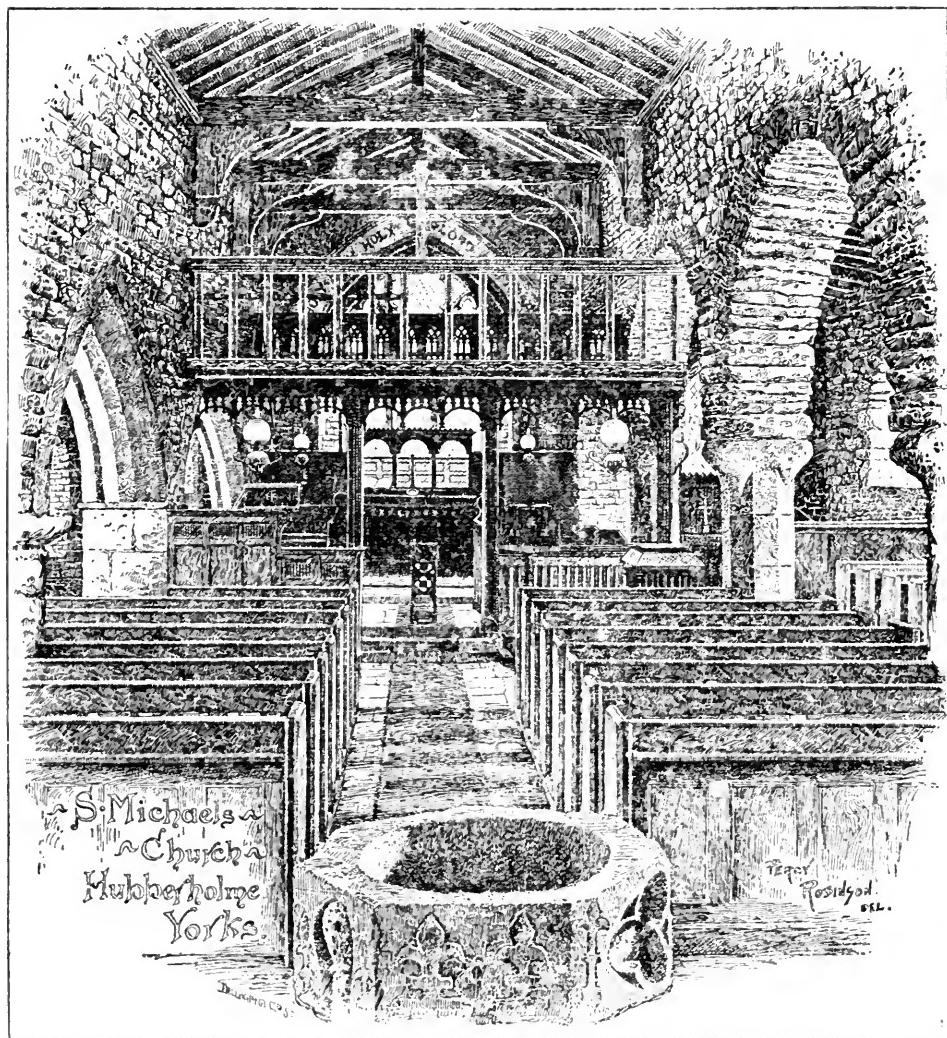
[Edmund Bogg.]

HUBBERHOLME.

clerk, so he took it to his hostelry, where for some time it did duty as an ale bench; but it was rescued from that degraded position and replaced on the south side of the chancel.

There are an ancient oak chest and also a septangular font of the fourteenth century. Dividing nave and aisle on the south are four bays of semi-arches of undressed stone, the square piers having been cut into octagons during some restoration. On the north, four bays of pointed arches, one being of greater span and lower pitch than the other. From these arches we may judge that the nave of the church was built about 1200. Connected

with the church for the space of sixty years was Thomas Lindley, who also held the living of Halton Gill, and taught day-schools at the latter place.



In the howl of winter, storm or sunshine of summer, he never missed passing over 'Horse-head,' one thousand nine hundred feet above the sea, a

distance of six miles, to preach at Hubberholme. He belonged to the race of good old pastors—of which Chaucer speaks :

“ That was a pore Personoun of a toun,
But riche he was of holy thought and werk;
He was also a lerned man, a clerk
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche,
His parishens devoutly wolde he teche ”—

quaint and homely dress, always appearing in knitted overalls, known as ‘cockers.’

In these parts no one was better known than Parson Lindley and his old pony. On stormy days the invariable cry of the old landlady at the ‘George’ used to be : “ Ye shold no fash yerself, Maister Lindley, te come on sike a day as this.” Parson Lindley always replied : “ Duty, missis, duty must be attended to ! ”* .

The old sundial, formerly the churchyard cross, is hoary with age, the shadows on its dial having marked the passing of centuries.

“ So passes silent o'er the dead thy shade, “ Since thou hast stood, and thus thy vigil kept
Brief time ! and hour by hour, and day Noting each hour, o'er mould'ring stones
by day, beneath;
The pleasing pictures of the present fade, The pastor and his flock alike have slept,
And, like a summer vapour, steal away. And ‘ dust to dust ’ proclaim'd the stride
of death.”

Leaving the churchyard, we look into the old inn, which comprises kitchen and parlour. On the old black oaken settle loll three or four lusty farmers, tall, broad, and sinewy fellows, whose ancestors trailed a pike and fought at Flodden Field, and nieu bearing their names were settled in this locality over five hundred years ago. On the opposite side, in the old arm chair, drowsed the ancient landlady, since dead, a characteristic figure here in the past, who, with a stout cudgel, asserted her authority when her brawny-limbed and thirsty Langstroth customers became excitable. Two or three shepherd dogs roll lazily on the sanded floor. Beside the dark ‘ lang-settle ’ is an oak chest or sideboard, a century old, with a plate rack well lined with pottery of the same date. This place is the perfection of ‘ ye old inn ’ of bygone days, and, in its way, quite unique. Resting, we listen to

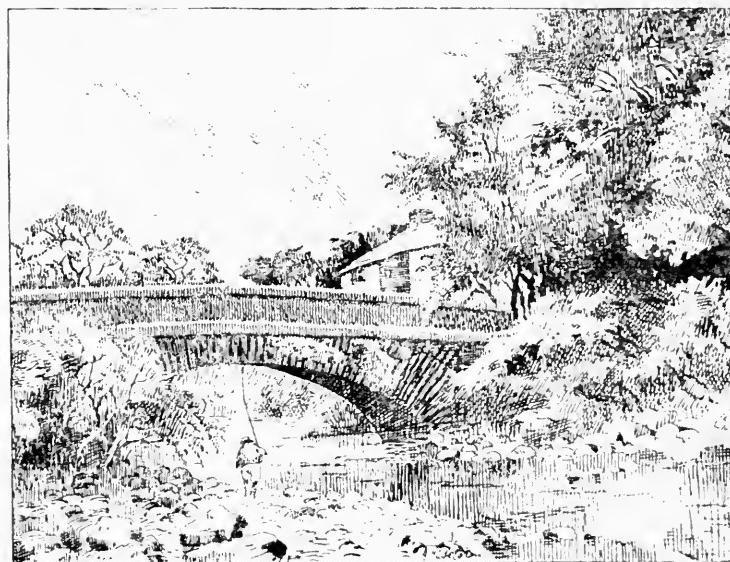
* At a baptism at this church, the name of ‘ Amorous ’ was given to Rev. T. Lindley, and so the child, who was a Stanley, was named. Soon after, the father, finding out the mistake, called on the clergyman to have the name altered to Ambrose. “ But,” said Lindley, “ the register cannot be altered, and the child must be Amorous to the end of his days.” As the father sorrowfully departed Mr. Lindley, with a sly wink, said : “ When that child grows up keep him out of the way of temptation.” The child did grow up, stuck to his registered name, and became known near and far as ‘ Amorous Stanley, licensed hawker.’

the conversation, and note the following remark : "By gow, Bill, ragged Dick ower't lile dog last neight ; by gum, noo, eh wor mad !"

The beauty of this place should be seen from the north side of the river, above the church ; it is a veritable Arcadia : five miles of valley looking down to Kettlewell, enclosed by hills two thousand feet high, afford a panorama that would be more admired if it were more accessible.

The vicarage, built on the site and partly out of the material of a house once in the possession of the Hebers, acts as a memorial to the good Bishop Heber. The Rev. Richard F. R. Anderton is the worthy and greatly esteemed vicar of this remote parish.

It is evening ; the sun is declining behind the hills, tinging the scene with a mellow light. The sides of the glens and the brink of the river are clothed with trees and verdure. Far away from the distant hills can be seen the clear stream, winding through the beautiful



[A. Haselgrave.]

THE GEORGE INN AND HUBBERHOLME BRIDGE.

valley, in many places enclosed in a bower of branches, which cast lovely shadows across the gleaming waters ; the old grey moss stones are a grand tone to the sunlight, as the water flashes and sparkles over its shingly course like a bed of diamonds.

Below, looking east, is the ancient church, standing by the brink of the beautiful and rapid stream, whose waters sing a soothing melody to the departed dalespeople who sleep at its side. The solid square tower, with curious battlemented top, is covered with green and yellowy moss ; the

old bridge, the wayside inn, and the dense wooded summits behind; opposite, the grey walls of a mountain homestead, shielded by a belt of gaunt and dark Scotch firs, add variety to a most delightful scene. In the storms of autumn, when gloom and misty vapours and dark clouds chase across Kirkgill Moor, hiding Raisgill-hag and Horse-head, the scene is wildly grand. At such times numerous streams like streaks of silver leap headlong from the mountain, sweeping by wood, glen, and crag,



THE WHARFE WINDING THROUGH LANGSTROTHDALE.

[A. Haselgrave.]

instinct with wild beauty, transforming gloom and shadow into sublime grandeur. Standing on this eminence it is grand to watch the Wharfe rush on from Beckermonds, where are to be seen many curious and time-worn rocks caused by the swirl of waters, and erosion during the ages. Onward races the stream over boulders, past Deepdale, sending foam and spray flying in all directions. In her wild, mad career she sweeps past Vockenthwaite, impelled onwards in her swift race by tributary streams, gradually swelling in size and increasing her impetus, she passes that

beautiful relic of antiquity, at the edge of its churchyard, on one occasion flooding the yard and porch with a congregation of fishes; still increasing speed and volume near Buckden, she takes a sharp curve and with one swift bound passes beneath the bridge and races on the wings of speed to the ocean.

But we must hurry to the higher reaches of the river, past Raisgill, slumbering amongst trees, in times past inhabited by herds of roebuck. Soon we reach Yockenthwaite, which stands pleasantly on the north side of the river; here are some picturesque cottages with old grey walls and time-



[*Edmund Bogg.*

IN THE WILDS OF LANGSTROTHDALE.

worn roofs covered with rich tinted moss, shaded by the spreading branches of fine trees, remnants of a vast forest of oaks, which spread in olden times far over the chase on either side.

The name of the hamlet appears to have been derived from this very forest of oaks. A thwaite was a clearing of forest-trees, generally in low ground; in this case it has been a clearing of oak trees. Upwards, the country becomes more wild. We are now in the very remotenesses of Langster, which, as an old author puts it, "shuld shewe the signes of the

harte o' grese* and not of the squire's parlour or even of the yeoman's ingle." Lang-strath is a very suitable name for the long valley reaching from Buckden to Cam Fell. In imagination we can repeople the valley with those who attended the sound of the horn, twang of the bow, and the baying of hounds. The passion for hunting pervaded all ranks of Plantagenet society. More than one northern bishop paid his diocesan visitations with a pack of hounds in his train. At one time or another the Percys have practically held the valley, its whole length; Henry de Percy, who fell at Bannockburn, was supervisor and chief warden of the chases of Langstroth and Littondale.



[Edmund Bogg.]

YOCKENTHWAITE.

Next is Deepdale, a curious out-of-the-world spot, with a quaint bridge near to which the river bed is one shelf of solid rock. Further on, where the streams meet, is 'Beckermonds,' meaning the mingling of the beeks, and in the fashion of the word is the unaltered speech of the Viking. This

* "Harte.o'.grese" meant a *fat hart*—from old French *graisse*, fatness. Used in Ingledew's *Ballads and Songs of Yorkshire*, p. 53 :—

"Or who can kill a hart o' greese,
Five hundred foot him fro'?"
(Five hundred feet off.)

hamlet has a deserted, tumble-down appearance. Here the vale of the Wharfe bends to the north ; upwards is a delightful and secluded glen, reminding us of the beauties around Netherside.

A little further, overlooking the river, stands Outershaw Hall, built in the Elizabethan style, the property of the Rev. Trevor Basil Woodd, M.A., LL.B. All is beautiful ; charming woods, rustic bridge, deep ravine, and grottoes, and the river rippling through a romantic moorland glade.



Albert Haselgrave.

THE MOORS AT DEPEDALE.

Leaving this sequestered vale, we pass through the village of Outershaw, meaning the boundary of the woods ; through a fine sweeping scene of wild solitude and moorland we wander to the river's birth at Cain Fell, the bent or bending hillside.

“ Upward still to wilder, lonelier regions,
Where the patient river fills her urn
From the oozy moorlands, 'mid the boulders,
Cushion'd deep in moss and fring'd with fern.
Thus I wandered, treasuring the beauties,
Unfamiliar forms to lowland eye ;
Filling all the soul with silent praises
For the glory of the earth and sky.”

The historian of Craven supposes that from Langstrothdale sprang the two northern scholars of the Soler hall of Cantebrege, whom Chaucer has made the subject of his *Reeves Tale* :—

“ Johan highte that on, and Alein highte that other;
Of a tonn were they born, that highte Strother,
Fer in the North, I can not tellen where ”—



[*Edmund Bogg.*]

THE GLEN, OUTERSHAW.

which, considering the nature of their adventure, is perhaps fortunate. The best that can be said of them has been said by the poet :—

“ Testif they were, and lusty for to play.”

On Cam Fell Archbishop Hutton once knelt in gratitude and prayer, remembering the time, when a poor lad, on the same spot, he had disturbed a cow, so that he might lie warm in her couch.

In the ballad of “ Flodden Field ” the poet tells us that the

“ Striplings strong from Whoredale,
And all the Halton hills did climb,
With Langstrothe eke and Littondale,
Whom milk fed fellows, freshly bred,
Well brown'd their sounding bows upbend,
All such as Horton Fells had fed,
On Clifford's banner did attend.”

On the extreme watershed, the high moor between Outershaw and Raydale, one of the finest panoramas of the upper Wharfe unfolds: Dodd Fell, two thousand one hundred and eighty-nine feet, looms forth, a giant in the middle distance of this wild fell land. To the west, the back of Ingleborough, furrowed by the storms of centuries, rises above the other hills like a huge Leviathan of the deep. Clouds, like wraiths from some ancient shore, gather, fold and unfold in their wild career over the mountain crests,—rising in succession, ridge above ridge of bleached rocks appear like a foam-flecked sea. Far below we watch the windings of the infant Wharfe, bursting from its birthplace on "Cain."

The grey dawn of evening is fast spreading. The sound that is borne to our ears is of gushing waters, the rising and falling of streams burrowing underground, the strange wail and despairing cry of curlew and snipe and the cackle of a moor-cock, the plaintive bleating of sheep, or peradventure the whistle of a shepherd, and the ripple of laughter and merry shouts of a few children at play in the peaceful hamlet far below us, whence we see the reek ascending, giving a touch of the human to this wild, lonely sea of heathery hills.

At Wharfe head, the eye taking a last sweep round the moor-born rills, locally 'stickles,' running together like children a-scampers with joined hands, and the wrinkled hill rims forming a vast arena for the spectacle; the impressionable mind is brought to gaze at the imminency of the symbolic in the scene. The details, dim and far, clear and near, meet, as in a circle, infancy and age, the newly born and the everlasting! Not without the travail of the precedent storm was even a spring brought forth; not



BECKERMOND.

without; but by upheaval and subsidence were the features of York's largest river basin determined, and not until the wear and tear of centuries had been undergone came the contours, of even these inanimate things, which appear so striking as we view them to-day.

On the ridge above Kid-How (*ling-hill*) and Cam Houses is the highest of the green lanes—ancient pack-horse ways—in Wharfedale. Its local name is the Green road. It is merely a graded track, unwalled, with greener, finer turf than the rest of the ground; yet like a whip's thong thrown

down, a knot here and there; it begins at Bainbridge, and persistently runs forward under Wetherfell by the old crow-coal pits of Kid-How, and along Groone Head on Cam, whence, at one thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven feet, it commences to decline by way of Cam-end to Gearstones in the western dale of the Ribble. There is a similar track from Bowes to Edenvale over Stainmoor. From Wharfe Head one can see the three giants of the Yorkshire highlands, Ingleborough, Whernside, and Penyghent, which have such a fascination for our ramblers. It was on Whit Sunday, 1892, while W. Rainsden and G. T. Lowe were doing this arduous feat, that the latter proposed the formation of a club of walking men, and the suggestion bore fruit, the result being "The Yorkshire Ramblers' Club."

From the middle of the north side of Cam Fell, where the infant rills ooze from the moorland and, glimmering onward, playing hide and seek under moss and heather, unite at the foot into one stream, is a distance of some miles to the southern side or shed beyond Penyghent. A climb across those



[A. Haselgrave.]

THE BECK, DEPEDALE.

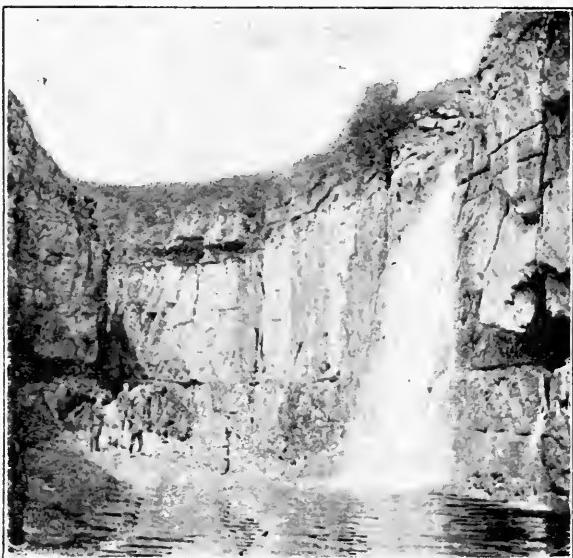
miles of heather, deep glens, and rugged mountain crests is delightfully fine when the heather blooms like a glorious purple sea. Darkness once found the writer lost in these regions, by chance stumbling on Colonel Garnet's shooting box, near the source of the Greenfield Beck, we were generously provided with food and accommodation for the night, otherwise sunrise would have found us still wandering on the moors.

The track to Horton, some five miles away, passes this house.

Another grand and sublime scene is to be obtained on the high brow of the mountain between Greenfield and Penyghent. On the extreme watershed we look down the three tributary streams. The contour and moulding of the mighty hills appear glorious; in many places, obscured with a misty screen of vapour, the crests of other hills appearing through the mist are illuminated with gleams of warm sunlight; dense clouds, sailing across the sky, cast dark shadows, which eagerly chase the sunlight over hill and dale.

We have gone through a region of ghosts and goblins, of trixies and fairies, the memory of whose capers, malignant or otherwise, still finds a place in the local mind. Is it to be wondered at in the midst of such weird, fantastic atmospheric effects? Philosophy is the companion of age; imagination the comrade of the young, and the youth of these dalesmen commences amid the marvellous.

Near Cosh Beck (or Kush), another tributary, stands Cosh House, hidden deep in the mountains away from the busy world. Further west, in a wild, solitary spot, is Lantyshop Cave, whose curious name does not mean the store of some primitive trader named Lanty, but more likely has



[S. W. Cuttriss.]

HULL POT NEAR PENYGHENT.

affinity with the Celtic *hupf*, a hill, as in Foxup. Yet, strange to say, once upon a time a sheep-stealer used this cave to hide the carcase of sheep he had killed until he found means to carry them away.

"A canny walk," as the dalesman quaintly said, across the brow of the opposite hill is Penyghent; at the foot of which is Foxup, a small hamlet, through which flows the Skirfare. The name of this little hamlet suggests its beginning and the hybrid condition of life in that remote era. The prefix

'Fox' may refer to the former resort of foxes in this vicinity, or as 'Fews' in Fewston, from the Norse in *Ijōs*, cattle; the terminal "up," the corrupted form of the Celtic *hupf*, a sloping place between hills; and of frequent occurrence in local names in the form of 'hope.' Again we see how the Norseman has harried the Celt, following him to the very summits of his mountains, and even there superseding him.

FOXUP, NEAR PENYGHENT. [J. Manham.

In the times of hand-loom weaving this place was more densely populated; when that industry departed, it drove men from homes that had known their names and races for all the generations that humanity could count in the chase.

Lower down the vale is Halton Gill, this place is equi-distant between Hawes and Settle—ten miles to either. A wild ravine pierces the hills near by, and a rough track crosses Horse-head, the western part of the mountain range dividing the two rivers. A reverend gentleman, once resident here, wrote that curious tract, entitled *The Man in the Moon*, and here for the



space of seventy years dwelt that venerable worthy, pastor and schoolmaster, Thomas Lindley.

* * * *

Two thousand miles in Wharfedale have now been traversed, and we once more take our leave, with many pleasant memories, not only of the beauties of a river flowing from a wealth of moorland, where reside a race of Britons, descendants of the Celtic and Teutonic stock, whose sons to-day are the greatest in senate or in camp ; but also of a river flowing through lowland meadows, where ancient abbeys and crumbling strongholds speak of another race who have left impressions on the pages of history never to be obliterated.

I now bid adieu to hills, glens, and river ; and may we, after breasting the storms and trials, glide gently down the river of life to our journey's end, like the beautiful Wharfe, which during the course of ages has made her rough passage through stern mountains and adamantine rock, before she reaches the warmth and sunshine of meadows and cultivated fields, thence to flow unruffled during the rest of her journey, calm and peaceful, until she finds rest in the bosom of the ocean.

EDMUND BOGG.



ERRATA.

✓

Pages 52 and 55.—Under illustrations, for *Dr.* Collyer read
Rev. Robert Collyer.

Page 83, line 5.—For *impunity* read *impertinence*.

.. 151, last line but one.—Delete *as if.*

.. 261 nine.—For *moaning* read *mourning.*

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